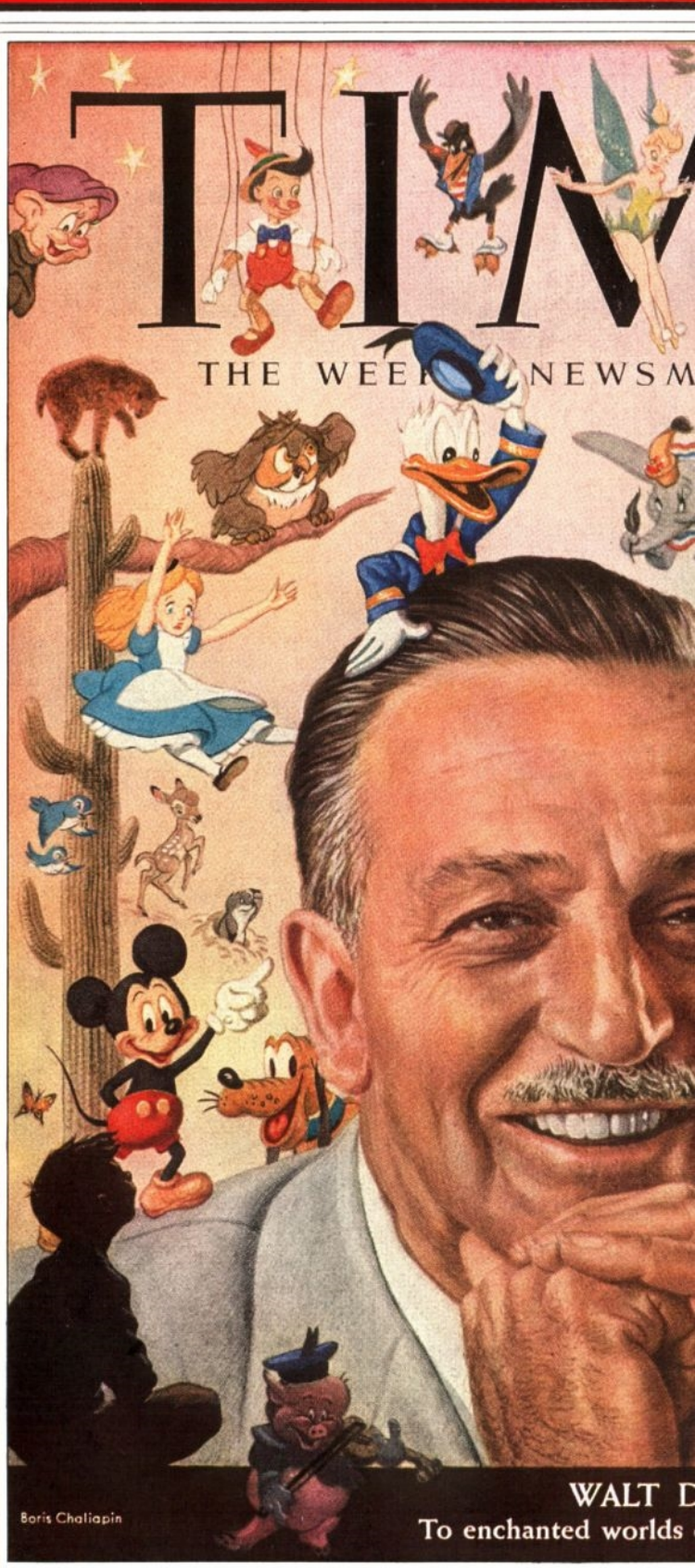
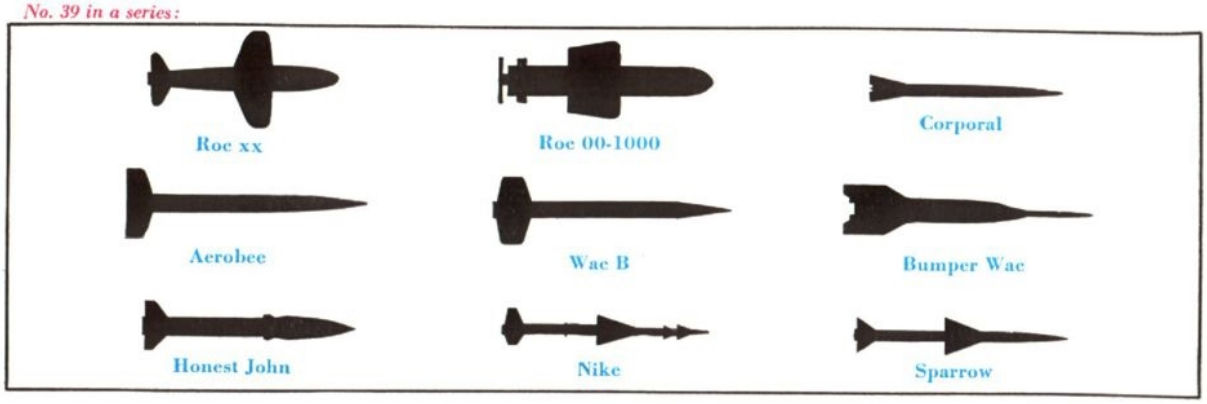
TWENTY CENTS



$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

No. 39 in a series:



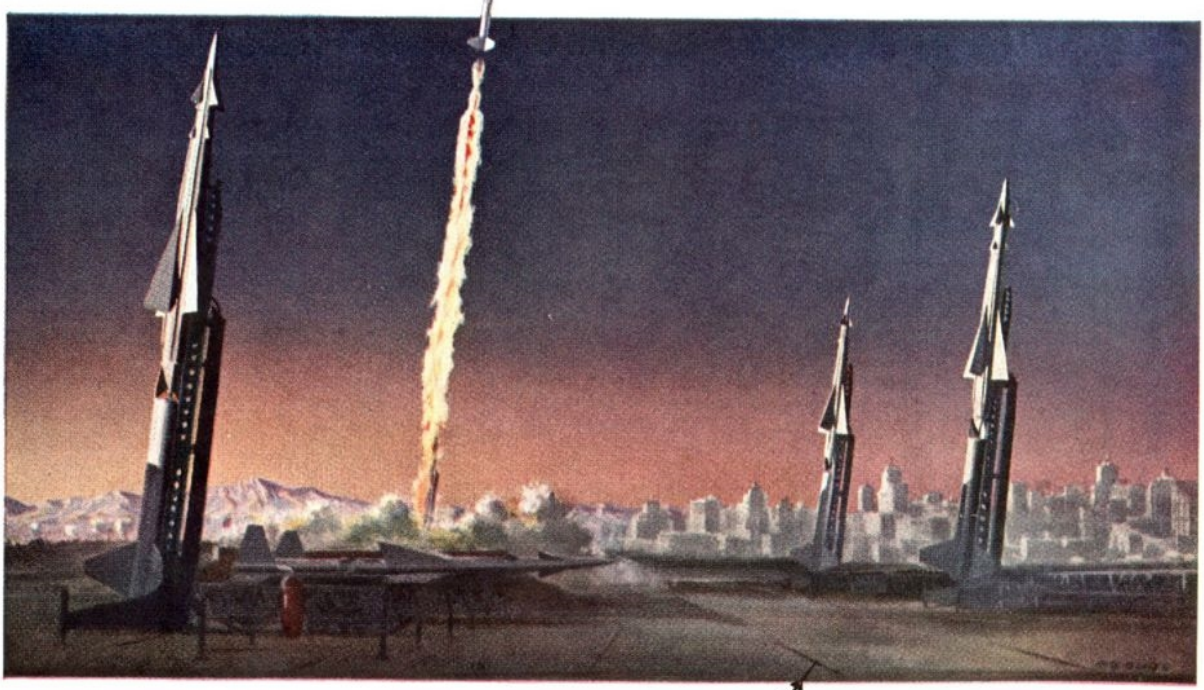
Missiles by DOUGLAS

A box score of 15 years' continuous participation in designing and building guided missiles for the Air Force, Army and Navy

Already key cities have the protection of a guided missile which can destroy the swiftest stratospheric bombers. This is Nike, *operational* result of long and versatile missile experience.

Douglas association with rockets and guided missiles has seen this company at work with other industrial leaders and our Armed Forces—to move missile development from a dream of push-button warfare to a solid reality. You saw it in the Bumper Wac research rocket, world altitude champion, in Honest John—field artillery rocket with high explosive or atomic wallop—in missiles of every type . . . air to air . . . air to ground . . . ground to ground . . . ground to air.

Douglas leadership in rocket airframe design has helped give us *operational* missiles in a relatively short span of time. Security cloaks even greater advances which are now on the way.



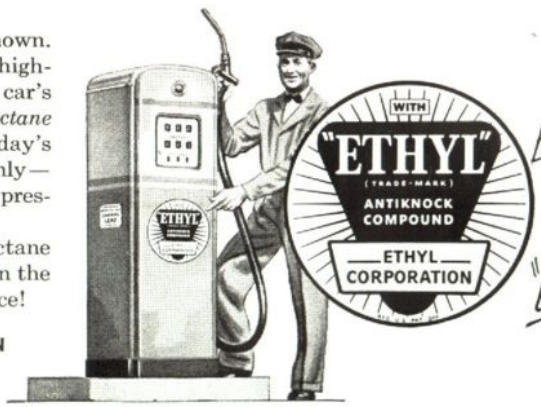
Depend on DOUGLAS **First in Aviation**

WHAT A POWERFUL DIFFERENCE THIS HIGH-OCTANE GASOLINE MAKES!



Like a man from Missouri, he had to be shown. Now he knows the powerful difference high-octane "Ethyl" gasoline can make in a car's performance. That's because only a *high-octane* gasoline can meet the demands of today's modern engines. It burns smoothly—evenly—powerfully—under the high-compression pressures of these engines.

So always make sure you get a high-octane gasoline. Look for the "Ethyl" emblem on the pump. You'll enjoy the powerful difference!



Enjoy full power—use high-octane "ETHYL" gasoline!

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

For world-famous jet engine manufacturers—

GENERAL ELECTRIC
and
UNITED AIRCRAFT

IBM ELECTRONIC



This electronic data processing system, utilizing high-speed magnetic tapes, is more widely used than any other giant computer.

GIANTS GET THINGS DONE...



at 14,000 operations a second!



Giant IBM Electronic Data Processing Machines are getting things done fast at General Electric and United Aircraft. They are doing all kinds of work from production planning and job sequencing operations to helping engineers design components of a wide variety of products.

Both of these companies wanted to make the services of these electronic machines available to geographically separated plants. Fast and automatic transmission of data was required. Other IBM products solved this wire transmission problem: the IBM Transceiver, over telephone circuits; the IBM Card to Tape Machine, over telegraph circuits.

For the last twenty months, IBM giant EDPM equipment has been serving such leading companies as Boeing, Convair, Douglas, Lockheed, and North American, as well as the United States Air Force, the United States Navy, and other branches of the Federal Government. For all business and industry, IBM's EDPM equipment suggests many exciting new possibilities.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER OF ELECTRONIC ACCOUNTING MACHINES

IBM
TRADE-MARK

International Business Machines Corp., 590 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

E*lectronic*
D*ata*
P*rocessing*
M*achines*

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

I think you have no other choice than Pope Pius XII for 1954's Man of the Year. He rallied from a sickness that would have broken almost anyone else, to wage a supreme battle for the dignity of man, trampled down by the conquering Red ideology. He was not accepted in the councils of nations where policies are made, yet his presence has never been more felt than when his December sickness broke unto the world . . .

JOSEPH LEDIT, S.J.

Montreal

Sir:

Your grandchildren and mine will remember Communist China's Foreign Minister Chou En-lai as the Man of 1954 . . .

ADAM NIESLEY

San Francisco

Sir:

. . . I nominate Winston Churchill "Man of the Century," as Man of the Year is too small a title for him . . .

CARLOS A. REICHRATH

Montevideo, Uruguay

Sir:

This year belongs to the American economic system. It underwrote the defense of the free world overseas, it survived a recession and came back stronger than ever, and it proved that—with sympathetic understanding from the Federal Government—the U.S. can increase the individual's standard of living, retain his political freedom, and give him the leisure and resources to create a culture like none in history. I give you the man who best understands what the U.S. system is all about, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey.

ROBERT G. CAMPBELL

Detroit

SIR:

FOR MY MONEY: MIRACLE-MILER ROGER BANNISTER.

ZAN SWARTZBERG

BETHLEHEM, ORANGE FREE STATE
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Sir:

Who else but Dr. Albert Schweitzer? . . .

MRS. R. E. TILDEN

Blair, Neb.

Sir:

Indian Premier Jawaharlal Nehru . . .

J. L. GEORGE

Bangkok

Sir:

TIME's definition of Man of the Year is "the man who had the biggest rise to fame during the year, and who, more than anyone else, changed the news for better or worse." The picture of John Foster Dulles should appear on your cover of Jan. 3, 1955, because he has unquestionably fulfilled these qualifications more fully than other 1954 contenders . . .

JULIUS M. WESTHEIMER

Baltimore

Sir:

I nominate Marcos Pérez Jiménez, President of Venezuela . . . By judicial management of the rich natural resources of the country, he has not only increased home prosperity but also filled the pockets of many people outside Venezuela . . .

JOSEPH BONDA

Caracas, Venezuela

Sir:

I want to nominate Mendès-France . . .

L. L. GOODMAN

Indianapolis

Sir:

. . . Who but "Jumping Joe" McCarthy? . . . Though I hate him . . . I must admit he has finally put some guts in our Senate . . . by forcing it to condemn him. In his negative way, Joe has done the world more good than the Little Lord Fauntleroys who are horrified by him.

JOHN DOMINIC MICHAEL

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Senator Arthur Watkins.

M. M. ANDERSEN

Seattle

Sir:

Present politics and politicians will fade away . . . but Dr. Benjamin Spock and his common sense on child care will continue to bring peace of mind to U.S. mothers for years to come . . . I would like to nominate Dr. Spock . . .

SANDRA DE LORIMIER

San Francisco

¶ For TIME's nomination, see next week's issue.—ED.

Mother & Son

Sir:

Re your Dec. 6 Letters column: I wonder if Bill Kurschinski really understands the New Testament. He claims the Virgin Mary never influenced Christ. Tell him to read carefully the wedding in Cana.

YVETTE SAUVAGEAU

Shawinigan Falls, Que.

Sir:

If Kurschinski would refer to *John 2:1-11* (King James), he would find that the Mother of Christ was instrumental in the first miracle—the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana. Truly, then, if she were responsible for the first miracle, she certainly must have been instrumental in many others since.

CHARLOTTE VAN BERGEN

Scranton, Pa.

¶ For the feast of Cana, see cut.—ED.



Culver

Forgotten Men

Sir:

As one who has had the opportunity—I do not consider it a great misfortune or a happy occurrence—of spending one term of 16 months at the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., and another of three years at the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, permit me to clarify certain points of your Dec. 6 story on . . . William Remington . . . The murder of Remington can be ascribed solely to the misadministration of the various correctional institutions and penitentiaries under the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. Beatings, sluggings and murder are the order of the day in Danbury, Lewisburg, Atlanta, Chillicothe, Alcatraz, and wherever the prison system has an establishment. These crimes are hush-hushed . . . J. Parnell Thomas came closer to describing accurately the situation [in LIFE, Oct. 4] than anyone I know. It is a well-known axiom in prison that "nobody gives a damn about us" . . . It is high time that . . . a special congressional committee is set up to investigate the facts quietly and without fanfare . . .

NAME WITHHELD

Texas

Biography Revised

SIR:

TIME, DEC. 13 SHOWS A PICTURE OF MRS. CULLEN AND ME AND OUR THREE DAUGHTERS TAKEN AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE HOUSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND OTHERS HONORING ME ON THE PUBLICATION OF MY BIOGRAPHY. YOUR STATEMENT, "HUMBLE ROY CULLEN HAD BOUGHT A RUMORED 250,000 COPIES TO SPREAD THE WORD," IS A MISSTATEMENT OF FACTS . . . LELAND ANDERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER, STATES THAT THE MEDICAL CENTER WAS PURCHASING THE BOOKS TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY PRENTICE-HALL. I HAVE ONLY PURCHASED 350 COPIES OF THE

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., $6.00; 2 yrs., $10.50; 3 yrs., $14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., $6.50; 2 yrs., $11.50; 3 yrs., $15.50. Plane-speeded editions: to Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr., $8.00; 2 yrs., $11.50; 3 yrs., $14.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe, Guam and Japan, 1 yr., $12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., $15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel everywhere in the world, 1 yr., $4.75.

Subscription Service: J. Edward King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

TIME SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE
540 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as imprinted on mailing label of your copy of TIME) *and* new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Copyright: TIME is copyrighted 1954 by TIME INC. under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of the local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine or obtained from *The Associated Press*.

TIME INC. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice-President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice-President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice-Presidents, Bernard Barnes, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

extends sincere good wishes for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THERE'S a wealth of sentiment and a world of good will in our simple holiday greeting: "Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"

Indeed, this traditional greeting reminds all of us of many things that make life most worth while ... happy children, reunions with old friends and loved ones, reverent voices repeating those radiant words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

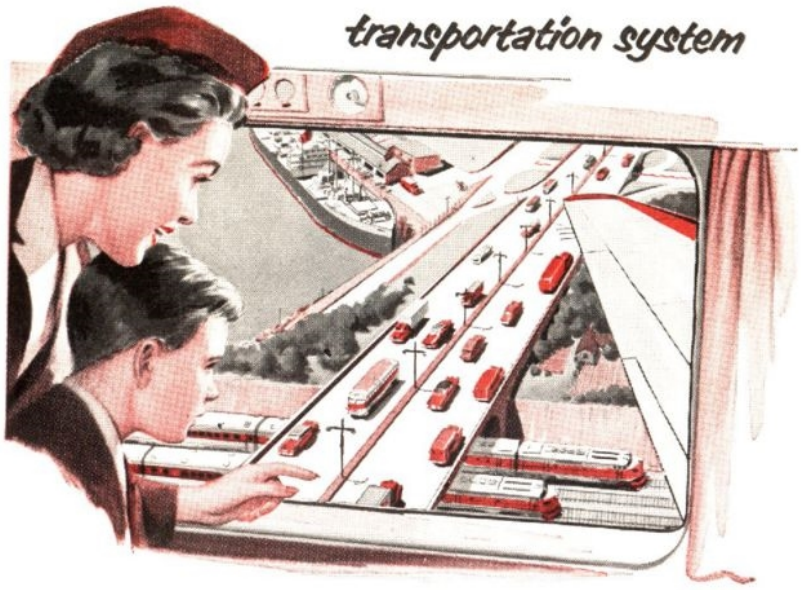
This Christmas of 1954 is truly a time for renewing our hope and faith . . . for offering thanks for life's blessings. Not the least of these blessings, which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life, is *good health.*

Over the years, Metropolitan has had the privilege of cooperating in many activities dedicated to bettering the health of both Americans and Canadians. However limited our contribution may have been, we have welcomed the opportunity to participate in the health progress of our two nations.

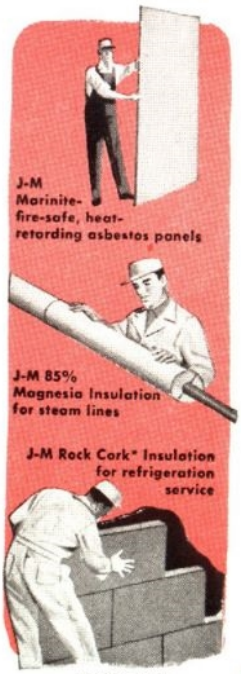
So, at this season, Metropolitan offers you and your family best wishes for peace, prosperity and that wonderful blessing—*good health!*



to America's endless transportation system



Johns-Manville Insulations contribute to our nation's progress



By helping industry make better fuel and faster, more comfortable equipment at lower cost

Johns-Manville Insulations play an important role in our everyday lives. By conserving heat and cold in the refinery, they cut costs and improve performance in the production of gasoline and other petroleum products. Used in producing metals, they contribute to the economical manufacture of cars, busses, trucks, ships, planes and trains. And, in insulating such equipment against summer heat and winter cold they add materially to our travel comfort.

Johns-Manville Insulations are scientifically engineered to the job. Experienced J-M Insulation Engineers serve industry by specifying the right Johns-Manville materials for every temperature from 400F below zero to 3000F above.

Experienced J-M Insulation Contractors apply these materials according to proved J-M methods. This combination of skilled men and scientific insulation saves American industry more than a billion dollars in fuel every year. For more information write Johns-Manville, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada, 199 Bay Street, Toronto 1, Ontario. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For 96 years industry has looked to Johns-Manville to solve its insulation problems

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville

INSULATIONS

SERVE YOU—BY SERVING INDUSTRY

BOOK FROM SEVEN HOUSTON BOOK STORES TO BE GIVEN TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THAT IS ALL I INTEND TO BUY . . .

H. R. CULLEN

HOUSTON

Welcome Neighbor

Sir:

. . . I wish the article on Brazil [Dec. 6] had emphasized our close political and economic relationship with Brazil, the fact that it joined forces with us in World Wars I and II, and that it is one of the principal countries in our trade program . . . Your article makes a fine contribution toward . . . a noteworthy picture of one of our best neighbors.

OSCAR FERNÁNDEZ

Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

Your covers are wonderful, especially Mr. Chaliapin's. But the Coffee Bean Man! Ugh!!

ROSALYN ANNIN

Bellevue, Wash.

Sir:

. . . It is certainly inspiring to see that some Americans are concerned with presenting a true picture of Brazil. The rise of anti-Americanism in the L.A. countries would certainly slow down, and ultimately die out, if . . . your example was followed by the American press as a whole . . .

ALOYSIO DE MORAES

Hamilton, N.Y.

Children & Dr. Lindner (Contd.)

Sir:

After reading "Rebels or Psychopaths?" in your Dec. 6 issue, it is self-evident that the waywardness of youth in the U.S. is due to children's being brought up by psychopaths masquerading as psychologists, instead of by their parents . . .

V. A. BARTON

Kingston, Jamaica

Sir:

In his diagnosis of the conscienceless violence among today's youth, Dr. Lindner has identified the culprit, correctly I believe, as "the lie of adjustment." The end product of this false doctrine, preached by Christian and Marxist alike, is a herd of sheep, preyed upon by wolves in sheep's clothing, where crime is the only means of gaining status . . . The modern child . . . is turned over by his parents to his age-group with the command that he adjust—or else. He listens to the same radio and TV programs that his playmates listen to; on no account may he pursue an interest of his own choosing—or even daydream about it. While he is told less often than children of past generations to keep quiet, he is denied the priceless boon of solitude . . .

The compulsory socialization of the kindergartner, the pack-running of the adolescent, and the group-thinking of their parents, proclaim with one voice that the individual is obsolete . . .

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD

Hingham, Mass.

Sir:

. . . You well know how diffident scientists and other professional men are about entrusting their material to the magazines and the public press. Among us, numerous canards are always being spread about the lack of consideration and care given to such stuff. Your remarkably faithful reporting of my recent Hacker Foundation lectures gives the lie, for all time, to this type of intellectual sour grapes . . .

ROBERT LINDNER

Baltimore

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF . . . . . Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT . . . . . Roy E. Larsen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR . . . . . John Shaw Billings

INDEX

Cover Story . . . 42
Judgments & Prophecies 22

Art 34	Miscellany 72
Books 66	Music 40
Business 60	National Affairs 9
Cinema 42	People 29
Education 30	Press 56
Foreign News . . 16	Radio & TV . . . 51
Hemisphere 27	Religion 54
Letters 4	Science 58
Medicine 52	Sport 41
Milestones 59	Theater 32

MANAGING EDITOR
Roy Alexander

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

SENIOR EDITORS
Robert W. Boyd Jr., Edward O. Cerf, Thomas Griffith, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Hillis Mills, John Osborne, Content Peckham, Joseph Purtell, John Walker, Max Ways

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, A. T. Baker, Louis Banks, Bruce Barton Jr., Gilbert Cant, Edwin Copps, Alexander Eliot, Osborn Elliott, Max Gissen, Roger S. Hewlett, James C. Keogh, Louis Kronenberger, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Robert Manning, Margaret Quinnby, Carl Solberg, Walter Stockly.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Godfrey Blunden, Richard W. Boeth, William Bowen, Peter Braestrup, Rodney Campbell, James Cannon, Champ Clark, Alton L. Clinger, Richard M. Clurman, George Daniels, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., George de Carvalho, Nigel Dennis, William Forbis, Rebecca Franklin, Bernard Frizell, Manon Gaulin, Eldon Griffiths, Alex Groner, Alan Hall, Sam Halper, Carter Harman, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, Cranston Jones, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., Theodore E. Kalem, Essie Lee, George Love, Henry Luce III, Peter Mathews, Robert McLaughlin, Charles Mohr, Martin O'Neill, Richard Oulahan, Jr., Robert Parker, Richard Seamon, Rafael Steinberg, Mark Vishniak.

ART DIRECTOR
Michael J. Phillips.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Virginia Adams, Mary Ann Ash, Bernadine Beerbeide, Harriet Ben Ezra, Helen Scott Bennett, Virginie Lindsley Bennett, Dorothea Bourne, Amelia Riddick Brent, Elsie Ann Brown, Barbara Brundage, Marjorie Burns, Nancy Mell, Chase, Lillian Davidson, Estelle Dembeck, Cecilia L. Dempster, Joan Dye, Kathryn Egan, Lenora Ersner, Shirley Estabrook, Marcelle Farrington, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Blanche Finn, Rosemary L. Frank, Mary Elizabeth Fremd, Judith Friedberg, Marie Kathryn Gibbons, Joan E. Gibson, Berta Gold, Jean Gutheim, Dorothy Slavin Haystead, Harriet Heck, Lorraine Hill, Bonnie Claire Howells, Helen Newlin Kalem, Quinera Sarita King, Anne Dirkes Kober, Helga Kobi, Vera Kovarsky, E. Eleanore Larsen, Marcia Gauger Ledig, Mary Ellen Lukas, Jane Meyerhoff, Sylvia Crane Myers, Jean Niesley, Amelia North, Anne G. Peyton, Mary Baylor Reinhart, Danuta Reszke-Birk, Deirdre Mead Ryan, Marion Hollander Sanders, Ruth Silva, M. Ava Smith, Frances Stevenson, Jean Sulzberger, Yi Ying Sung, Eleanor Tatum, Mary Vanaman, Paula von Hamberger, Marilyn Wellemeyer, Joan Wharton, Elsbeth Jean Wright.

U.S. AND CANADIAN NEWS SERVICE
Lawrence Laybourne (Chief of Correspondents), Ben Williamson, Grace Brynolson, Arthur W. White. *Bureaus*—WASHINGTON: James Shepley, James Atwater, John Beal, Walter Bennett, Marshall Berger, Clay Blair Jr., George B. Bookman, Martha Bucknell, Edwin Darby, Harry Johnston, Tom Lambert, James L. McConaughy Jr., Alyce Moran, Philip Payne, John L. Steele, James Truitt, CHICAGO: Sam Welles, T. George Harris, Donald S. Connery, Ruth Mehrtens, Austin C. Wehrwein. LOS ANGELES: Barron Beshoar, Terry Colman, Ezra Goodman, James Murray, Edwin Rees. DETROIT: Fred Collins, Mark Sullivan. ATLANTA: William Howland, Michael Demarest. BOSTON: William Johnson. DALLAS: Frank McCulloch. HOUSTON: Willard C. Rappleye Jr. DENVER: Ed Ogle, Robert Ajemian. SAN FRANCISCO: Alfred Wright, Robert Morse. SEATTLE: Robert Schulman, Robert Shnayerson. OTTAWA: Serrell Hillman, Byron W. Riggan. MONTREAL: William W. White. TORONTO: Robert W. Glasgow.

FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE
Manfred Gottfried (Chief of Correspondents), John Boyle, Frederick Gruin, Clara Applegate. *Bureaus*—LONDON: Andre Laguerre, Lester Bernstein, Honor Balfour, Joe David Brown, Joan Bruce, Robert Lubar, George Voigt. PARIS: Frank White, William McHale, Fred Klein, George Abell. BONN: James Bell, Kamelie MacCoy. ROME: Robert Neville, Robert C. Christopher, William Rospigliosi. MADRID: Thomas Doster. JOHANNESBURG: Edward Hughes. BEIRUT: Keith Wheeler. NEW DELHI: James Burke, Alexander Campbell, Achal Rangaswami. SINGAPORE: Dwight Martin, John M. Mecklin. TOKYO: Curtis Prendergast, James L. Greenfield. MEXICO CITY: David Richardson, Rafael Delgado Lozano. GUATEMALA CITY: Harvey Rosenhouse. RIO DE JANEIRO: Piero Saporiti. BUENOS AIRES: John Dowling.

PUBLISHER
James A. Linen

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
John McLatchie

GREETINGS FROM THE PUBLISHER

From all of us
to all of you
a very
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

James A. Linen



A. M. (Tex) Johnston (right), Chief of Flight Test, and R. L. Loesch, Senior Test Pilot, check the "707" before a test flight.

Boeing's jet transport is off to a good start

Day by day a big jet airplane is writing history in the sky over Seattle. The Boeing Stratotanker-Stratoliner has exceeded practically every expectation of its designers.

In the week following its first take-off, the 707 flew on six of seven consecutive days. By early October it had completed the entire first phase of flight tests, and today is far ahead of schedule. It handles well in the air, and fuel consumption has proved surprisingly low. Impressed by its performance, the Air Force has ordered a tanker version of the prototype airplane into production.

What lies behind the early success of this revolutionary transport? One factor is Boeing's unparalleled experience in designing and building multi-jet aircraft. Another is exhaustive research in the company's own trans-sonic wind tunnel, to achieve efficient airfoil and wing characteristics. And a third is sound production skill. The 707 incorporates many thoroughly tested features from other Boeing jet aircraft. For example, pod suspension of engines increases both safety and ease of maintenance.

The Stratotanker-Stratoliner inherits aerodynamic principles proved in more than a thousand Boeing six-jet B-47 bombers and in the eight-jet B-52 which now is in quantity production to become America's front-line heavy-bombardment weapon.

In addition, in the period since World War II, Boeing has produced more than 600 military C-97s and 56 commercial Stratocruisers. The C-97s perform almost all the aerial refueling operations of the U. S. Air Force. They also serve as high-priority personnel and cargo transports. The Stratocruisers are the acknowledged queens of transocean passenger service.

BOEING

Vol. LXIV No. 26

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 27, 1954

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Merry Christmas

December's early twilight had barely faded one chill evening last week, when the President of the U.S. and his wife arrived on the Ellipse south of the White House. The Marine Band and a red-robed choir were raising the strains of the *Hallelujah Chorus* for a gathering crowd as the President made his way to a stage near the national Christmas tree, a 67-ft. balsam fir. Dwight Eisenhower removed his overcoat, stood bareheaded in the night air and gave his Christmas greetings to the world.

This Christmas, said the President, "the drums of war are still. In their silence, after a whole generation of almost ceaseless beating, many people, already become fathers and mothers, enjoy the first peaceful Christmas they have known. Mankind's unquenchable hope for peace burns brighter than for many years." That hope was blemished by physical and mental tyranny in much of the world. Said the President: "Even at this happy season we dare not forget crimes against justice, denial of mercy, violation of human dignity. To forget is to condone and to provoke new outrage."

The President had a mild lecture for the neutrals of the world (*e.g.*, India's Nehru) and a warning for Communists. To the neutrals, he said: "The times are so critical . . . that grave doubt is cast upon the validity of neutralistic argument. Yet we shall continue faithfully to demonstrate our complete respect for the right of self-decision by these neutrals." To the Communists, he said that America speaks for peace, but added: "But let no man think that we want peace at any price, that we shall forsake principle in resigned tolerance of evident evil or that we may pawn our honor for transitory concessions."

The President continued: "America joins with all believers of every faith in a prayer of thanks and a plea that, whatever lies ahead, we may be strong and courageous and wise in the doing of our own tasks in accord with the Divine Will." "And now," he said, "please permit me a personal note. Mrs. Eisenhower and I wish all of you . . . everywhere a very merry Christmas . . . God rest you; let nothing you dismay." The President flipped a switch, 2,100 lights winked on the nation's Christmas tree and a bell choir rang out *O Come, All Ye Faithful.*

ARMED FORCES

Teen-Ager's Choice

In his press conference last week Commander in Chief Eisenhower took a 50-year look ahead at the defense picture. He saw the need for 1) increased continental defense, 2) continued ability to retaliate, 3) continued cooperation with our allies, 4) a greatly improved Reserve program with fewer men on active duty. Two days later, Assistant Defense Secretary for Manpower and Personnel Carter L. Burgess revealed a new draft and Reserve program to fit the lower military-force levels during the next four years.

If the program gets by Congress, 17-year-olds will have these choices:

¶ Volunteer for a three-year hitch in the Army or Marines, or four years in the Air Force or Navy. Three-year men will have to serve an additional four years in the "Service Callable Reserve" (Pentagonese for an active Reserve, organized and ready for immediate mobilization) and one year in the "Selective Callable Reserve" (Pentagonese for an inactive Reserve force of trained men with a lower emergency priority than active reservists). Four-year enlistees get two years of Reserve duty in each category.

¶ Wait to be drafted for the traditional two years, and then spend six years in the active Reserve.

¶ Volunteer directly for the active Reserve and wait to be called for two years' regular duty within 24 months. After discharge, they will spend six years in the active Reserve.

¶ Volunteer for six months' active duty and 9½ years in the active Reserve, which might be cut two years by a good Reserve record. Limited to about 100,000 in the Army and Marines, these men will be paid only $30 a month during the six months' training, and will not be eligible for any veterans' benefits. If they do not regularly attend Reserve drills, they will be snapped up for 18 months' active duty.

All men in the Reserves and National Guard will have to attend regular Reserve drill, or be penalized. Penalties may include loss of veterans' benefits, ratings and pensions.



Associated Press

THE NATIONAL CHRISTMAS TREE
"Let nothing you dismay."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Mission to Peking

At 5 a.m. one day last week, the telephone awakened Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations. An aide told him that the Chinese Communists would welcome him to their capital. Delighted, Hammarskjold got ready for a journey on which he will seek the release of 15 Americans captured during the Korean war.

The U.N. Assembly, by a vote of 47 to 5, had denounced the Reds for holding prisoners in violation of the Korean truce agreement. Immediately, Hammarskjold shot off a cable seeking an audience in Peking "soon after Dec. 26th" with Red China's Premier and Foreign Minister, Chou En-lai. For six days no reply came, other than bitter and belligerent Radio Peking broadcasts. On the seventh day Chou answered adroitly, with two almost simultaneous cables.

"Peace & Relaxation." In one cable Communist Chou angrily denounced the U.S. for "seizing" Formosa and "manufacturing" a mutual-security treaty with the Nationalists there (TIME, Dec. 13). "To convict foreign spies caught in China is China's internal affair," he said coldly. "There is no justification at all for the

United Nations to try to interfere . . . No amount of clamor on the part of the U.S. can shake China's just stand of exercising its own sovereign rights."

Chou's other cable, sent first, referred Hammarskjold to the later message for "the case of the U.S. spies." However, Chou continued cordially: "In the interests of peace and relaxation of international tensions, I am prepared to receive you in our capital, Peking, to discuss with you pertinent questions. We welcome you to China."

Chou's double cable talk made sense—for the Communists. Obviously, he wanted to cut off any discussion of the captured Americans—the purpose of Hammarskjold's trip. At the same time, he



Associated Press

U.N.'s HAMMARSKJOLD
For six days, no answer.

was glad to receive the U.N. chief as an envoy to his capital, and determined to discuss broader issues than the fate of the 15 flyers.

After he got Chou's cables, Hammarskjold flew to Stockholm to join the Swedish Academy of Letters (replacing his late father, Hjalmar Hammarskjold, Sweden's World War I Premier). While there, he lunched with Keng Piao, Red China's ambassador in Stockholm, to make practical arrangements for the trip and perhaps to set up a deal with Keng Piao's master. He is scheduled to return to the U.N. briefly this week, to leave shortly after Christmas for the 12,000-mile flight to Peking's marble halls and flinty masters.

A Comeback Try. For the captured Americans, Hammarskjold can offer very little in exchange. He is authorized neither to make concessions to Red China nor to negotiate broad issues. He might, perhaps, be able to arrange an exchange of the U.N. prisoners for those few Chinese students (out of 5,000 stranded in the U.S. when China fell to the Reds) who want to return home. The U.S. has withheld exit permits to 35 Chinese, because of their studies in such sensitive fields as radar and physics, but indicated last week its readiness for an exchange similar to wartime transfers of interned aliens.

What Chou obviously has in mind is a much bigger deal—or at least a propaganda maneuver in which the Communists can turn their loss of prestige in the U.N. vote into a discussion of Red China's entry into the U.N.

Cold-War Pioneering

At a Washington dinner on the 51st anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight, Pan American World Airways President Juan Trippe last week called for a national act of bold pioneering that might be as fruitful as Kitty Hawk.

"The cold war," he said, "will largely be fought on economic battlegrounds . . . The uncommitted nations, dissatisfied with their ancient poverty, where half the people go to bed hungry every night, are waiting to see whether we or the Communists offer the best chance of shifting from their present low-level to a high-level economy. The U.S. and our western European allies cannot, in the long run, remain an island of prosperity in a sea of poverty. Nor do we want to do so.

"Obviously, U.S. tax dollars cannot do the job required. Our tax dollars could not buy enough food to feed properly three-quarters of mankind, nor could we, with tax dollars, buy and give them capital goods to raise their living standards without wrecking our own economy.

"It is encouraging to see that the Administration is striving to provide the tools that private industry needs to undertake the job. The Randall Plan, for example, will greatly expand sound, two-way trade between the U.S. and the countries of the free world [and] will be a practical demonstration of our desire and ability to assist other nations in their efforts to help themselves."

Along with expanding trade, Trippe applauded recent Administration moves to encourage private U.S. investment in underdeveloped countries. One field of such development is aviation. "It is simple economics that a country cannot develop unless it has a proper transportation system . . . Today, however, many underdeveloped countries cannot wait for railroad and highway systems to be developed. Geographical or political conditions force them to skip these earlier stages and enter directly into the age of flight . . .

"Expanding and improving the internal transportation systems of present-day underdeveloped countries represents a great opportunity for the American aviation industry to be of service. Its capital and know-how in partnership with local investors . . . can measurably strengthen the countries we wish to be our friends. With the growth of adequate transportation will come agricultural improvement and industrial development. Better education, health services, more advantages for workers will follow."

Ambassadors from Broadway

Berlin theatergoers were entranced and disturbed at the same time: *Die Meuterei auf der Caine* upset their time-honored Prussian reverence for military men and military orders. The neo-Nazis found some solace in Lieut. Barney Greenwald's last-act defense of Navy discipline, insisted that the play supported the defense at the Nürnberg war criminals' trial: that subordinates are not responsible for the orders of their superiors. But most West Berliners accepted the lesson of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* as a common-sense American compromise between institutional rules and individual dignity. The *Caine*, like many another U.S. play, was



Jim Burke—LIFE

RED CHINA'S CHOU
On the seventh day, doubletalk.

doing a dramatic diplomatic job abroad that any Foreign Service man might envy.

Das Kleine Teehaus was one of the best. After 100 sold-out performances, *The Teahouse of the August Moon* was still a smash hit in West Berlin, will move next week to a more commodious theater. Berliners, wearily familiar with occupation armies, were delighted with an American play that deliberately spoofed the U.S. Army's postwar occupation of Okinawa (TIME, Oct. 26, 1953). When Sakini, the raffish Okinawan, declares that "democracy is exhausting," German audiences howl. The boffo line for Berliners comes in the scene where Colonel Purdy announces his determination to bring democracy to the islanders if he has to "shoot every last one of them." Any nation that could kid its own foibles was, to Berliners, something new and pleasant.

Some other American dramatic exports had a more ambiguous effect on foreign audiences:

¶ In Paris, *Les Sorcières de Salem*, an adaptation of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, won critical acclaim and a typically

French confusion of interpretations. A few saw the story of the Salem witch hunts as an indictment of Joe McCarthy; others interpreted it as a damnation of Communist persecutions. Commented *Le Monde's* critic: "This ancient history of sorcery, mobile as a weather vane, can as well be directed at the East as at the West."

¶ In Zagreb, Yugoslavia, a State Department-sponsored *Porgy and Bess* opened with a thunderous, 20-minute ovation. Crowds followed members of the cast through the streets, and Greta Slmntch, who flawlessly played the part of Porgy's goat, gave two liters of milk a day besides. "They loved you in Zagreb," New York *Herald Tribune* Columnist Art Buchwald cabled the producers, "and that means they'll love you anywhere."

Informal Visit

Five years ago His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, the Shah of Iran, made a state visit to the U.S. Despite the cocoon of protocol that enveloped him, the Shah liked the country, took some pleasant impressions back to Teheran. Last week, after some turbulent times in Iran, the Shah was back again. He had two purposes in mind: 1) to relax and show his beautiful Queen Soraya the wonders of the U.S., and 2) to get U.S. medical opinion on why they have no children after four years of marriage.

The problem of parenthood is worrisome for the Shah. In 1948, after nine years, he divorced Princess Fawzia, the astonishingly beautiful sister of Egypt's ex-King Farouk. Fawzia had no son, and Princess Shahnaz, the only child of that marriage, is barred from succession by Iranian law. Since the death of the Shah's brother, Prince Ali Reza, in a plane crash last month (TIME, Nov. 15), there is no heir to the Peacock Throne of Persia.

Three Aces. As soon as they arrived, Their Imperial Majesties checked into New York Hospital for two days of physical examinations, with special reference to the dynastic problem. In the midst of the checkups the Shah took time off for some fast sets of tennis on the indoor clay court at Manhattan's River Club. He gave the club pro a good game, aced him three times.

During their New York stay the Shah and Queen attended two hit plays, *Tea and Sympathy*, and *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, and two musicals, *Fanny* and *Pajama Game*, and danced stiffly at the St. Regis Hotel's Maisonette. Then they took off for Washington in President Eisenhower's Super-Constellation, *Columbine* III. No information on the doctors' findings reached the public.

In the capital, the dark-haired 22-year-old Queen, snuggled in an opulent blue mink coat, dazzled everyone. Because their visit was informal ("he's paying his own way," said a protocol officer), the royal couple put up at the imposing pink-brick Iranian embassy instead of the White House. But the Eisenhowers had them over to lunch, and Mamie showed Soraya around the place.



One day while her husband was lunching with the press, the Queen decided to go shopping. Guided by a lady in waiting, she bought several hats (small, to go with her new Italian hair-do) and sampled her first American hot dog and chocolate malted at a Hot Shoppe.

Mosque & Motel. One morning the Shah, trailed by a procession of aides and photographers, walked from the embassy to Washington's mosque ("It is the tradition," the Shah explained, "to approach a mosque on foot"). Another morning, he got up early for a canter along the bridle paths of Rock Creek Park. After days of partying, the Shah and his retinue (14 persons altogether) packed their bags (95 pieces, totaling 5,000 lbs.) and took off for San Francisco. This week Their Majesties will drive to Los Angeles, stopping overnight in a motel, arriving in time for Christmas, a Hollywood tour and the Rose Bowl game.

THE CONGRESS

Bipartisanship

With smiles, brisk handshakes and polite apologies for calling them from their homes and their hunting, Dwight Eisenhower received congressional leaders of both parties at the White House last week. His purpose was to answer yes to the question: Can the U.S. Government work constructively when one party controls the Congress and the other party has the executive?

The start of the meeting was slightly jarred by the eager-beavering of FOAdministrator Harold Stassen, who bounced around calling Democratic elders "Mr. Chairman" to the annoyance of their Republican opposite numbers, who technically still hold their congressional committee chairmanships.

When the President made an emphatic bid for tariff revision, Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson tested Ike's determination to be bipartisan. Referring to Ike's backing down on his program last spring, even though the Democrats supported it, Johnson asked if they would "find the program pulled out from under us some fine morning."

The gibe provoked the day's only moment of presidential ire. "Well, Lyndon," scowled the President, "you may very well remember that there were a lot of things before Congress at the time, and Congress wanted another year of study." Retorted Texan Johnson: "I know, but Mr. President, we did have that year of study and then another year of a study of the study." Unhelpfully, Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley reminded the President that the White House had "fixed up" the domestic watch industry, but had done nothing for Wisconsin cheese. Alarmed, Leverett Saltonstall spluttered that relief for his Massachusetts watchmakers had been



International

VICE PRESIDENT NIXON, THE SHAH OF IRAN & QUEEN
For a dynastic problem, a sentimental journey.

long overdue. And Republican House Leader Charley Halleck added that, come what may, peril-point tariff protection is here to stay. After that exchange, fraught with trouble for a liberalized trade policy, Ike and the legislators got along better.

Open-Door Policy. To make the presentation on military manpower problems (*see below*), Assistant Defense Secretary Carter L. Burgess held the floor. A Democrat leaned over to the President to ask who Burgess was. Quipped Ike: "He's one of those 'damned Democrats for Eisenhower' from South Carolina." Despite this jolting news, the Democrats agreed to go along in principle with Ike's manpower proposals. In his turn, Harold Stassen dragged out a set of charts to disprove the idea in some Senators' minds that his program approached the order of magnitude of a "Marshall Plan for Asia." The Senators appeared to be much relieved.

Johnson said that it would be a "good idea" if the Administration consulted Democratic committee chairmen on new foreign and defense programs. This might avoid "crash-landings-only" bipartisanship. President Eisenhower quickly agreed to Johnson's suggestion, and, the next day, he made good his promise by drafting an order directing certain department heads to consult in advance with congressional committee chairmen.

Perhaps the President's most important pronouncement of the day occurred when he declared to the Democratic leaders of both Houses: "I want you to know, Mr. Rayburn and Lyndon, that I am available for consultation at any time, if you want to come and talk to me about the welfare of the country."

In the end, the Administration had a good reason to expect Democratic backing on the proposals discussed, and House Speaker-to-be Sam Rayburn emerged from the White House assuring newsmen that "no blood was spilled."

Bloodless Coo. The day before the bipartisanship meeting, the President had held an even longer session with congressional Republicans to give a yes answer to another question: Can the U.S. Government function when the President's party is split? In fashioning next year's domestic program for Congress, the possibilities for friction had seemed greater than at the foreign-policy meeting. But Senate Leader William Knowland intoned that the talks had been "constructive and harmonious." Colorado's Senator Eugene Millikin reported that the whole affair was "like the cooing of doves."

Much of the program was made up of propositions that Congress failed to deliver this year. The legislators took a generally optimistic view of the chances for passing four major measures:

¶ Cancellation of cuts scheduled for next April in the corporate income tax and some excise taxes.

¶ An ambitious, ten-year highway building program.

¶ Continuation of public-housing at the rate of 35,000 units a year for two years.

¶ Wage raises for civil-service and postal employees.

The President also stood ready to ask for five other measures on which he was given less hope for success:

¶ Hawaiian statehood.

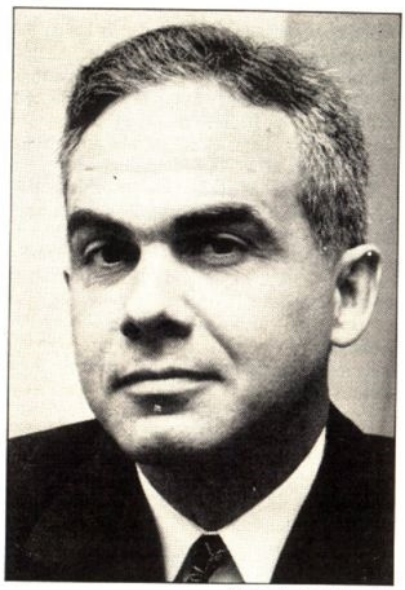
¶ Voting rights for 18-year-olds.

¶ Voting rights and home rule for the District of Columbia.

¶ Health reinsurance.

¶ Higher first- , second- and third-class postal rates.

The issues weighed last week would be formally laid before the Congress in the President's State of the Union message on Jan. 6, a date that Sam Rayburn, when Ike suggested it at the bipartisan conference, heartily seconded: Jan. 6 will be Mr. Sam's 73rd birthday. "Swell," said the President; maybe there would be a present for Sam in the speech.



St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

ADMINISTRATOR KING
Man of distinction.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Southern Discomfort

Battlers in the cause of prohibition read *Tap & Tavern*, a trade journal of the liquor industry, with the same horrified avidity that anti-Communist crusaders bring to the *Daily Worker*. Last October *Tap & Tavern* announced with pride that Robert L. King, vice president and general manager of the Southern Comfort Corp.* in St. Louis, was going to Washington to be the top administrative assistant to Vice President Nixon. In his new job, Nixon announced, King would handle "considerable legislative matters."

Temperance organizations across the land rose to the attack like blind tigers. A hurricane of protesting letters swirled into the Vice President's office and the White House. Meeting in Chicago, the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church got off a wire: "No man connected with the liquor industry should be placed in such a position . . . We do not feel that organized liquor traffic should have a place of honor and power in your Administration." Amen, cried the W.C.T.U., the National Temperance League and the National Temperance and Prohibition Council.

The storm caught the Vice President, a fairly temperate man himself (he drinks an occasional martini or Scotch highball, loathes champagne, and had only five drinks during his arduous electioneering in the fall), by surprise. King, he assured the temperance groups in a form letter, was a World War II Communist fighter, a former FBI agent and a man of distinction. He had resigned from Southern Comfort, moreover, and had never had any financial interest in the company.

The Vice President's explanation was enough to take the curse off King (who is also a moderate drinker) with some of the critics. "We still think it's not too good," said a W.C.T.U. spokesman, "though a man can always adjust himself and change his views." But most of the drys were unmoved. Nixon's letter, a Methodist Board of Temperance official felt, was "cocky." "It is the mind-set of a distillery general manager which matters," editorialized the respected *Christian Century*. The drys were particularly disturbed lest ex-Southern Comfortman King bring his wet influence to bear on legislation (*e.g.*, the Langer bill, which would put restraints on TV and radio advertising of wine and beer; the liquor lobby's efforts to reduce taxes on distilled spirits).

This week, as the battle raged on, Nixon held firm; King will report for duty next week, as planned.

* Its product, a fruity concoction of trade secrets (rumored to be apricot brandy and bourbon), is a favorite of elderly ladies, is sometimes served with cracked ice and a canned peach in a solid-stemmed goblet.

AGRICULTURE

A Responsible Lobby

The farm policies of the New Deal were, as much as any man's, the handiwork of an affable Alabama cotton farmer named Ed O'Neal. As president of the powerful American Farm Bureau Federation, O'Neal's influence was instrumental in pushing ever higher support prices and ever stricter production controls through Congress. The natural history of lobbies indicated that the Farm Bureau would feed on success, ask for more and more and more.

After World War II, however, the Farm Bureau began to have second thoughts. In 1947, when aging Ed O'Neal retired, the strongest farm lobby in the U.S. replaced O'Neal with Allan Blair Kline, a prosperous Iowa hog farmer (who had managed well enough during the Depression to build a swimming pool on his farm). Kline damned controls, helped kill the Brannan Farm Plan and then helped Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson push a flex-

ible price-support law through Congress this year. Last week at the Farm Bureau's annual convention at New York, President Kline announced he was resigning because of ill health. In this change of leadership, however, there would be no change of policy.

To replace Kline as president, the convention unanimously elected Charles Baker Shuman, head of the Illinois Agricultural Association. Shuman, 47, is a teetotaling Sunday School teacher who owns a corn, cattle and soybean farm near Sullivan, Ill. Almost painfully serious, he lacks Kline's charm and self-assurance, but in farm policy, the two men are carbon copies. Both oppose rigid supports and Government controls.

At last week's convention the bureau showed how deeply it feels its responsibility for a sane farm policy. Although it is solidly behind Benson, it scolded him in a resolution for removing "cross-compliance" regulations, which prohibit farmers who accept high support prices and quotas on one money crop from diverting acres made idle by their quotas to other surplus crops. The provision has been unpopular with some farmers and Farm Bloc Congressmen, but the Farm Bureau feared its loss would swell surpluses. The convention also resolved to oppose any attempt to revive high, rigid supports. As Benson himself put it in his convention speech: "Maximum progress can come only if agriculture is free . . . with a very minimum of Government control."

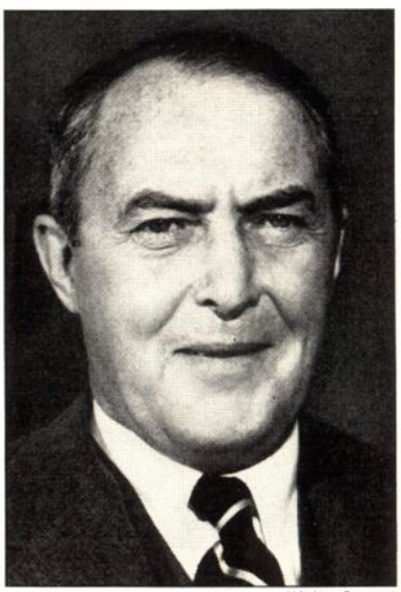
THE ADMINISTRATION

Stimulate & Vaccinate

Last week two Eisenhower Administration officials got new jobs:

¶ Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, 46, became the President's special assistant in the field of foreign policy, succeeding C. D. Jackson, who resigned last spring to resume his vice-presidency of Time, Inc., and is now serving as U.S. representative to the U.N. Rockefeller will attend meetings of the Cabinet, the National Security Council, the Council on Foreign Economic Policy and the Operations Coordinating Board (the Government's nerve center for propaganda activities). The new high-level brain-truster has long followed the policy that his grandfather, John D. Rockefeller Sr., laid down for philanthropic works: "Don't coddle; stimulate." At 32, Nelson went to President F. D. Roosevelt to persuade him of the need for economic and cultural development of Latin America in order to deter south-of-the-border flirtations with Naziism and fascism. F.D.R. made him Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Later, he served briefly as Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs. After World War II, Rockefeller set up, largely with his own and his brothers' money, two private organizations to stimulate Latin America, one for technical assistance, the other to supply venture capital (mostly for agricultural enterprises). These operations served as pilot plants for the Point Four program. Having helped Ike and HEW Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby reorganize the Government's newest Cabinet department, Rockefeller was ready for a broader assignment. Ike gave it to him, directing him to help the U.S. "seek to join with all peoples in a common effort to achieve and sustain the basic essentials of human dignity." In his new job, Nelson Rockefeller will have plenty to stimulate.

¶ Joseph Campbell, 54, recently Atomic Energy commissioner, became Comptroller General of the U.S., under a recess appointment pending Senate confirmation. For the post of Congress' watchdog over executive spending, Certified Public Accountant Campbell has high professional credentials. As Columbia University's assistant treasurer, he negotiated $50 million worth of wartime Government contracts (for atomic research, midshipman training, etc.). In 1949, under Columbia President Dwight Eisenhower, he was made university treasurer, and last year Ike appointed Campbell to the AEC. Campbell's confirmation as comptroller is in doubt. For eight months House and Senate Republicans have stalemated each other on the issue of which should recommend a successor to retired Comptroller General Lindsay Warren. To break the deadlock, the President named his own man. This pleases neither House nor Senate. In addition, some congressional Democrats are angry at Campbell for his support of the Dixon-Yates power contract. Last week, after the new Comptroller General was sworn in, Ike shook Joe Campbell's hand and chuckled: "I hope it takes."



Walter Bennett

COMPTROLLER CAMPBELL
Man in the middle.

RACES

Abolition By Degrees

The Civil War killed slavery as an institution, but not as an occasional form of criminal behavior. The U.S. Department of Justice from time to time finds violators of the anti-peonage act of 1867; since mid-1950 it has successfully prosecuted ten. Last week Federal Judge Seybourn H. Lynne in Birmingham sentenced Farmers Oscar and Fred Dial to 18 months in prison for holding Negroes in involuntary servitude.

The Dial brothers got their slaves from jails. They paid the Negroes' fines, drove them home to work on the Dial farms near Boyd, Ala., and kept them there by force. Fred Dial beat one with a lariat, and soon afterward the man died of pneumonia. When the slave's mother got possession of his body, she saw the cuts and bruises on it and asked her white employer for help. He told authorities, and the FBI moved in.

STATISTICS

Not So Safe

In accordance with a presidential proclamation, the nation observed "Safe-Driving Day" last week. Across the land, drivers were warned to be especially careful by the President's Action Committee for Traffic Safety in the hope that, for one 24-hour period, death would take a holiday on U.S. highways.

The hopes of President Eisenhower and his committee were unfulfilled, although the day's driving test was some improvement over the record of a year ago. Fifty-one died and 966 were injured in 3,935 traffic accidents. On the same day in 1953, 60 died and 1,807 were injured in 4,907 accidents.

CRIME

Thrill Killers

If a man has a very good reason (*e.g.*, self-defense) for killing another, the law excuses him. If he has a clear but bad reason (*e.g.*, avarice, jealousy), the law may take his life. If he has no clear reason for his act, the prosecution as well as the killer is in trouble. This was illustrated last week in the case of the Brooklyn thrill killers.

Last summer Brooklyn police arrested four youths and accused them of tossing a man in the East River to drown, beating another man to death, torturing several others (TIME, Aug. 30). The youths had not quarreled with their victims; they did not rob them. The sheer senselessness of the crimes made nationwide headlines. That same quality made prosecution difficult.

The state brought first-degree murder charges in the case of the drowning victim. The prosecution let one boy turn state's evidence and the judge dismissed the indictment against another. Attorneys for the other two defendants chal-

lenged the sufficiency of the proof of premeditation. A Brooklyn jury last week found the two youths, aged 17 and 18, guilty of felony murder on the ground that the victim died during the commission of a kidnaping (he was dragged seven blocks to the river). With this verdict the jurors could—and did—recommend life imprisonment rather than the electric chair.

THE LAW

Counsel for the Defense

"I am convinced," wrote Arthur Garfield Hays, "that the struggle itself whether temporarily won or lost, is what counts. To press for some cause bigger than oneself, however hopeless it may seem, is not necessarily noble. It's just about the best fun there is in life for people of my disposition." Last week a heart attack put an end to Lawyer Arthur Garfield Hays's 73 years of fun and fighting. Among his mourners at a Manhattan funeral parlor were Old Socialist Norman Thomas, Dr. Charles Francis Potter, champion of evolution and founder of the Euthanasia Society, Gambler Frank Costello and Showman Billy Rose.

Scopes & Romanoff. Hays, the only lawyer in his time to bear the names (more or less) of three Republican Presidents (his family name was originally Haas), pursued his liberal ways as a Republican, a Bull Mooser, a Farmer-Laborer, a La Follette Progressive, a New Deal Democrat, and finally as a rugged independent. If he was inconstant in his politics, he spent his life in single-purposed dedication to man's right to his own freedom. It made no difference to Hays if he happened to disagree with a client's views: the heart of the matter, he always insisted, was whether or not an individual's liberties had been damaged. Lawyer Hays was able to defend Harry Bridges' freedom of action and Henry Ford's freedom of speech with equal fervor.

As assistant counsel to Clarence Darrow, he defended John Thomas Scopes in Tennessee, and he helped Samuel Leibowitz defend the Scottsboro Boys in Alabama. When "Prince" Mike Romanoff got into passport difficulties and when William Randolph Hearst had his private telegrams subpoenaed by a congressional committee, Hays came to their aid.

Although the Nazis would not allow him to plead because he was a Jew, Hays appeared in court and helped to defend the Bulgarian Communist, Georgy Dimitrov, in the Reichstag fire trial, and much later he spoke up for the rights of Nazis in the German-American Bund. He got his biggest fee—$578,000—in 1933, when he successfully broke the $50 million will of Ella Wendel, an eccentric spinster, on behalf of 60 heirs. In the '30s he defended Wall Street brokers, when he thought the SEC was trampling on their rights. "I hate censorship of business as well as of books," said Hays, who became rich on the fees of his banker and broker clients.

Hatrack & the Countess. When Henry Mencken fought the Watch & Ward Society and was arrested in Boston for selling the issue of his *American Mercury* that contained the story of a casual prostitute called Hatrack (she took her customers to cemeteries*), Mencken retained Hays. When the Countess Cathcart was denied entry to the U.S. because she had had an affair with the Earl of Craven (the Earl was admitted without a fuss), Hays was at her side. In his autobiography, *City Lawyer*, Hays recalls that when the Countess was brought before a deportation board of inquiry, she asked: "But haven't you men ever committed adultery?" The board, Hays reported, replied almost in chorus: "Madam, we are American citizens!"

In summing up his own career, Hays liked to draw a parallel from the life of John Brown: "After his capture, John Brown said he was worth more for hanging than for any other purpose. For myself, it may well be that I have been worth more for the defense of the rights of others to express their ideas than for any other purpose."



Associated Press

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS
The struggle is what counts.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Bookkeeper

New York's Democratic Governor-elect Averell Harriman last week paid the first installment on a debt owed to a careful political bookkeeper. As his secretary of state, he named Tammany Hall Leader Carmine G. (for Gerard) De Sapio, without whose help Harriman would still be a wistful political aspirant. Since New York is willing to pay its secretary of state $17,000 (plus $3,000 expenses) for such light-housekeeping duties as licensing hairdressers and sitting as chairman of the Cemetery Board, De Sapio will still be able to devote full time to his real job: that of managing New York Democratic politics.

In his managerial function, Carmine De Sapio is a man to watch. Averell Harriman and New York City Mayor Robert Wagner hold two of the nation's most important political offices—and both are immensely beholden to De Sapio. Moreover, De Sapio's probable control of the largest bloc of delegate votes at the Democratic National Convention in 1956 gives him a rich chunk of political capital that he can be expected to invest shrewdly.

Have a Tangerine? Late one afternoon last week, a steady stream of would-be De Sapio visitors poured into the cramped offices of the Democratic state headquarters, on the second floor of Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel. Campaign photographs of Averell Harriman were plastered everywhere. A picture of Harry Truman, in pastel shades, managed to make the wall of the main reception room. Franklin Roosevelt (senior) and Alben W. Barkley were relegated to the hall. Adlai Stevenson was stuck away in another room.

In an austerely furnished side office Carmine De Sapio held forth in his role of Democratic national committeeman. Talking by telephone to a political colleague, De Sapio's voice was rasping, his diction marked by such New York pronouns as "dese" and "dem." Hanging up the phone, he picked up a plump tangerine from his desk and tossed it to a political lieutenant, who peeled it and offered half to De Sapio. When he spoke to his visitors, De Sapio's voice changed. His tone was soft, his diction near-faultless. He told of his appointment as secretary of state, and it was clear he thought it no more than his due in the world of political give and take.

Up from the Picket Line. That world is one that Carmine De Sapio, at 46, has good reason to view realistically. The son of Italian-born parents, he grew up on Manhattan's lower West Side (where he lives today in a four-room apartment with his wife and daughter). His father ran a two-truck hauling outfit for which Carmine worked—in the office, carefully keeping the accounts.

He worked while attending Fordham University and went to Brooklyn Law School for a year. Then iritis, a chronic eye inflammation, forced him to quit school. Today he often wears dark-tinted glasses, cannot stand bright lights or smoke-filled rooms, must rinse his eyes some half a dozen times a day.

Even before he quit school, however, he was in politics. Around the corner from his home was the old Huron Club, a Tammany tepee. Carmine took to hanging around the club, was given some errands to run, moved up to precinct captain and deputy sheriff under Sheriff Daniel E. Finn—whose family had ruled the First Assembly District West for more than 70 years. In 1939, taking advantage of a factional split in the district, De Sapio

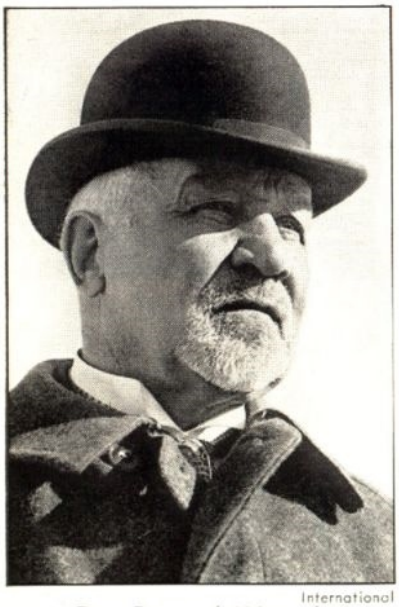
* Protestant for Roman Catholics, and vice versa.

ran against Finn for district leader. He won—but Tammany Hall refused to recognize him. Insurgent De Sapio and his followers picketed Tammany Hall. When De Sapio's men tried to argue their case at a Tammany meeting, the lights were promptly switched off. The De Sapio people left shouting, "To hell with Tammany Hall!" Not until 1943 did Tammany finally take De Sapio in.

De Sapio soon became the leader of a group attempting to loosen the strangle lock held on Tammany for generations by Irish-Americans. He got his break in 1949, when three incumbent leaders quit in rapid succession under fire from Mayor William O'Dwyer. De Sapio was elected Tammany leader. But it was hardly an honor.

Mediators & Fumblers. He took over the dirty shell of a 150-year-old organization that had outlived its function. It still reeked from the scandals of power abused, and the base of its power was gone. New York, like many another American city, had once been a teeming jungle of half-broken Old World cultures, uprooted, insecure, warring, misunderstanding each other and the new world around them. After its fashion, Tammany mediated conflicts, spoke for the immigrant masses. The Statue of Liberty said, "Give me your tired, your poor," but it was Tammany that really opened palpable arms of help and advice. This was not a job that respectable New Yorkers were willing and able to do. Tammany's great service was performed for a great price.

Boss William Tweed (1860-71) and his henchmen had fleeced New Yorkers of some $200 million while he was Tammany's head. Boss Richard Croker (1886-1901) continued the Tammany rule that Lincoln Steffens described as "government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich." Boss Charles Murphy was the last successful leader of the old Tammany. When Murphy died in 1924, Mayor Jimmy Walker mourned: "The brains of Tammany Hall lie buried in Calvary Cemetery." Jimmy was right; fumbler followed fumbler at Tammany Hall.



International

BOSS CROKER (1886-1901)
In rascality, riches.

The leaders did not understand that the American school system had done its work. New roots had grown. Tammany's favor-doing had become socialized by the incipient welfare state. The Irish Tammany bosses lived on sentimental memories of past grandeur, and were puzzled and hurt when the Tiger's roar made no man cringe. De Sapio had far more modest and realistic views of the new Tammany's scope.

He began with a success so small that his predecessors would have been humiliated to stoop to it. Forming a coalition with Republicans, he ousted Red-lining Vito Marcantonio from his congressional seat. But De Sapio also took another step—and fell flat on his face. In the 1950 mayoralty race, De Sapio backed Ferdinand Pecora, a born loser, against Vincent Impellitteri, who won easily. Tammany's impotence was measured by the fact that it could not even beat Impy, an insurgent organization man with no machine of his own.



United Press

BOSS DE SAPIO (1949-)
In fiasco, the formula.

From the 1950 mayoralty fiasco, however, De Sapio drew an invaluable lesson that his predecessors had ignored. He realized that never again would hack candidates be elected merely because Tammany Hall had so ordained. Was there still a place for Tammany? De Sapio thought there was. As the regular New York County Democratic organization, working with party leaders in other boroughs, Tammany could 1) select popular candidates, and 2) manage their campaigns, keeping them on a straight, carefully planned track. Unwittingly, the New York newspapers helped him by vastly exaggerating Tammany's power, persuading many an ambitious young lawyer that Tammany could give him what he wanted.



Culver

BOSS MURPHY (1902-24)
In open arms, the grip.

The Herbivorous Kitten. Consolidating his leadership, De Sapio played for time, fighting off rebellion from within Tammany and constant attack from without. At one time, less than two years ago, he came within three votes of losing his leadership post. But when the time came (in the 1953 mayoralty primary) to take the offensive, De Sapio was ready with Robert Wagner Jr., the politically popular son of a politically famed father. Wagner won overwhelmingly (Impy ran a sorry second). The victory came because New Yorkers had wanted to vote for Wagner, not because Tammany Hall had told them to. Nevertheless, De Sapio and Tammany were back in the sun.

This year De Sapio greatly multiplied his gains by selecting Harriman to run for governor instead of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who, before the elections, was believed by many to be a stronger candidate. The election proved De Sapio right. Harriman was narrowly elected, while Roosevelt was trounced for attorney general.

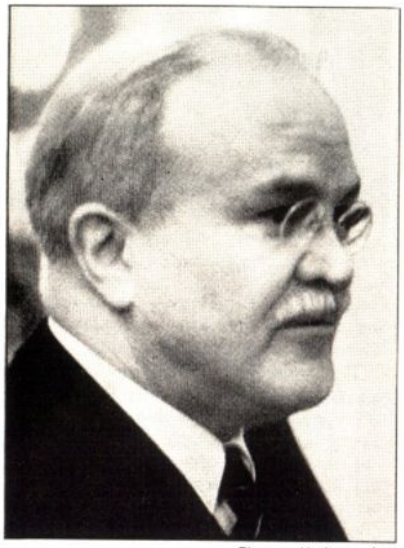
The revival of Tammany does not mean that the voracious Tiger prowls the streets of New York again. In U.S. politics, as in business, the age of the carnivores is past. Where the great bosses of yesterday gave orders to Senators and governors, De Sapio will give technical political advice—sorely needed in an age of amateur politics. Where the old bosses hammered out tickets by the skillful balancing of desperate rivalries, De Sapio, like any political-science professor, makes postcard polls of voter preference. Where they had satchelmen to carry bribe money, De Sapio has bright young ghosts to write solemn speeches on good government. Where they had plug-uglies, he has a tangerine peeler.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Time of Decision

"History has flung down a challenge to us—perhaps she will do so only once." So spoke Konrad Adenauer, himself a maker of history, as one day last week he challenged the German Bundestag to ratify the Paris accords. The grim-faced old German titan was opening the last and fateful round in the three-year-old battle to rearm West Germany within the Atlantic alliance. On both sides of the Rhine, and of the Iron Curtain, too, all men knew that this time history required that the fight be fought to a finish.



Thomas McAvoy—LIFE

RUSSIA'S MOLOTOV
Harmless throwback.

The Soviet Union unloosed all the resources of its diplomacy and propaganda. For the benefit of the Bundestag, East German Puppet Premier Otto Grotewohl ordered "spontaneous" protest marches "to topple the Paris treaties." The Kremlin followed through with a flurry of diplomatic notes which fell like poisoned confetti on the capitals of Western Europe. Russia's Molotov warned the French government that ratification would "cross out and annul" the 1945 Franco-Soviet treaty of alliance. Britain was sternly advised that the presence of U.S. air bases in East Anglia is "incompatible" with the Anglo-Soviet treaty; six other NATO nations—Belgium, The Netherlands, Denmark, Italy, Greece and Turkey—were accused of giving support to "the dangerous remilitarization of Germany."

Scarcely a year ago, such Soviet threats might have been enough to throw many Europeans into a tizzy of alarm. Last week's Communist blustering seemed to misread the mood of Western Europe, and to be almost irrelevant. The fact seemed to be that in a slow, subsurface fashion, the people of Western Europe had finally made up their minds that German rearmament is inevitable. There was plenty of agitation in last week's parliamentary debating in Bonn and Paris, but local passions, not the Kremlin threats, were what caused it.

Britain's House of Commons has already ratified. Iceland followed last week. In Italy, seeing that an overwhelming majority is for ratification, Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti agreed to limit debate in the Chamber of Deputies, thereby presumably assuring ratification before Christmas. That left Germany and France as the crucial tests.

"Calm & Polite." Looking haggard and erect, Chancellor Adenauer faced not only his Bundestag but a television audience. "Into our hands," said *der Alte*, "is placed the decision by which to end the epoch of European confusion and wars . . . Let us respond in a way we can justify in the eyes of Germany and the world."

To avoid an outpouring of German nationalist sentiments which might upset the French Assembly just as France too took up the Paris accords, Adenauer urged his coalition leaders to be still on the explosive issue of the Saar. To quiet the opposition Socialists, he summoned their roly-poly leader, Erich Ollenhauer, to his office in Palais Schaumburg, asked him to sit down, then read aloud several Ollenhauer speeches arguing for Big Four talks prior to ratification. *Der Alte* then picked up the latest Soviet note proposing Big Four talks, and read a portion from it. The two were strangely similar. Ollenhauer, an anti-Communist, sputtered with rage as Adenauer made his point: "Herr Ollenhauer, these are your words and this is the Soviet note. I hope that our debate will be calm and polite and that it will not be necessary for me to read to the Bundestag what I have read to you."

Next day in the Bundestag, the Chancellor confounded his adversaries and allies by himself plunging into the explosive issue of the Saar. He accused the French government of distorting the agreement which he made with Mendès-France in Paris. By himself voicing the increasing German distaste for the Saar portion of the Paris accords, *der Alte* hoped to forestall opposition charges that he had been maneuvered by Mendès-France into "selling out German territory." He promised to "clarify these obvious differences with the French Premier"; if that did not work, he would call on the U.S. and Britain to arbitrate the dispute. Then, for the best part of two hours, the old man made his case for ratification now: "The Soviets will indeed negotiate, and they will do so not in spite of, but because of, the realization of the Paris accords."

Straw Hats & Helmets. Against this case, Ollenhauer's Socialists could only complain that rearmament is unpopular with German youth, and that to join irrevocably with the West is to abandon East Germans and perhaps in time to cause a *Bruderkrieg* (literally, war of brothers) between two armed Germanies. Answered one of Adenauer's supporters: "There is no longer a choice between straw hat and the steel helmet. The choice now is between a steel helmet with or without a Red star on it."

The vigor of the debate began to tell on Adenauer. Late on the second day, when he returned to the fray, his 78 years weighed heavily. He based an attack on Ollenhauer on a statement that the latter had not made, and when the error was pointed out, would not retreat. Socialists hooted and yelled; in the confusion, the Chancellor lost the thread of his discourse. He bumbled, contradicted himself and flubbed questions that were thrown at him. When he sat down, Socialist Carlo Schmidt, who led the opposition assault, crowed to a colleague: "I think I won by a technical knockout in the ninth round."

But late that night, with the Chancellor back in form, the Bundestag quickly rejected several Socialist amendments, and adopted the first reading of the Paris accords. Adenauer's majority: 236 to 153.



GERMANY'S OLLENHAUER
Embarrassing playback.

Der Alte expects final ratification some time after Jan. 15.

Prospects in Paris. By that time, the Germans hope, the French National Assembly will have made its decision. The French debate begins this week. Mendès-France had confidently predicted in Washington that the National Assembly would ratify before the end of the year. Last week, when the Russians sent a threatening note, he scornfully asked: "Do they think they can frighten France?" He was

equally casual about Adenauer's alarms over the Saar, putting out reassuring word that Adenauer was speaking for *usage interne* (home consumption) only.

Soon, however, Mendès himself was subjected to the demands of *usage interne*. The issue was Indo-China, but it might have been anything else that came to hand. In Parliament his majority was decreasing and his enemies increasing. From Gaullists to Socialists, the National Assembly took up the cry that the government plans to abandon what remains of French interests in Indo-China. Frenchmen, though they had almost unanimously supported him when he made the deal at Geneva, now show signs of reviling Mendès for his Indo-China "sellout," and for the fact that 21,000 French war prisoners are still in Communist hands.

Saved by Two. These passions, and more, congealed when Mendès submitted his Indo-China budget. The Finance Committee scorned it, 25 to 14. When Mendès raced over to the National Assembly to try to save the day, he arrived just in time to hear a right-wing Deputy explaining that former Foreign Minister Georges Bidault had been all set to clear up the whole Indo-China mess when Mendès interfered and toppled the Laniel Cabinet. "That sounds like a beautiful serialized novel," Mendès cracked, but the Assembly was not amused. It voted him down 301 to 291, the first major parliamentary defeat that he has suffered.

Furiously maneuvering, the Premier forced a midnight session, and presented a hurriedly revised budget, in order to compel a new test of strength. He still could not find the votes. It began to look as if Mendès would be overthrown before he could get a vote on the Paris accords. Suddenly, out of the blue, two Deputies of Bidault's M.R.P. announced that they would switch their votes. At 4:30 a.m., Mendès' revised Indo-China budget was accepted by just two votes, 295 to 293. The Mendès government was saved by a hair's-breadth; the ratification debate could go on.

Premier-Killers, Inc. Mendès now knew that his government owed its life to the artful designs of his enemies. The Assembly's expert Premier-killers, mobilized by Georges Bidault who wants vengeance on Mendès for the death of EDC, were playing a cat-and-mouse game, keeping him in office for their own purposes. Resigned to the inevitability of German rearmament, these expert infighters were determined to identify Mendès with that needed but unpopular measure. Then they meant to kick him out, perhaps on the Indo-China issue.

At week's end, overcome with fatigue, Mendès wearily demanded a confidence vote on his Indo-China policy first, then the Paris accords debate. Britain and the U.S. did what they could to help him: John Foster Dulles authorized Mendès to reveal to the Assembly that the U.S. will 1) "associate itself" with a European arms-control agency, to keep an eye on German power; 2) provide the same guarantees to maintain U.S. troops in Europe as it once offered EDC.

With a promise of support from the Socialists, from many of the Gaullists and from Robert Schuman's wing of the M.R.P., Mendès still felt optimistic that the accords would go through. But he tempered his optimism with an eloquent shrug of his shoulders, and wore the air of a man who suspects that his own goose may be cooked by master French chefs before the holidays are over.

Nuclear NATO

The statesmen of the Atlantic alliance, assembled in Paris last week, decided that the defense of Europe must henceforth be based on nuclear weapons. It is no longer enough, they warned, for Europe to rely on the deterrent nuclear power of the U.S. Strategic Air Command. Now



Robert Cohen—AGIP

FRANCE'S BIDAULT
Ominous comeback.

that atomic weapons are entering the tactical field (atomic cannon, atomic guided missiles, Belgians, Danes, Turks —all the armies and peoples of Western Europe—must reshape their defenses and readjust their prejudices to the dictates of nuclear warfare.

With 7,000,000 men under arms (compared with 5,900,000 in Russia and Eastern Europe), NATO's conventional rearmament is virtually complete. Henceforth, SHAPE will concentrate on what it calls the "New Approach." Britain's Viscount Montgomery explained it in a recent speech: "I want to make it absolutely clear that we at SHAPE are basing all our operational planning on using atomic and thermonuclear weapons in our defense. It is no longer a question of 'They may be used.' It is very definitely, 'They will be used—if we are attacked.'"

Left-wing editorialists seized on Monty's remarks to create a picture of pin-headed generals eager to trigger the world into war. Result: by the time the NATO conference got under way last week, the British and the French were talking up a plan that would require NATO's commanders to consult all 14 governments before answering a Soviet attack with atomic weapons. Such a plan would leave the West helpless during the first vital hours, while the Reds could be atom-bombing at will. John Foster Dulles put forward a compromise solution that won unanimous approval. In effect, it established that the statesmen have final authority, and generals were bound to consult them, but no cumbrous machinery of confining rules was laid down. After all, said Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak: "If an atomic bomb knocks out the telephone, I don't think we can wait for the service to be re-established before we make a decision."

UNITED NATIONS

Cooler Passions

In Athens 4,000 banner-waving Greek students flowed through the streets, shouting against not only the British but the Americans as well. They tried to storm the U.S. embassy. On Cyprus four days later, students staged noisy protest marches in several cities, stoned U.S. consular buildings, clashed with tear-gas-throwing police and British Tommies. The U.N. had just voted (with U.S. support) to table Greece's claim to the strategic British island fortress of Cyprus.

The most remarkable thing about last week's demonstrations was that they represented the only display of overt passion in a week when the U.N. methodically put off action on a whole roster of major colonial issues. Yet few subjects ordinarily incite more fervor—spontaneous or arranged—or provide more clash of interest and search of conscience than the cry of colonialism. In the closing days of the ninth session, the U.N.'s General Assembly voted:

¶ 50 to 0 to put off a Cyprus discussion "for the time being." One of those voting for postponement was the country which originally demanded action, Greece.

¶ 56 to 0 to put off, also "for the time being," an Arab-Asian proposal to encourage the independence movement in French Tunisia. Sponsors of the postponement: the Arab-Asian nations.

¶ 55 to 0 to postpone discussion about the French Protectorate of Morocco.

¶ To reverse its own political committee's verdict on West New Guinea. The Dutch thereby won a victory over Indonesia, which had sought to raise a bogus cry of colonialism (TIME, Dec. 13). A switch in sentiment by half a dozen Latin American nations made the Dutch victory possible.

What caused the new moderation? The anti-colonial powers (mostly the Arabs, the Asians and the Latin Americans) claim moral victory in the postponements, on the grounds that by postponing "for the time being," instead of flatly refusing to take up the cases, the General Assembly in effect accepts jurisdiction. The colonial



Associated Press

POLICE & RIOTER IN ATHENS
A remarkable urge for postponement.

powers, who contend that these are internal matters outside U.N. competence, consented to the postponement resolutions because each contained in its ambiguous language the tools for postponing next time and the time after that. Greece, for all the intensity of its desire for control of Cyprus (whose people are of Greek stock), and Britain, for all its resolve to keep full control of the island that is now its Middle Eastern command post, held back from a quarrel that would impair NATO teamwork between Greeks, Britons and Turks.

Arab diplomats went so far as to admit that Mendès-France's reform efforts in North Africa are more promising than intemperate resolutions in the U.N.

The dominant push for moderation, however, came from the U.S., which is bedeviled by the contradictions between its own deep anti-colonial instinct and the fact that its most important cold war allies are the colonial powers. In the most important committee votes, the U.S. abstained. But the U.S. was primarily concerned that nothing be done to upset Western Europeans at so crucial a stage in Western rearmament. In the U.N.'s corridors and lounges, where the doubtful are influenced, U.S. delegation members worked to soften all proposals for provocative action in favor of postponement.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Color Bar

"What has gone wrong with British fair play?" cried London's big tabloid *Daily Mirror*. "For years we in this country have criticized the color bar in other countries—especially America and South Africa . . . We have also been righteous about it. For we have always believed that color prejudice had nothing to do with us . . . We had better all think again."

Few Britons ever admit to race prejudice. Until 15 years ago, there were very few colored men to be prejudiced against, and they were apt to be either wealthy or titled, or both. There were colored men all through the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and Negro presidents of the Oxford Union; they were accepted in Mayfair's swankest hotels and clubs. During the war, U.S. Negro soldiers were welcomed with unequaled kindness, even to the extent of fathering some 750 babies.

Discovered Emotions. But last week, Britons faced a new situation. Increasing numbers of Negroes have poured into postwar Britain from Jamaica and the other British West Indies, lured by reports of full employment and encouraged by cut-rate fares promoted by travel agents. Clotting in tight, unhappy knots in Birmingham, Cardiff, Liverpool, Ipswich and London, they swelled Britain's Negro population to more than 50,000, and with embarrassment and dismay, Britons discovered in themselves emotions and prejudices they had never acknowledged.

The signs of rising tension were clear and troubling. In London's seedy Camden Town, a Negro arguing with a white girl touched off a fight which developed into two days of sporadic rioting. In Birmingham, unionists rebelled when the city proposed to hire 300 Negro bus conductors, caved in only under a nationwide barrage of protests. In Brixton, slogans appeared on walls "Keep Britain White." Some pubs refused Negroes admittance.

In Edinburgh, four out of five landladies on the university's lists refuse to accept colored students. "A friend of mine took in colored, and her neighbors stopped talking to her," explained one. In other cities, West Indians often were told on the telephone that they could have a room but were refused it when they arrived and the landlady saw the color of their skin. A tenant of an expensive Park Lane apartment arranged to sublet it to the young, Cambridge-educated Kabaka of Buganda, then was refused permission by the apartment owner. The Negro players of *Anna Lucasta* and *Porgy and Bess* had no trouble obtaining rooms in the best hotels. But when they settled down to a long run and tried to get apartments, they reported refusals and excuses. A frequent one: "Of course, I don't have any prejudice myself, but we have American tenants here, and they wouldn't like it." (Blaming Americans is a familiar exculpation: when the Bermuda legislature recently decided to maintain discrimination in the island's hotels, cinemas and restaurants, and segregation in schools, it pleaded that Bermuda had to "keep our reforms in line with the generally accepted conditions in countries from which we get the majority of our visitors," *i.e.*, the U.S.)

Exported Bar. Landlord hostility has raised prices to Negroes. Explained one: "A room is to let for 30 bob. If a white man applies, he gets it for 30 bob. If a colored man comes, there is a short argument and he gets it for 40 bob. We call it the color tax." On the other hand, some landlords have specialized in renting old and dilapidated housing to Negro tenants who, with no other choice, often end up three or four to a room, creating Harlem-type slums.

The fact is, Britons have long had a color bar, but they have simply exported it. A distinguished Indian can dine at Claridge's in London, but not in the "Europeans Only" restaurants of Nairobi. If there is segregation in Kenya's schools (which there is), if a Negro woman must shop through a hatch in the wall in Rhodesia (which she must), the decent Englishman at home hears about it in no village pub, worries over it in no angry parish meeting. It all happens several thousand miles away, and in another country.

Rising Tide. But the West Indians are on every Briton's doorstep. And they are still coming in, in a tide that reached 10,000 this year and is still increasing. They carry British passports, and they cannot be barred on the ground of job scarcity; in booming Britain, there are more jobs than men to fill them. Admitted the *Economist:* "Complaints that natives of the West Indies are taking jobs and homes away from natives of Britain are really only polite hypocrisy."

The problem of controlling colored immigration is an awkward one in a commonwealth in which 460 million of its 540 million citizens are colored in one shade or another. Answering a question in Parliament recently, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs Henry Hopkinson declared: "In a world in which restrictions on personal movement and immigration have increased, we still take pride in the fact that a man can say *civis Britannicus sum* whatever his color may be, and we take pride in the fact that he wants and can come to the mother country . . . That is not something we wish to tamper with lightly." That said, Hopkinson admitted the government is indeed considering some form of limitation.

FRANCE

The Devil in the Book

In the early 1920s a slim, sensitive novel of egotistic passion called *Le Diable au Corps* electrified French literary circles. Hailed as a minor masterpiece, the book was translated into nine languages, sold close to 3,000,000 copies, and earned for its precocious author, 20-year-old Raymond Radiguet, a secure place in French literature. Like many another convincingly told work of fiction, Radiguet's novel set many readers wondering how much of fiction was really fact. Nowhere did such speculation reach greater heights than in the Marne River town of Saint-Maur, where Radiguet had lived as a boy.

In his book, young Radiguet told the story of an adolescent schoolboy in World War I who had fallen in love with a woman three years his senior whose husband was away at the front. The townsfolk of Saint-Maur, reading the story of illicit passion, remembered that the young author himself had been seen often in the company of a local schoolteacher named Alice, a married woman some years older.

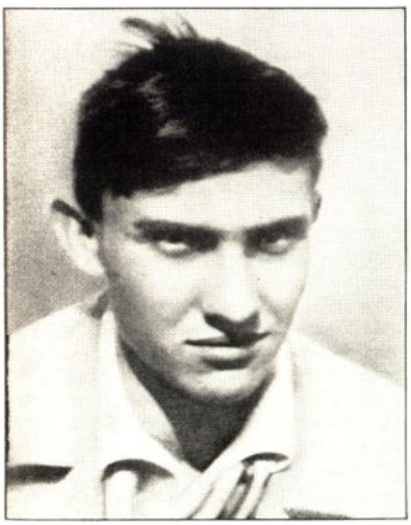
The Way of Tongues. There were no grounds during the war for supposing that Alice's relations with her 14-year-old protégé were more than those of a dedicated teacher and a pupil in whom she recognized the spark of genius. But small-town tongues wag easily, and Saint-Maur's gossips, titillated by frequent glimpses of Alice and Raymond strolling in deep communion by the river's edge, let their speculation run free. When Alice's poilu husband Gaston came back from the war a hero, the cheers that greeted him were mingled with many a knowing snicker, snickers directed both at him and at the baby boy his wife bore him.

There was reason enough for the child, for Gaston had been able to visit his wife on furlough. But the doubts that the villagers implanted refused to vanish. When Raymond's book appeared, with its story of an adolescent who had got his older mistress with child shortly before her husband's return, Gaston's uncertainty became an incubus. He sent his son away and refused to have anything more to do with the child. Sensitive to every look askance in the village streets, he took his wife to another town and after that to still another.

A Lifetime Late. Driven to distraction, Alice did her best to dispel her husband's doubts, but the only man who might have provided positive evidence to support her case was gone. Less than six months after the publication of his book, Raymond Radiguet died. Alice found evidence that the young author had stolen a diary in which she had described many an intimate scene with her husband, and used it to give his book verisimilitude. Gaston was not convinced. Time and again, he would cite a passage from *Devil in the Flesh* and confront his wife with it. "No," she would cry, "it is not true! The boy was only a child." Then, for a while, her husband would believe, and the couple would find an evanescent moment of happiness—only to lose it again in a new surge of distrust.

So they lived for nearly a quarter of a century, patching a life of torment into a counterfeit of happiness. Then, after World War II, the film version of *Devil in the Flesh* appeared, and all the old wounds were ripped open once again. Five years later, in 1952, Alice died. "Everything they wrote about us was untrue," she whispered to her husband as death approached. "I did nothing wrong." Already old in his late 50s, his spirit corroded by doubt, his neglected son a crippled invalid in the care of strangers, Gaston gazed at his dying wife and for the first time believed her, a lifetime too late.

Last month Gaston died of leukemia. Last week, piecing together the evidence he left behind, the French intellectual weekly, *Figaro Littéraire*, told the full story of his blighted life. "When you receive this," Gaston had written a friend, "I will have joined her whom I loved and who always loved me. I hope that this novel which caused us so much evil will be forgotten in obscurity."



RADIGUET (1919)



Dominique Ardon

GASTON (1914)



Dominique Ardon

ALICE (CIRCA 1947)

A spark of genius, a smoldering suspicion, a searing torment.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

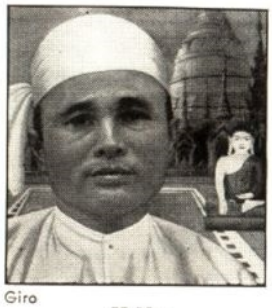
Musketeers

The precarious cold-war no man's land boasts no D'Artagnan, but it has its own loose version of the Three Musketeers, a dissimilar threesome who feel a need to share their lonesomeness. Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, India's Jawaharlal Nehru and Burma's Premier U Nu have, as one leading Yugoslav diplomat insists, "a similarity of outlook on present international developments . . ."

It was inevitable that such companions should get to know each other. Last week the introductions got under way. Bluff, tough Marshal Tito packed off with his brightest uniforms, an entourage of 50 Yugoslavs and eight carloads of baggage, to become the first chief of a European state to make a visit to Nehru's India. Burma's U Nu made a final round of speeches in Communist China, and headed home to be in Rangoon in time to play host for Tito's state visit to Burma.

Medals Jangling. As Marshal Tito sailed into Bombay Harbor on the *Galeb*, an ex-Italian minelayer, three Indian and two Yugoslav destroyers played escort. Tito, wearing his marshal's grey uniform with medals jangling on the chest, beamed as he was buried in a garland of roses. Said he in English: "I like."

Bombay State's stringent prohibition law was annulled just for Tito, so that his party could bring in whisky and wines. Before a special twelve-car, two-locomotive train carried the visitors the 850



Giro

U NU



NEHRU



Ernest Hamlin Baker

TITO

No D'Artagnan, but a man named Dienbienphu.

miles to New Delhi, a pilot train went ahead to test the track. Standing on a red carpet to greet Tito were Nehru and Indian President Prasad. In between a flurry of motorcades, polo matches, preparations for a tiger hunt and bows to street crowds,* the Marshal and the Indian Premier closeted themselves for talks about matters of "great significance." Tito's brand of independent Communism has a high curiosity value among Indian intellectuals, who hate capitalism, believe in state planning, and wish there were some nice kind of Communism. Nehru is also intrigued by Tito's ability to stand apart from the West while dependent on it.

Monastic Incantations. Less flashy but perhaps more significant than Tito's arrival in India was U Nu's departure from Red China. The gentle-tongued but hard-minded Burmese Premier had spent 16 days subtly drawing distinctions about Burma's noninvolvement in the cold war. He was generous in his praise of what he had been shown, but not as a product for export: "There is a Burmese saying, 'Every monastery has its own peculiar incantation, and every village has its own favorite song.' "

He praised the Chinese for being generous and brave, but then coupled that with a sentiment not heard in China since the Communists took over: "As a people, the Americans are very generous and brave. In the sphere of scientific knowledge the Americans have developed to such an extent that they can make this world a happy and prosperous place to live in." He would, he said, now like to visit the U.S. too.

Having made his point, U Nu headed home to put heads together with Marshal Tito.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Daughter of the Revolution

"Every woman-cook," cried little Red Father Lenin in the first flush of revolution, "can rule the state." But instead the state soon ruled the women, liberating them from the "old household slavery" and giving them equal rights with men only so that they could also carry hods, puddle steel and unload barges. "The hardest-worked sex in the country and perhaps in the world," cried appalled Feminist Perle Mesta last year after seeing her sisters under the shawl in Russia. In 37 years no woman ever sat in the Soviet Politburo. Ana Pauker, onetime Rumanian Foreign Minister, is one of the few to reach top rank in the Communist world, and Pauker is now out of power and out of sight.

Last week a woman, 57-year-old Ludmila Jankovcova, became Deputy Premier of Czechoslovakia. Brisk, business-like Ludmila, a competent economics teacher, began political life as a Socialist and a disciple of Czechoslovakia's honored Masaryk-Benes liberalism. She won two medals for her anti-Nazi underground activity in the war, but lost her husband (the Germans shot him). She became a changed woman. When the Communists destroyed Czech democracy in 1948, Ludmila stood by without a quiver, and even helped the Communists to swallow up her own party. Oldtime friends couldn't understand the switch, but Ludmila knew what she was doing: while they went into exile she went from Industry Minister to Minister of Food. She rose though production dropped, now has what is nominally the highest post held by any woman behind the Iron Curtain.



Walter Sanders—LIFE

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S JANKOVCOVA

Food followed the swallow.

* A poll taken before Tito's arrival indicated that only six-tenths of 1% of Indians had ever heard of Tito. In the same poll, a number of Indians thought Red China's Foreign Minister is a man named Dienbienphu.

JAPAN

Toward Neutrality

In his cutaway and the top hat that his wife carefully brushed for him, Japan's new Premier Hatoyama called last week upon the symbol of his country's ancient traditions, the Emperor. Later, in a grey worsted suit, dabbing nervously at his mouth with a handkerchief, Ichiro Hatoyama paid his respects to Japan's new democratic practices. "Good morning everybody," said conservative Hatoyama, making his radio debut on a man-in-the-street interview hookup. "If you have any questions, please do not be shy."

An Osaka student began: "I like you, but your policies seem very narrow-minded." Hatoyama laughed uneasily: "But I'm not as arrogant as Yoshida, eh?" A Tokyo girl clerk adjured him: "Hatoyama-san, please be consistent in your austerity program." Ichiro Hatoyama replied: "I intend to be so." Then a Tokyo worker plunged headlong into the intricacies of trade with Red China and Formosa. Easily, as if the question involved no difficulties, Hatoyama answered the worker: "The Chinese Communists and Nationalists are both good, independent nations. Both are our good neighbors. I want to establish relations with Russia and Red China as soon as it is feasible."

Discord in Tokyo. Not everyone thought the problem so simple. For the next two days before the Diet, the opposition hammered at Hatoyama's Foreign Minister, Mamoru Shigemitsu, demanding that he clarify the Premier's offhand statement. Shigemitsu, who signed the Japanese surrender aboard the *Missouri* and was afterwards purged, had been reassuring everybody that "Japan's place" lay within the U.S. alliance. Now he hedged. "The problem must be studied from the viewpoint of treaty conditions and actual reality," he said. "Japan has recognized the Formosa government. But the appearance on the mainland of a large Communist government is an actual fact. It is natural to approach this government . . . in matters of promoting trade."

"Two-tongued diplomacy," cried a supporter of ex-Premier Yoshida. "To the world, Shigemitsu professes anti-Communism. At home, he talks of coexistence." Shigemitsu denied the taunt, but the opposition catcalled "Liar! Liar!" Finally, Premier Hatoyama had to put himself once more on record, this time more guardedly: "On whether I intend to recognize Red China or not, I would like to point out that there are many factors involved, and I cannot say when."

Initiative from Moscow. A Nipponese version of neutralism seems to be developing in Japan: not India's plague-on-both-your-houses style, but a let's-get-the-best-of-both-worlds neutralism. The Communists reacted with delighted promptness. "The U.S.S.R. has always been desirous of establishing and developing relations," announced Vyacheslav Molotov. Hinting disguisedly that Shigemitsu might perhaps care to amend Japan's rela-

tions with the U.S., Molotov proposed that Russia and Japan "normalize relations . . . in accordance with the interests of both sides." All in all, said Molotov, "the Soviet government takes a positive attitude."

Hatoyama and Shigemitsu are conservatives of long anti-Communist record. But they came to power in a curious alliance with the Socialists (TIME, Dec. 20); they are not averse to playing to an increasingly neutralist public opinion, and they are supported by business interests eager to increase trade with Red China. All week long Japanese officials paid studied calls upon U.S. friends to reassure them that full cooperation with the U.S. remains the "immutable foundation" of Japanese policy. The fact is, however, that Russia would pay much for Japanese recognition of Red China, and for the major discord among U.S. allies that such a move would signify.

The Russians also could pay much: trade and fishing concessions, or the return of Southern Sakhalin and the speckled Kuril Islands of Japan's northwestern shores, or the return, say, of 10,000 Japanese P.W.s still held in Soviet labor camps. And the Russians, as usual, could gain much by dangling such baubles without delivering them. Obeying Japan's new impulse to neutralism, Mamoru Shigemitsu commented that "there is need for a careful study of the sincerity of the Russian statement." Molotov's initiative, he added, was "a big step forward."

INDONESIA

Four Votes to Spare

In five years of self-government, the Republic of Indonesia, a country rich in oil, rubber and tin, has achieved a degree of economic muddle unmatched in the democratic world. The question before the Indonesian Parliament last week, on a vote of confidence in Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo's administration, was whether continuing muddle would drive Indonesia out of the democratic world into the arms of the Communists.

In 1950 the U.S., wishing to help the young country whose independence it had largely fathered, offered the Indonesian government guaranteed long-term prices for commodities. The deal, which would have helped stabilize the economy, fell through under attack from Indonesian nationalists who set up a cry of "Imperialism." The world market was high as a result of the Korean war, and with their foreign exchange the inexperienced Indonesians bought thousands of automobiles for their government officials, air-conditioned cars and diesel engines for a railroad system that was pulling only half its normal amount of freight. The world market fell and Indonesia was left with a monetary inflation 25 times prewar level.

In the Indonesian capital of Jakarta last month, businessmen complained that the government is throttling Indonesia's foreign trade, and accused officials of taking kickbacks up to 20% on behalf of the reigning Nationalist Party. Pressure on the Premier forced him to fire his Economic Minister. This still did not satisfy the opposition, led by the powerful Masjumi (Moslem) Party (Indonesia has the world's largest Moslem population). Their misgivings go deeper.

No Communist himself, Prime Minister Sastroamidjojo is relying more and more on Communist support. In recent months he has jailed Chinese Nationalists, curbed anti-Communist Chinese newspapers, and permitted the Communist Party to blazon Indonesia with hammer and sickle posters. Several Cabinet members, one the Minister of Defense, are well-known fellow travelers. Last week the opposition



International

ALI SASTROAMIDJOJO
Unmatched muddle.

brought Sastroamidjojo to a long-delayed vote of confidence. He won by a majority of 23 votes, and without the aid of 19 Communist votes in the Assembly would have squeaked through with but a majority of four. Said Opposition Leader Jusuf Wibisono: "The result . . . shows clearly that the government is depending on the Communist Party."

INDO-CHINA

College Try

Against a blackening backdrop of despair, the U.S. outlined its new plan to try to save South Viet Nam (pop. 10.5 million) from Communism. The U.S. plan, debated for the past six weeks with French and Vietnamese, is much less ambitious than expected. Fundamentals:

¶ The unpopular French army, 125,000 strong, will be reduced to 70,000 in step-by-step withdrawals. They will be sped on their way by a 74% cut in U.S. aid.

¶ The shaky South Vietnamese army, 200,000 strong, will be cut to 90,000, reorganized and retrained by U.S. instructors, not as an army capable of resisting an invasion from the north, but as a constabulary to cope with subversion.

¶ South Viet Nam's only real protection against a renewal of full-scale war will be a U.S. threat to invoke the eight-nation Manila defense treaty.

The trouble is that the Manila Pact, the chosen U.S. instrument, has yet to be ratified by most of its partners, and calls only for consultations in the event of an attack. South Viet Nam itself is not a member.

In deteriorating circumstances, a U.S. general last week urged an honest college try in Indo-China. "I haven't even begun to think of writing off this country," said Lieut. General John ("Iron Mike") O'Daniel, head of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group in Saigon. "Americans don't walk out on a situation because of a few setbacks, or because we don't get dollar-for-dollar value.

"We have earned a reputation," Iron Mike went on, "for standing by people who need our help. We must show that we are willing to help our friends, even though they may be down. This is a new kind of situation. But it's a test of our guts and resiliency."

Coexisting with Ho

Handsome Jean Sainteny, 47, looked like the very Frenchman to talk coexistence with Ho Chi Minh. Sainteny served before the Indo-China war as French Commissioner in Hanoi, and wrote a bitterly anti-U.S., pro-Ho book about it. He was subsequently wounded by an exploding Communist hand grenade, but this did not dim his ardor for Ho, whom he called "the Gandhi of Indo-China."

Last October Sainteny set out for Hanoi with a 20-man mission and the blessings of Premier Pierre Mendès-France. Sainteny defined his objective as "preventing bridges being burned," argued that the Vietnamese people of Hanoi must surely need French culture, and that French technical assistance might create a Tito out of Ho. More skeptical Westerners shook their heads. "Sainteny's a nice fellow," said one, "but he believes in fairies."

Last week in Hanoi, Sainteny proudly unveiled something he called "an agreement," but which Ho Chi Minh referred to as a "joint declaration between the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam (a self-styled propaganda title) and a delegation of French economic experts." French business firms could "retain present form," it was proclaimed, but only subject to Ho's "sovereignty and legislation." French products could be "freely" sold, but Ho's government orders "must be executed first." French businessmen could "freely" send profits abroad, but the percentages and other such details would be worked out later "by common agreement." Frenchmen themselves could only move in and out of the country "within the framework" of Ho's Communist laws. Sainteny apparently thought that the deal would guarantee security to French businessmen who chose to stay in Hanoi, but the businessmen were not so naive. Few rose to the bait.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: NO REBELS THEY

EDWARD GANG, 26, *in the Oxford undergraduate magazine* COUTH:

THIS is not the Age of Anxiety. What distinguishes the comfortable young men of today from the uncomfortable young men of the last hundred years is that for once the younger generation is not in revolt against anything. We don't want to rebel against our elders. They are much too nice to be rebellable-against. Old revolutionaries as they are, they get rather cross with us and tell us we are stuffy and prudish, but even this can't provoke us into hostility. Our fathers brought us up to see them not as the representatives of ancient authority and unalterable law, but as rebels against our grandfathers. So naturally we have grown up to be on their side, even if we feel on occasion that they were a wee bit hard on their fathers.

I have been saying "our fathers," but of course we never think of that generation (the Joyce-Eliot-Pound one) as in any way paternal. They are just a bit older than we are, even if they have gone around being aged eagles for a very long time indeed. It is, however, a little unfair of them to criticize us for being dull. It is not to be denied that our poets are dim, even the best of them. Yet this is entirely because they have been taught from earliest childhood that Mr. Eliot believes in Tradition, and that it is better in every way to be a good minor poet than a bad major one.

Someone always says that we ought all to be impelled by the crisis of our time to feel uncomfortable, and think hard. And then they always mention the aspirate-bomb. Yet surely nothing has been more soothing to the nerves of the present generation than that bomb. At last, we feel, there is something truly final, something we can't be expected to do anything about. And since no one will ask our permission before using it, we can regard it with the polite calm with which we contemplate death in general: one doesn't expect to avoid it indefinitely and can't decently complain when it catches up with one.

IKE'S PRESTIGE UP SINCE ELECTIONS

Columnist WALTER LIPPMANN:

IT is a remarkable fact that in the few weeks since the election the prestige and power of President Eisenhower have risen steeply. This has happened in spite of the fact that the most significant Democratic gains were in the territory where the Republican party is most strongly pro-Eisenhower. Why, nevertheless, is the President's power growing? Primarily because the elections have put an end to his attempts to do the impossible—namely to unite the two wings of his party under his leadership.

Until last spring, Gen. Eisenhower was on the way to being as unsuccessful a President as was Gen. Grant. Like Gen. Grant, he was bewildered and helpless in dealing with a government that was usurping his powers. He was retreating before McCarthy. He was failing to defend the executive branch of the government and to uphold the integrity of his personnel. The tide began to turn when the Army, to be sure with his rather gingerly support, turned on McCarthy and fought back on the question of who was to run the Army. And this was followed by the President's decision not to intervene in Indo-China. This decision marked the defeat of the war party and the emergence of President Eisenhower as the arbiter of high policy.

There are many signs that the President will now have an easier time dealing with his own party. The pro-Eisenhower half is more than ever warmly attached to him. There will still be the hard core of the extreme right-wing. But they are no longer in control of any of the crucial committees, the President does not have to appease them in order to carry his measures, and they are left with nothing much more than the right and the power to speak. In any event a chief executive above parties and factions is the only kind of executive which Eisenhower is capable of being. The elections have deprived him of any further reason, indeed of any further opportunity, to try to be the other kind of President, the kind of President who rules and leads a united party.

BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA

Columnist and Publisher DAVID LAWRENCE *in his weekly* U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT:

THE fear of war grips everybody in the world, and the people of Soviet Russia are no exception. It is a hazard that the present rulers in the Kremlin have created which is dangerous to the future of all peoples. That is why we must never enhance the prestige of the present rulers of the Kremlin. We must not engage in "high level" conferences which can be played up in the Soviet press as examples of how the Western nations are bowing to the "great rulers" in the Politburo. We must not treat the leaders in the Kremlin as if they were our equals in the world and respectable representatives of a great nation. Only by a severance of diplomatic relations can we give convincing evidence to the people behind the Iron Curtain of the dangerous course which the evil men in power in Moscow have chosen to pursue. When diplomatic relations have been severed and the debate begins throughout the world, the moral force of all the oppressed people will be strengthened and stimulated so that they will in their own way bring into being in Moscow a free government which will have the respect of the rest of mankind. Such a free government will have earned not only recognition, but a rightful place in the family of nations, and, of course, in the United Nations itself.

NEUTRAL GOVERNMENTS SHOULD NEGOTIATE PEACE

British Philosopher BERTRAND RUSSELL *in the* NATION:

THE supreme fact that governments cannot bring themselves to face is that their aims can no longer be achieved by war. This applies equally to Communist and anti-Communist powers. Consider what is likely to happen in the first week of a world war. New York, Washington, London, and Moscow will probably be wiped out. All great states will disintegrate. Communism and modern capitalism alike will disappear.

If I belonged to one of the neutral countries, I should urge my government, and any other neutral government that might be willing to listen, to take very active steps to persuade both sides simultaneously to abandon the threat of war as an instrument of policy. It may be feared that neutral governments will shrink from a task which is likely to offend the most powerful nations of the world, for there is one matter on which all the powerful nations appear to be agreed, and that is that neutrality is an offense against morality and decency. Two nations might possibly be induced to act in the sense that I have been advocating: Sweden and India. Neither is perhaps wholly neutral. Sweden's sympathies are Western and India's sympathies are Eastern; but both are legally neutral, and in cooperation they might display a genuine impartiality.

If each side were convinced that the other side realized the uselessness of war from the point of view of its own aims and ambitions, it would become possible to negotiate with some hope of reaching solutions. There are problems which, in the present temper of the world appear insoluble [*e.g.*], the unification of Germany. But no problem is insoluble where there is mutual goodwill and where concessions are not regarded by one side as a triumph and by the other as a disgrace. The truth is so plain and simple that it seems as if governments must in time become aware of it: the Communist and non-Communist worlds can live together or die together.



Now every office can have one!

WANT TO get rid of the nuisance and delay in licking and sticking old-fashioned adhesive stamps?...Wet nursing stamps in a tin box?...Stamp losses and borrowing?...Running out of denominations you need?...Trips to the postoffice to buy stamps?... *Then you want a postage meter!*

Now the smallest office can afford modern metered mail—with the low cost DM, desk-model postage meter.

The DM *prints* the exact postage needed for any class of mail, directly on the envelope; and a dated postmark that helps your mail go through the postoffice faster. Prints your own small ad at the same time, if you like.

Anybody can use a DM, save time and postage. Just dial the amount of postage wanted, press the lever, and your letter is stamped. It has a moistener for sealing envelopes, and also handles parcel post.

The DM is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. And your postage in the meter is safe from loss and misuse.

THERE'S a Pitney-Bowes postage meter, electric or hand-operated, for every office, large or small. Ask the nearest PB office to show you—or send coupon for free booklet.

FREE: *Handy chart of Postal Rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter

Made by the world's leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . offices in 94 cities in the U. S. and Canada.



YOUR AD HERE

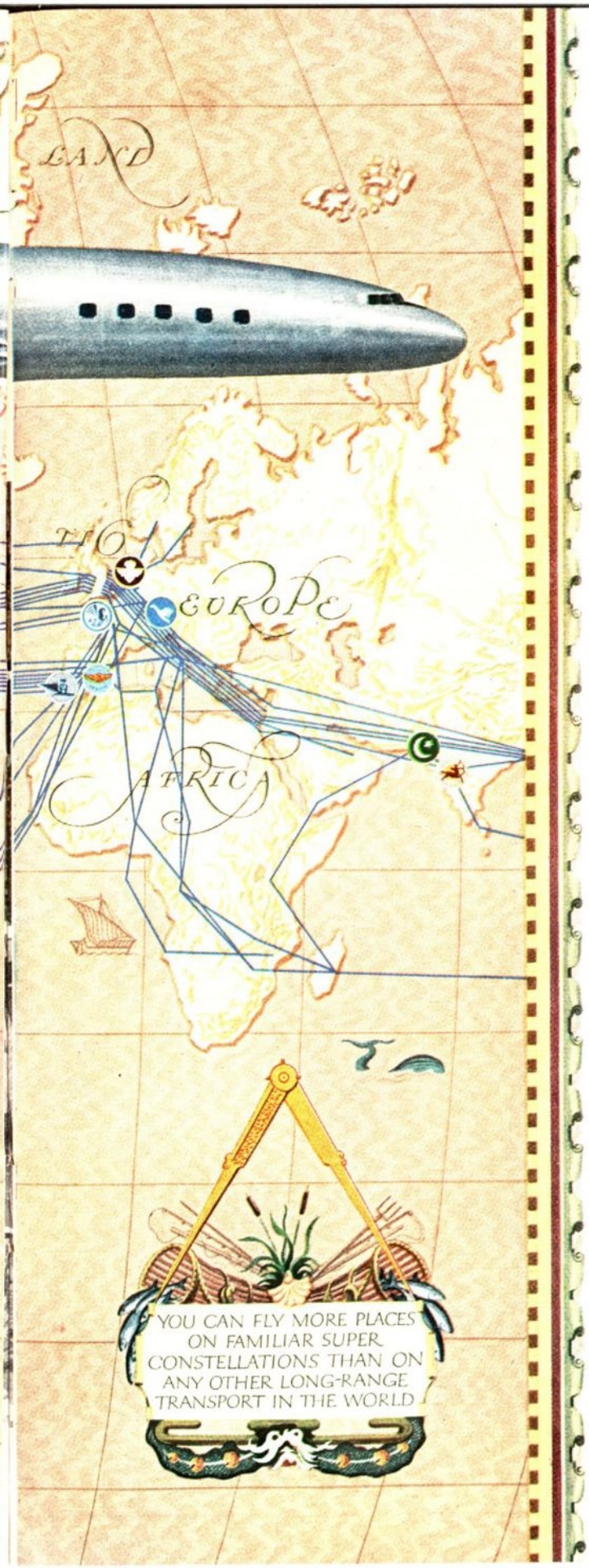
PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1251 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

☐ *Send free Postal Rate Chart*
☐ *Send booklet on DM Postage Meter*

Name .....

Address .....


GREEN
NORTH
AMERICA
ATLAN
ASIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
OCEAN
SOUTH
AMERICA
AUSTRALIA
TWA



Leadership demands constant achievement

Map shows major routes of these 18 Super Constellation airlines:

(Figures represent total unduplicated route miles for each airline.)

- Air France 162,000
- Air-India International 16,100
- AVIANCA (Colombia) 28,500
- Cubana (Cuba) 8,600
- Deutsche Lufthansa (Germany) 11,200
- Eastern Air Lines 12,700
- Iberia (Spain) 41,000
- K.L.M. (Holland) (144,000)
- LAV (Venezuela) 16,700
- Northwest Orient Airlines 17,300
- Pakistan International 5,200
- QANTAS Empire Airways 68,800
- Seaboard & Western (All-cargo routes applied for)
- TAP (Portugal) 11,300
- Thai Airways (Thailand) 19,700 (proposed)
- Trans-Canada Air Lines 19,000
- TWA-Trans World Airlines 33,000
- VARIG (Brazil) 19,000

Insignia on map show airline headquarters.

Every month another airline starts *Super Constellation Service*

To you this means that soon you can fly more places faster, in greater comfort than ever before . . . on big, fast, luxurious transports that are world-renowned for dependability —*Lockheed Super Constellations* . . . now with turbo-compound power.

Already more new Super Constellations are being built to airline order than any other comparable air transport . . . ordered by more than twice as many leading world airlines. So many, in fact, that every month during 1954 a different airline started Super Constellation service. This record is continuing in 1955.

More world airlines (18) have ordered the Super Constellation than any comparable transport—worth remembering next time you fly.

Lockheed

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, AND MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Look to Lockheed for Leadership



Once a drop could be deadly!

Epidemics spread by public water supplies used to kill 500 people a day . . . right here in America . . . before it was discovered that chlorine could destroy water-borne germs.

That was less than 50 years ago. Since then chemical companies, like DIAMOND ALKALI, have made chlorine so plentiful and inexpensive that now the most remote village may have safe drinking water.

Today there are myriad uses for chlorine. DIAMOND, one of America's leading producers, has increased chlorine output over 400% in recent years. This figure soon will be upped again when DIAMOND's Muscle Shoals plant in Alabama starts production.

Despite ever-growing demand for the hundreds of DIAMOND chemical products, orders for chlorine for water purification always receive first priority. This is truly a "Chemical you live by".

Memo to Chemists: DIAMOND also makes many chlorinated compounds, derivatives and intermediates. For information on these products or assistance on any problem involving chlorination, write DIAMOND ALKALI COMPANY, 300 Union Commerce Bldg., Cleveland 14, Ohio.

Diamond Chemicals

THE HEMISPHERE

COLONIES

Looser Reins

Queen Juliana of The Netherlands last week reminded the world that the Dutch are still a colonial power in the Western Hemisphere—by graciously relinquishing part of that power. The Queen proclaimed a new Statute of the Kingdom, giving Surinam (Dutch Guiana) and The Netherlands Antilles complete internal self-government and requiring consultation with the motherland only on such affairs as defense and foreign relations.

Surinam and the six Antilles islands (Curaçao, Aruba, Bonaire, St. Eustatius, Saba and half of St. Martin) have been Dutch colonies since the 17th century. Dutchmen gained possession of the islands by driving out the Spaniards, who didn't even put up a fight. When the Dutch also tried to push the British out of the part of Guiana now called Surinam, the British countered by seizing New Amsterdam (Manhattan). Later, in the 1667 Peace of Breda, the Dutch traded off New Amsterdam (bought from the Indians for $24) for 55,000 square miles in Guiana.

For almost a century the Dutch prospered in sugar and the slave trade. But when they turned their attention to Java and Sumatra in the East Indies in the 19th century, the western colonies languished. The long-term investment in the west did not pay off until 40 years ago, when vast bauxite deposits were found in Surinam, and Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo oilfields were opened. During World War II, Surinam provided 60% of the U.S.'s bauxite needs for aluminum. Huge oil refineries on Curaçao and Aruba processed 72% of the crude produced in Venezuela.

With this new prosperity, the Negroes, East Indians, Hindus and expatriate Netherlanders in the colonies (230,000 in Surinam, 174,000 on the islands) developed political ambitions. Political parties sprang up at war's end to demand more autonomy for the territories. In 1948 their leaders began to shuttle across the ocean for conferences at The Hague. But none demanded full independence; the territories were well satisfied with last week's statute that kept them an integral part of Queen Juliana's realm.

PERU

Tycoon's Triumph

The chief collector of revenue for the Peruvian government leaned back in a chair in his oak-paneled office one morning last week, held up a slip of paper and chortled. "This," he remarked genially, "is the biggest private check ever paid in Peru." Then, turning businesslike, he handed a receipt to the lawyer who had just given Peru $3,000,000 on behalf of Aristotle Socrates Onassis, shipping, gambling and whaling tycoon.

The record check was in payment of a fine levied against Onassis after Peru caught five of his whaleships hunting within the 200-mile offshore limit that Peru claims to control. But in Paris Onassis was just about as pleased as the Peruvian government. He had come out of his troublesome tilt with Peru not only unscathed but possibly money ahead.

Bombs & Bullets. Onassis' 1954-55 whaling expedition sailed from Hamburg last August to hunt sperm whales off Peru for a few months before steaming south for the rich January-May bluefin whaling in the antarctic. The factory-ship and its 15 catchers were barely through the Panama Canal when Peru menacingly announced that she was prepared to defend her "ichthyological richnesses" from the "pirate armada" with force. An Onassis lawyer hurried to Lima to "fix things up"; at the same time Onassis took out a $15 million anti-confiscation insurance policy through Lloyd's of London. A mysterious silence followed—until Onassis' Hamburg agent leaked the fact that the ships were whaling unmolested "between the 200-mile limit and the coast."



Martha Holmes

MAGNATE ONASSIS
A whale of a deal.

Peru's President Manuel Odría, infuriated, shook up his armed forces. Planes and patrol vessels captured four catchers after machine-gunning two of them, and other aircraft forced the fleet's 13,000-ton factory-ship into a Peruvian port after dropping two bombs close aboard. The staggering fine followed.

Laws & Limits. After Onassis had paid up, his ships hastily provisioned and sailed that night. Then the shipowner turned suavely to the insurers and was, he reported, "immediately reimbursed." Moreover, the insurers paid $1,000,000 for the ships' lost time. "My financial status was unaffected by this incident," said Onassis.

The underwriters may appeal to higher courts in Peru, possibly contesting Peru's 200-mile limit. But the laws and customs applying to sea limits are tangled and contradictory.* Three major international conferences are scheduled within the next two years to try to bring agreement on how much ocean a nation can claim. Meanwhile, Peru's Revenue Collector has happily entered his $3,000,000 windfall as "Unforeseen Income."

CANADA

Forced Confession

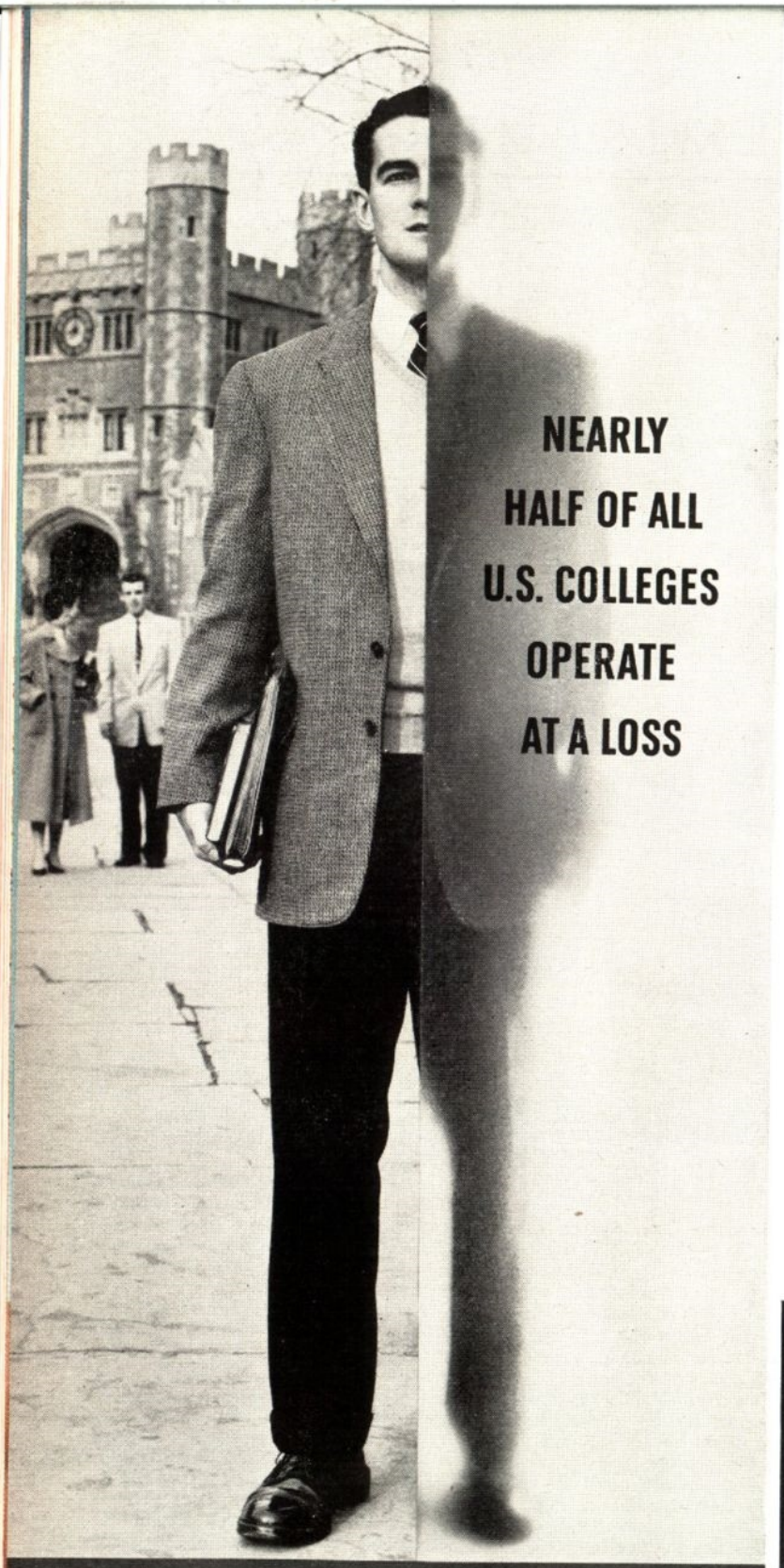
While the United Nations was carrying on diplomatic negotiations for the release of eleven U.S. fliers sentenced by Red China as spies (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the last Canadian war prisoner held by the Chinese Communists was free to shed gloomy light on how his fellow captives were faring in the so-called People's Republic. Squadron Leader Andrew MacKenzie, 34, who was released at the Hong Kong border Dec. 5, told Ottawa newsmen that under stress of 16 months of solitary confinement he had been forced to sign a phony confession that he had flown his U.S. Air Force F-86 over Red China. MacKenzie also brought fresh news of four other U.S. fliers still held by the Reds.

MacKenzie, assigned to fly with the U.S. Air Force in Korea, was shot down over North Korea on Dec. 5, 1952, and taken to a jail in Mukden. There the Chinese held three U.S. fliers (none of them listed among the eleven convicted airmen): Captain Harold Fischer of Swea City, Iowa, Lieut. Lyle Cameron of Lincoln, Neb. and Lieut. Roland Parks of Omaha. MacKenzie said that he corresponded later with a fourth U.S. pilot, Colonel Edwin Heller of Philadelphia, who was in a Chinese hospital recovering from leg wounds.

Last March, after 16 months of solitary broken only by endless interrogations, MacKenzie numbly signed a completely false statement saying that he had been shot down while invading Chinese air space under orders.

After confessing, MacKenzie was permitted to take daily exercise with the three captured U.S. fliers. Although MacKenzie refused to say whether the U.S. prisoners had also been driven to sign confessions, he clearly implied that they had. Despite MacKenzie's release, the outlook for his former U.S. comrades is still bleak. The Chinese told them that they would be held until U.S. policy toward Red China is "right," MacKenzie said. "The Chinese are not too pleased about Formosa and not too pleased about the U.S."

* Territorial waters two or three decades ago were almost universally recognized as ending three nautical miles out, based on a doctrine, centuries old, that such was the maximum distance a shore-based cannon shot would carry and therefore the greatest enforceable limit. Now each nation makes its own rule.



NEARLY HALF OF ALL U.S. COLLEGES OPERATE AT A LOSS

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AS GENERAL ELECTRIC SEES IT...

Here's a new way of giving colleges the financial help they need

The G-E Educational Fund announces a plan to match an employee's gifts to his college, up to $1000 in one year

One out of every two colleges and universities in the U.S. is today operating in the red ... and rapidly increasing enrollments mean they face a mounting deficit every year.

To American industry, which depends on healthy schools for its trained man power, the question is, "How can we help — and encourage others to help?"

A "Corporate Alumnus Program" is now announced for 1955 by the Trustees of the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund. Here is the plan:

For every gift made by a G-E employee to an accredited four-year U.S. college or university at which he has earned a degree, the Fund will make a gift to the same school. Within the limits of the plan, it is the intent to match each employee's contributions, up to $1000 in one year, on a dollar-for-dollar basis. This is in addition to the scholarships, fellowships and grants-in-aid provided by the Fund.

The Corporate Alumnus Program will not itself lift the colleges' sizable dollar burden, but it will be a good start in stimulating increased alumni and industry support — and, as we see it, a good example of progress in the American way.



When an employee gives to his college, his gift is backed up with a second check. For more information on the Program write to:

General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, Department A-2-123, Schenectady, N. Y.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Philadelphia for the pleasant chore of picking up $70,000 contributed to his library fund (TIME, June 21), **Harry Truman** told a banquet audience why he believes that presidential papers belong to the public. Said Librarian Truman: "Through the documents . . . you can find out, and the scholars of the future can find out, what the man in the White House at the time was thinking about when he did those things. It is very easy to be a Monday-morning quarterback and tell a man what he should have done. Many people have told me what to do—afterward . . . But I was there then and [they were not] . . . Mud and other dirt was thrown at us, and I felt like whipping a lot of people, but I couldn't get to them."

• • •

Indefatigable Evangelist **Billy Graham** paused at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel long enough to receive the Salvation Army's seventh annual citation for his "boundless spirit and unfailing faith." Then, after announcing that he is off to Europe in March for a six-month preaching tour, he headed for Georgia to relax for three days at Augusta's National Golf Club, a favorite course of President Eisenhower. Asked if he planned to play a round with **Ike**, Graham, whose scores hover in the so-so 90s, laughed and said: "I don't play that good a game." Meanwhile, Hollywood was expecting Graham to play something easier: the role of Billy Graham in a movie about his conversion of a onetime Los Angeles thug.

• • •

With a loud flourish of trumpets, the Liebmann Breweries (fourth largest in U.S.) announced that next year's **Miss Rheingold**, elected over some 1,200 other sudsy beauties by the nation's beer-lovers, will be elfish Nancy Woodruff, 21, a homespun girl from Oakland, Calif. But what really made Nancy newsworthy was her affinity for fluids: she was last year's Miss Anti-Freeze.



MISS RHEINGOLD
A past in Anti-Freeze.

• • •

The Soviet Union's lissome **Galina Ulanova**, 44, a celebrated ballerina who also nimbly toes the political line, gave an audience to the New York *Herald Tribune's* comely Newshen Marguerite Higgins, who opened the conversation by asking: "Has your career . . . brought you happiness?"

"It is a strange thing. Often, after a big performance there is much applause . . . I receive many curtain calls and many flowers. And yet, sometimes, when I am back home, I find there is a desert in my heart."



Associated Press
BALLERINA ULANOVA
A desert in the heart.

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"Terribly hard work. Today is Sunday. Already I have practiced three hours."

"How strict are your disciplines? Can you . . . occasionally have a drink of vodka?"

"Of course . . . Vodka gives you strength —and sometimes courage!"

• • •

U.S. Ambassador to Italy **Clare Boothe Luce**, who prodded Washington and London into working out a settlement of the nine-year Trieste dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia (TIME, Oct. 11), made her first visit to the prize involved in the diplomatic triumph. With top aides from the Rome embassy, she landed at Gorizia Airfield, proceeded by motorcade some 25 miles to the city of Trieste, where waiting citizens waved a welcome and tossed flowers to her. At city hall, she returned to Mayor Gianni Bartoli the 600-year-old manuscript of Italian Poet **Francesco Petrarch's** *Africa*, which had vanished from a Naples exhibition in 1940, was picked up by a U.S. soldier during World War II. Said the U.S. ambassador: "We Americans are [happy] that an infinitely more precious Italian possession, the city of Trieste, has also been restored to the beloved fatherland." Off next morning for Trieste University, Ambassador Luce was greeted by the school's rector, who gave her a silver medal and a blue, scoop-shaped law student's hat with a fringed brim. The professors who picked the hat explained that it not only went well with her present job in international law but also matched the color of her ensemble.



Erna Lasorte
AMBASSADOR LUCE (IN TRIESTE)
A welcome with flowers.

• • •

Mrs. **Eleanor Roosevelt** decided that a proper period of grace had expired, authorized a Hollywood agency to begin planning a movie about **F.D.R.** Next month **Elliott** and a screenwriter will start their research at Hyde Park.

• • •

In Belgium, where as leader of the heroic "battered bastards of the bastion of Bastogne" he uttered his famed "Nuts!" to a German surrender demand, Lieut. General **Anthony C. McAuliffe** was a palace guest of **King Baudouin** and later heard himself eulogized in a ceremony marking the tenth anniversary of the U.S. garrison's besiegement.

• • •

In Madrid, Movie Director **John** (*The African Queen*) **Huston** strode from a bar to a courtyard next door, with cape and sword braved the rushes of a small bull with blunted horns. When Huston executed a couple of passable *pases naturales*, café *aficionados*, astonished at the amateur torero's skill, acclaimed him with "*Olé*, Juan, *olé!*" Huston was all for fighting the beast to some sort of finish, but a pressagent rescued the director before he found the pastime goring.

EDUCATION

"We Care"

In Mt. Dora, Fla. one day last week, someone drew a chalk line down the school sidewalk for all the pupils to see. One side was labeled "White People," the other "Nigger Lovers." Reason for the line: 65 of the pupils had just signed a special petition to TIME about the plight of the five children of Orange Picker Allan Platt (TIME, Dec. 13). Though the Platts had insisted that they are of Irish-Indian descent—and had documents to prove it—Mt. Dora's Sheriff Willis McCall arbitrarily decided that they are Negroes, and ordered them out of the school. TIME's story had said that, except for Editor Mabel Norris Reese, no one seemed to care. The petitioners simply wanted "the world to know" that they did:

"We care . . . The Constitution says that a person is innocent until proved guilty. We feel that the Platt children have had a raw deal. Their right to an education has been taken away because of the opinions and prejudice of one man.

"To be expelled for violation of Florida's segregation law is one thing; to be expelled because of an unfounded suspicion is another.

"Therefore, we believe the Platt children should be permitted to remain in school until the sheriff can prove they don't belong."

In the incident of the chalk line, one child was stoned with pebbles. Two more decided next day that they had better withdraw from the petition "because it might hurt our daddy's business." And the Platt children? At week's end—despite their schoolmates' gallant try—they were still barred from school.

The Colonel Rides Again

Of all the characters in the history of U.S. drama, Colonel Nimrod Wildfire of Kentucky occupies a special place. He claimed to be "half horse, half alligator [and] a touch of the airth-quake." He had "the prettiest sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the deestrict." He could "tote a steam boat up the Mississippi and over the Alleghany mountains." His father could "whip the best man in old Kaintuck, and I can whip my father." All in all, the colonel was a wow back in the 1830s—the literary prototype of the tall-talking frontiersman, the first introduction to the stage of native Western humor. But what had happened to the play that first made him famous? Until last week, most scholars could point to that as a U.S. literary mystery.

Only a Memory. From 19th century diaries and newspaper notices, and old playbills, the play has long been known about. Its author was Novelist James Kirke (*Westward Ho!**) Paulding, and it was first put on by famed Actor-Producer James H. Hackett under the title *The Lion of the West*. For London, Hackett had it rewritten as *The Kentuckian, or a Trip to New York*, and in the nation's capital its subtitle became *A Trip to Washington*. A hit for more than 20 years, the play was never published. After Paulding and Hackett died, the memory of their great creation, Nimrod Wildfire, remained; the play was apparently lost.

Last week, as the result of some diligent sleuthing by Professor James N. Tidwell of San Diego State College, the Stanford University Press was able to show the public *The Lion of the West* for the first time. Tidwell began his search for it in 1947 simply because he thought it might contain the origin of the phrase "up the salt river," meaning "to defeat a man politically." He collected everything he could on Actor Hackett's tours. He scoured the libraries of the Allegheny region, checked with rare-book dealers. Finally a colleague gave him an idea: if the play appeared in London, it must have received the permission of the Lord Chamberlain. Tidwell had the Lord Chamberlain's files searched, at last found the clue he was looking for. The place that the play turned up: the British Museum, where it was listed under the name of the author whom Hackett hired to adapt it for the London stage.

Pure Farce. Modern readers will find that *The Lion* holds up remarkably well. Its plot is pure farce, involving a phony British nobleman's quest for the hand of an American heiress, a social-climbing American mother, and a visiting English lady named Mrs. Wollope, who like Mrs. Trollope is collecting data on the domestic manners of the Americans. In the course of the play, Colonel Wildfire helps rout the phony nobleman—and Mrs. Wollope as well. Sample dialogue:

Mrs. Wollope: . . . May I offer you a cup of tea?

Wildfire: Much objected to you, madam. I never raise the steam with hot water—always go on the high pressure principle—all whisky.

Mrs. Wollope: A man of spirit! Are you stationed in New York, sir?

Wildfire: Stationed—yes! But don't mean to stop long. Old Kaintuck's the

* A novel about Kentucky published in 1832, not to be confused with Charles Kingsley's Elizabethan romance of the same name (1855).



Ormund Powers—Orlando *Sentinel*

MT. DORA PETITIONERS
Outside, a color line on the sidewalk.



NIMROD WILDFIRE
Outside, a touch of airth-quake.

NOW COMES THE FIRST

Truly Tubeless Truck Tire

FOR SMALL TRUCKS!

Safer, tougher, cooler-running — built with air-sealed **3-T** *CORD in every ply!*

THIS revolutionary new Goodyear truck tire is the first truly tubeless tire ever developed to meet the demands of small truck service—the only tubeless truck tire that does not depend upon a liner to make it airtight.

It is built by an exclusive patented process that seals every ply against air seepage so that the casing itself is inherently airtight.

You see, untreated tire cord is porous —and permits air to "wick" through the cords like oil through a lamp-wick. That is why all tires, up to now, have needed inner tubes—and why other "tubeless" tires require inner liners.

But Goodyear has solved this problem with the patented 3-T Triple-Tempering Process and grip-seal construction that make the tire impervious to air. So, for the first time, the plies of the tire wall function as the air container—*creating a truly tubeless tire.*

This, combined with the far greater strength and endurance of 3-T Cord, makes a stronger tire, and assures cooler operation, longer wear, with far greater immunity from punctures, blowouts and road delays.

Goodyear Tubeless truck tires for small trucks – now standard equipment on many 1955 models – have proved these superiorities in comparative road tests. Goodyear has an extensive development and testing program under way, involving larger tubeless tires for heavy trucks, off-the-road vehicles, farm tractors and implements.

So remember, only Goodyear makes a truly tubeless truck tire – a tire that will give you far more dependable and economical performance on your small trucks. Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Compare the advantages of Goodyear Tubeless Tires for small trucks

- ★ Puncture protection never before offered in truck tires—repairs can be made without dismounting.
- ★ Greater blowout protection.
- ★ No tubes to chafe, no flaps to cause trouble.
- ★ Cooler-Running—longer mileage.
- ★ More Recaps—due to 3-T Cord's far greater strength.

PLUS 47% Longer Tread Life and 24% Better Nonskid Traction — from road-proved Traction Hi-Miler tread design.

COSTS NO MORE THAN A STANDARD TIRE AND TUBE

BUILT WITH 3-T CORD



Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

spot. There the world's made upon a large scale.

Mrs. Wollope: A region of superior cultivation—in what branch of science do its gentlemen excel?

Wildfire: Why, madam, of all the fellers either side of the Alleghany hills, I myself can jump higher—squat lower—dive deeper—stay longer under and come out drier.

Mrs. Wollope: Here's amelioration! And your ladies, sir?

Wildfire: The galls! Oh, they go it on the big figure too—no mistake in them. There's my late sweetheart, Patty Snaggs. At nine year old she shot a bear, and now she can whip her weight in wild cats. There's the skin of one of 'em. [Takes off his cap.]

Mrs. Wollope: Feminine accomplishments! Doubtless your soil and people correspond.

Wildfire: The soil—oh, the soil's so rich you may travel under it . . . Look you here now, tother day, I was a-horseback, paddling away pretty comfortably through No-bottom Swamp, when suddenly—I wish I may be curry-comb'd to death by 50,000 tomcats, if I didn't see a white hat getting along in mighty considerable style all alone by itself on the top of the mud—so up I rid, and being a bit jubus, I lifted it with the butt end of my whip when a feller sung out from under it, "Hallo, stranger, who told you to knock my hat off?"

Report Card

¶ In Boston, Harvard's **Dr. Wendell H. Furry**, associate professor of physics, and ex-Communist **Leon J. Kamin**, 26, one-time Harvard teaching fellow, were indicted for contempt of the U.S. Senate, *i.e.*, for refusing to answer questions put by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's subcommittee last winter (TIME, Jan. 25).

¶ President Raymond Walters of the University of Cincinnati reported that, for the second consecutive year, enrollments in U.S. colleges are up. In 801 institutions surveyed, the number of full-time students has increased 6.8%. Total 1954-55 college enrollment: 1,895,280.

¶ Addressing a group of local industrial bigwigs, the University of Chicago's Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton chided them and his colleagues for indiscriminate giving and receiving: "It has been our pleasant custom in the past, like the chorus girl, to accept anything but abuse, and we are paying a high price for our generosity in accepting generosity . . . We have accepted scholarships that cost us more to administer than we received in tuition income; we have accepted buildings that drained away . . . our precious free money . . . These [restricted] gifts can break us or corrupt us or both . . ."

¶ In Manhattan, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey proudly announced a $450,000 gift spread among 138 privately supported colleges and universities (*e.g.*, Duke, Smith, Yale, Yeshiva). Only restriction on the awards (biggest $5,000): they must be used solely to finance undergraduate study.



Eileen Darby—Graphic House

BOND, HACKETT & KING

The flesh is weak.

New Plays in Manhattan

Lunatics and Lovers (by Sidney Kingsley) represents a new venture—into farce—for the author of *Men in White, Dead End* and *Detective Story*. But, though it certainly has its good points, there is nothing new about *Lunatics and Lovers* itself. The scene is a farce-hallowed Broadway hotel suite sprinkled with hotel sweeties. People constantly enter and exit, there are confabs and wisecracks, phone calls and flunkeys and cops. Some of the characters are crooked, others are crocked; the talk is extremely lowdown, and the lust unbounded. Nothing could be socially less conventional or theatrically more so.

Playwright Kingsley, who perhaps sees life more in terms of character actors than of any other one thing, has created some lively parts and, with the help of his own deft staging, has achieved some entertaining performances. Particular bright spots are Buddy Hackett as a fat racketeer, Dennis King as a spouting and swilling judge, Mary Anderson as a wronged wife out on a bender, and Vicki Cummings as an experienced blonde. And Playwright Kingsley has contrived some funny scenes, including one of a cutie (Sheila Bond) keeping open house while taking a bubble bath.

But for all its sedulous devotion to the raffish, the evening is not entirely a success: there are ups and downs and starts and stops. Fine when it is funny, the play goes flat when it is all too strenuously trying to be. The flesh is weak in *Lunatics and Lovers*, and at times the inspiration seems even weaker. And hand in hand with a good pungent coarseness in the characters themselves goes a certain touch of vulgarity in the treatment of them. Nor, for all its lowdownness, is *Lunatics and Lovers* quite to the gutter born, with a truly deep-seated sense of

Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

Boy Meets Siren, but winds up happily in wifey's arms; and the tough guy, it turns out is all custard filling underneath. Perhaps one reason why *Lunatics and Lovers* keeps straining so hard to seem amusingly sinful is that all the time it is really playing safe.



Eileen Darby—Graphic House

SULLIVAN & JESSEL

The wife is not.

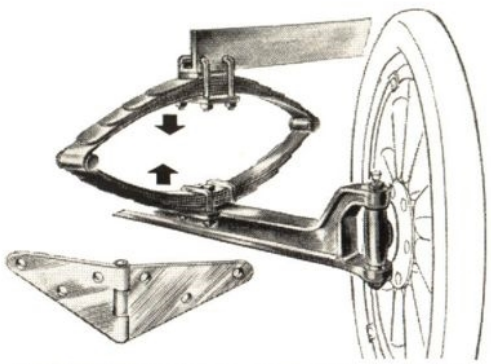
Witness for the Prosecution (by Agatha Christie) is Broadway's first really bright evening of crime since *Dial "M" for Murder*. In an age of dwindling stage whodunits (there aren't even many bad ones), the expert Miss Christie has fetched up another of her tidy yarns, tossed in a finely conducted English courtroom trial, and has then, when all is over, overturned it all with not one shattering twist but three.

A young man is arrested for the murder of a rich spinster who had just made him her heir. His alibi is that he was at home when the murder was committed—which his wife will bear witness to. But at the trial the wife—who, it turns out, is not really his wife—repudiates his story. At this point things really start humming, but at this point must be enforced the First Commandment for whodunits: thou shalt not tell.

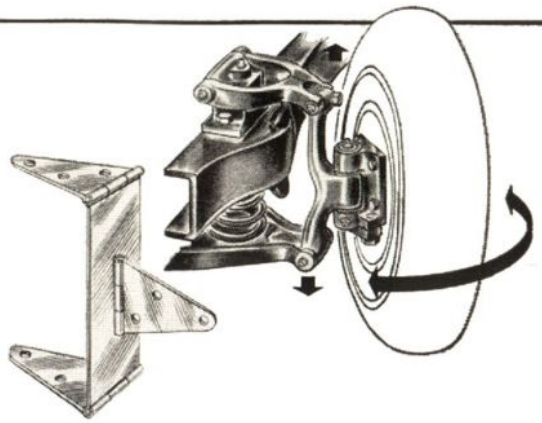
Staged with particular skill and verve by Robert Lewis, *Witness for the Prosecution* is frequently tense. And when it is not, it manages in the best English fashion to be entertainingly easygoing. In a generally good cast Patricia Jessel achieves some real acting as the enigmatic wife; and as defense lawyer, Francis Sullivan is full of delightful courtroom wiles and histrionics. All of *Witness for the Prosecution* is classically rendered, with no outré horrors or ultramodern gruesomeness, and with no need for any.

If your car has Thompson Products ball joints

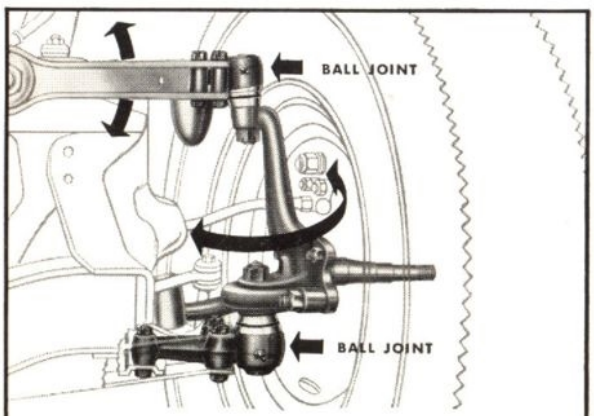
IT WILL HUG THE ROAD BETTER, STEER EASIER, RIDE SMOOTHER AND REQUIRE LESS SERVICING. HERE'S THE STORY:



On Early Cars the front wheels turned right or left as though they operated on door hinges. The entire axle moved up and down stiffly, both springs absorbing all shocks. Later, "knee action" gave each wheel its own springing action, but this greatly complicated the steering mechanism.



The Next Step retained the "hinge" principle, but the coil spring required an *additional* hinge action . . . this time up-and-down. Unfortunately, this meant more points of friction . . . more wear . . . more joints to become loose . . . more points to lubricate . . . and required very accurate alignment.



Thompson Ball Joint, the latest development, permits both right-and-left and up-and-down motions at one point. Steering and suspension movements are combined. The king pin and the old-fashioned "hinge" principle are done away with.



Ball Bearing Steering and Parking Ease is now added to over-all riding comfort. Even on rough, crooked roads, in any weather, steering is easier and safer. In the grueling 1,912 mile Pan American road race the *first four* winners were equipped with ball joints . . . *proof positive.*

LEADING CAR MAKERS ARE NOW USING this highly efficient ball joint for front wheel suspension. *Look for it on your next car.* Ball joints are typical of the many improvements developed by Thompson Products. For more than half a century, Thompson has been a leading producer of automotive parts . . . including valves, pistons, piston rings and chassis parts, as well as components for both piston and jet aircraft. Consumers and industries alike *count on Thompson* for the newest and the best. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

You can count on Thompson Products

MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOTIVE, AIRCRAFT, INDUSTRIAL AND ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS. FACTORIES IN FIFTEEN CITIES.


Associated Press


Courtesy, Kress Foundation


Underwood & Underwood


United Press



PHILANTHROPISTS ANDREW MELLON, SAMUEL KRESS, JOSEPH WIDENER, LESSING ROSENWALD & CHESTER DALE
From the stiff but splendid, right through to flash and fizzle.

Everyman's Palace

The U.S. was the last of the great Western nations to possess a national gallery of art. Yet now, less than 14 years after its dedication, the National Gallery in Washington ranks with the world's finest. The gallery's principal offering is a grand tour of Western art—from stiff but splendid beginnings in Siena and Florence right through to the skyrocket flash and fizzle of modern times. Casual visitors may make the tour in a day, students in a decade; the gallery is solidly studded with masterpieces.

Fat Cushions & Big Lights. Washington cab drivers are likely to refer to the museum as "the Mellon gallery," which is just what its founder, Financier Andrew Mellon, hoped to avoid. He wanted to build no personal monument but a palace for Everyman, which would be a lasting glory to the nation. The neoclassic building cost Mellon $15 million, is as palatial as any structure to be found in the Western Hemisphere. Its central dome was modeled on the Pantheon in Rome. The rotunda and windowless exhibition wings are constructed of over 40 kinds and shades of marble, from "Istrian Nuage" (Italy) to "Vermont Radio Black," and enclose five acres of exhibition space. There are fat-cushioned couches for the foot-weary, and fountain courts ringed with fishtail palms to soothe the eye-weary. Behind the scenes is an air-conditioning system that gulps 5,000 gallons of water a minute. Some 600 lamps, like those used for night baseball, glow softly through the diffusion-glass ceiling.

In turning his own collection over to the gallery, Mellon urged that it be used as a criterion for further acquisitions in order "to prevent the introduction . . . of inferior works of art." To assure a continuing high standard, he set up a self-perpetuating board of trustees which examines all gift horses with a dentist's doubtful eye. Since Mellon's death in 1937, vast bequests from Samuel Kress and Joseph Widener (old masters), Lessing Rosenwald (prints and drawings) and Chester Dale (old masters and modern French paintings) have swelled the collection. It now numbers 1,721 paintings, 1,696 sculptures (mostly small), 21,451 prints and drawings, 22,000 watercolor renderings and photographs of American art objects (made under WPA auspices),


Walter Bennett

THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S ROTUNDA
Overhead, shades of night baseball.

MUCH IN LITTLE

FOUR masterpieces from Washington's National Gallery are reproduced full-size on the following four pages. They have in common what art critics like to call "monumentality": when seen in reproduction, they are imagined to be much bigger than actuality; likewise, when seen in the eye of memory they look larger than their true size. Each merits the overworked word "gem," for each diffuses the sparkle of ages from a surface hardly more than a hand's span.

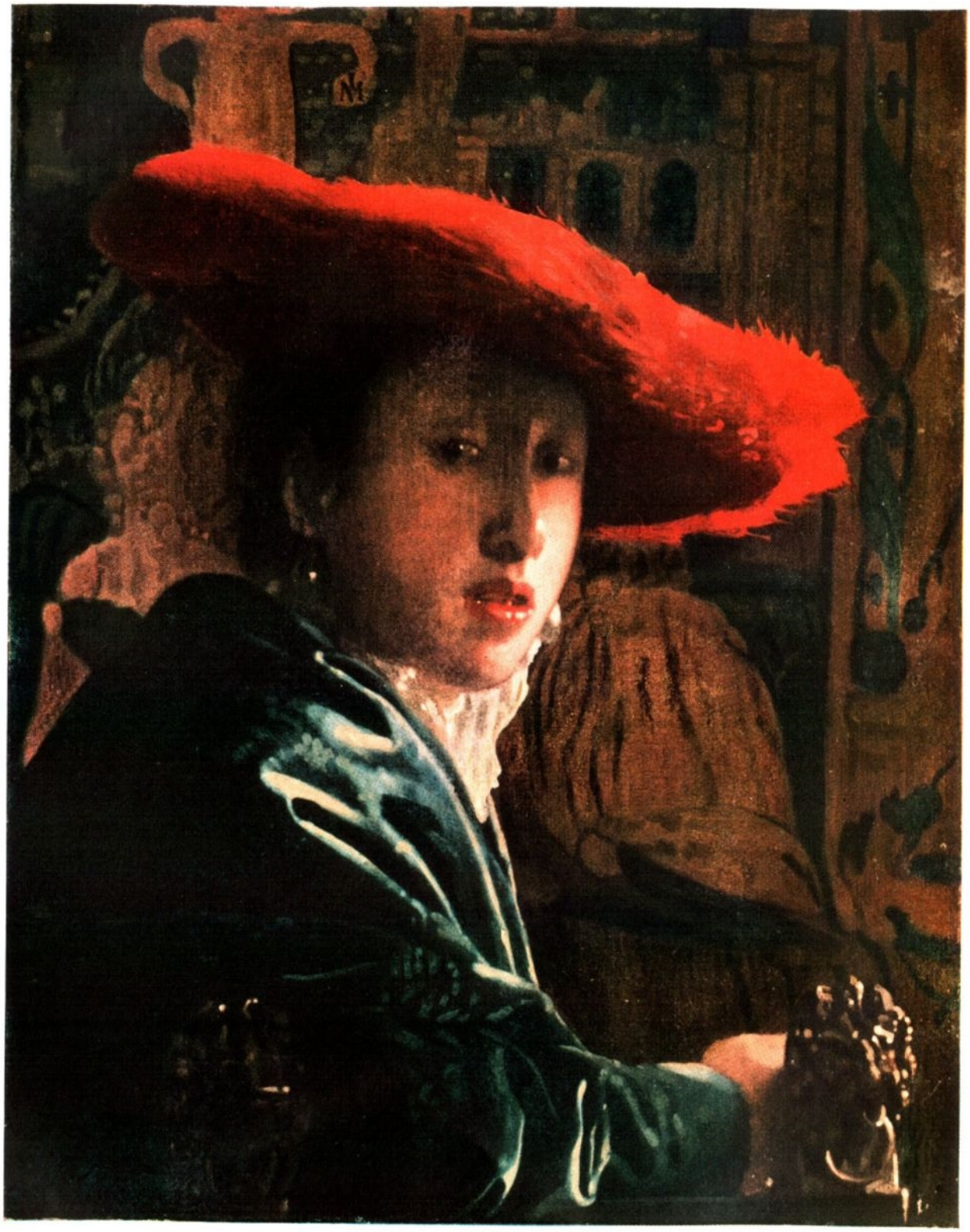
1) FRANCESCO GONZAGA, FOURTH MARQUIS OF MANTUA, by Ferrara's ERCOLE ROBERTI, imprisons a princely child in a formal 15th century portrait without robbing him of boyishness. (The Samuel H. Kress Collection.)

2) THE GIRL WITH A RED HAT, by JAN VERMEER of Delft, is the sort of picture that led one critic to exclaim: "Of Vermeer we know nothing save that he was a materialistic Dutchman who applied paint to canvas with a dexterity and charm that have never been equaled." (The Mellon Collection.)

3) JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES, by the 15th century Paduan, ANDREA MANTEGNA, treats a bloody drama with chill grace. (The story, told in a book of the *Apocrypha:* Nebuchadnezzar sent an army against Bethulia under Captain Holofernes, who laid siege to the city. Judith, a lovely, pious and patriotic widow of Bethulia, made her way into Holofernes' camp, tent, and affections. After three days' dalliance she caught him napping, removed his head, and stole back to town with her trophy. Soon afterwards the siege was lifted.) Mantegna's panel was probably one of a series on the theme, "The Triumph of Woman." (The Widener Collection.)

4) SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON is among the most perfectly preserved panels by RAPHAEL. It was a gift to Henry VII of England, commissioned by Duke Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, who had received the Order of the Garter from Henry. In the picture, St. George is clearly shown wearing the Garter. (The Mellon Collection.)









815 objects of decorative art, and 1,436 photographs from Alfred Stieglitz' collection. Total worth: more than $200 million.

Happily for future donors, almost a third of the gallery remains to be filled. Director David Finley is in no hurry to fill it. "We would like to be not one of the largest galleries," he explains, "but one of the best." The truth is that European masterpieces in private hands grow fewer every year, while laws prohibiting their export from most European countries make them ever harder to obtain.

From Politics to Porcelain. Income from the gallery's private endowment (principally Mellon money) comes close to $500,000 a year.* is used to pay the salaries of the executive officers, to finance educational activities (lectures, television shows, concerts) and occasionally to buy new acquisitions. Maintenance cost, including the salaries of 322 civil service personnel, are borne by the Government. These costs come to $1,300,000 a year. In the same period, an average 1,779,088 taxpayers visit the gallery, enjoy a feast of treasures that no Medici prince or Bourbon King ever matched.

Klee's Ways

Paul Klee (rhymes with fey) was one of the greatest artists of the 20th century, and he knew it. But the calculated modesty of Klee's art had the world fooled for a long time. Not until his death in 1940 (at 60) did it become apparent that Klee had raised the curtain on a thousand new ways of picturing things. Klee's ways are reassembled in a definitive study of his work by German Critic Will Grohmann (*Paul Klee*, Harry N. Abrams; $12.50), in U.S. bookstores last week.

Trouble at Four. Born into a cultivated music-teacher's family near Bern, Switzerland, Klee thought of making music his profession. He chose painting instead, simply "because it seemed to be lagging behind," and undertook rigorous formal training. Klee's chief means of advancing art was to let his unconscious whisper through his brush. At four, he would rush to his mother for protection from the "evil spirits" that appeared on his drawing paper. With age, he came to feel at home in his dream world of huge, dim forces, and was able to say, with none of the smugness of the dispassionate, that "evil must not be a triumphant or confounding enemy, but a constructive force, a co-factor in creation and development."

At 22 Klee knew the course of his life and art precisely. "I have to disappoint at first," he confided to his journal. "I want to be as though newborn, knowing absolutely nothing about Europe; ignoring facts and fashions, to be almost primitive. Then I want to do something very modest, to work out by myself a tiny, formal motif, one that my pencil will be able to encompass without any technique . . . Pictures will more than fill the whole of my lifetime . . . it is less a matter of will than of fate."

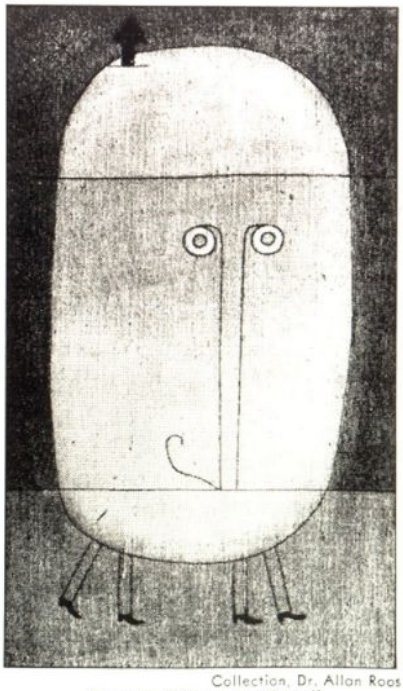
* With congressional permission, the Mellon grant was deposited in the Treasury and guaranteed 4% interest. The Library of Congress gets 4% on a similar deposit, and the Smithsonian Institution draws 6% on $1,000,000.



Der Sturm

PAINTER KLEE
Demons under the yoke.

Splotched Fantasies. From that point forward, Klee produced a frosty torrent of little dream pictures (there are some 900 in U.S. collections alone). By catching his dreams on the wing, and being quite satisfied with just a feather, he was able to produce an almost endless variety. Some of his works resemble children's squiggles, others the splotched fantasies of the mad. Still others are made entirely of dots, or squares, or crosshatchings, or Oriental arabesques. Some of his pictures are composed simply of illegible script—foreshadowing Cartoonist Saul Steinberg. He illustrated *Candide* with raggedy stick figures of the sort Giacometti and George Grosz were later to employ, and created telling juxtapositions (*e.g.*, a bird engraved on a cat's forehead) that inspired the surrealists. He drew and painted on everything, from glass to burlap, and always with iron control. Klee's demons almost never failed him; he had them under the yoke of wit and taste.



Collection, Dr. Allan Roos

KLEE'S "MASK OF FEAR"
Whispers through the brush.

By taking his own amoral unconscious as a point of departure for half-romantic, half-eclectic labors Klee followed a great German tradition which began with Goethe. Philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, mystic Rudolph Steiner and Psychologists Freud and Jung all worked the same way.

As a personality, Klee was withdrawn almost to the vanishing point. "Not even Klee's closest friends," Grohmann recalls, "could tell what manner of man he was." For a time he made a living teaching art at Germany's famed Bauhaus, but he would lecture almost inaudibly, sitting hunched over with his back to the class. At a beach outing he would stumble along behind the party, gazing at a seashell in his fist. His withdrawal may have been necessary, for it concealed an inhuman sort of pride. This passage from Klee's journal stands engraved on his tombstone: "I cannot be understood in purely earthly terms. For I can live as happily with the dead as with the unborn. Somewhat nearer to the heart of all creation than is usual. But still far from being near enough."

Time to Retire

As director of New York's Metropolitan Museum, Francis Henry Taylor seemed to have the most prized job in the world of art collecting. In a single year, he dispensed almost $3,000,000 in operational funds, had as much as $1,000,000 to spend for new acquisitions, and earned more than any other museum director in the land. During his 15 years at the Met, he doubled the museum's endowment (more than $62 million in 1954), doubled the annual attendance (a record 2,602,086 through Dec. 5) and almost tripled the membership (12,263). Taylor was a phenomenal success; yet at 51 he felt tired and dissatisfied.

Last week he startled his fellow trustees on the Met's board with the announcement that as of June 30 he will retire from the Met to go back to the directorship of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum, the job he held before coming to Manhattan. "I have decided," he told the board, "to ease the heavy administrative burdens which . . . have so taxed my nervous and physical energies." In contrast to the Met, the job in Worcester offers "opportunities of time and leisure for travel abroad, research and the pursuit of my literary interest in congenial and familiar surroundings, amongst old friends," he added, "and I will thus be able to devote the balance of my career to the scholarship and connoisseurship which originally attracted me to the profession."

MUSIC

Super Salome

While the snare drums sizzled and the crowd gasped, two girls in tights stood on eight-foot pedestals a stage width apart, one with an end of a wire about her neck, the second holding the other end with her teeth. A man mounted the slack wire, stretched himself out flat-backed and flipped himself over and over. The gymnasts were Germany's famed Goltz Trio, making its successful rounds of the U.S. vaudeville circuit 40 years ago. Last week Christel Goltz, the wire walker's 34-year-old daughter, made her U.S. debut as another kind of acrobat: at New York's Metropolitan Opera she zoomed through the high, precarious passages of Richard Strauss's *Salome*.

Soprano Goltz whirled, rolled and jumped across the stage as if she were trying to revive her father's old act. As Herod's stepdaughter, she covered more mileage on foot, belly and back than any Salome in memory. But she gave an overpowering impression of the willful, depraved teen-ager, from her disheveled entrance to her final kisses on the lips of John the Baptist's severed head. Soprano Goltz (a strikingly versatile singer with a repertory of 116 roles, ranging from Musetta to Elektra) is most famous for her appearances in Richard Strauss's operas in Vienna, and last week she proved why. She sang the fiendishly hard music with complete mastery and with silvery smoothness, even when her voice had to pierce through the orchestra's loudest blasts.

Perhaps the only thing wrong with *Salome* was the "Dance of the Seven Veils," which was about five veils too long. It is musically insipid in an otherwise brilliant score, and Soprano Goltz, though originally trained as a ballet dancer, did not make it seem any better as she determinedly stripped to her white petticoat. Otherwise, *Salome* emerged as the great opera it is, its nervous, passionate music brilliantly conducted by another newcomer to the Met, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's Dimitri Mitropoulos. With his long arms and shiny bald head making him look like a gnome in the orchestra pit, he turned the Met orchestra into a raging, powerful instrument that swept the action along at peak excitement.

Diskmanship

Innocent people think that to enjoy music all they need is a phonograph, a few records, and a little time. The record connoisseur knows better. He finds it is his duty to discuss the merits and demerits of any record ever made, from Aaronovich's fluffed trill in *Op. O* to Zzinzer's fallow tempos in *Op. Posth.* He predates the much-publicized hi-fi bug (who specializes in woofers, super-tweeters and push-pull amplifier circuits), but not until now has anyone tried to organize the record connoisseur's guerrilla war and set down some basic strategy.

The task is undertaken in the current issue of *High Fidelity* magazine by Frederic Grunfeld, who runs the Mutual Broadcasting System's *Musical Almanac*. Drawing heavily on the work of the eminent British social scientist and author, Stephen Potter (*Gamesmanship, Lifemanship*, etc.), Grunfeld develops in a series of case histories some basic principles of Diskmanship. Writes he: "A single record, properly selected and bestowed, can serve to establish beyond question the authority of the giver for a year or longer," and persuade the other fellow that he is hopelessly tin-eared. Some successful Diskmen:

¶ Roger B. Lustrand, a bachelor, "having discovered that most of the children on his Christmas list possess large collections of such records as *Quacky Clarinet* and *Otto the Ophicleide** . . . makes a habit of bringing them LPs of the most recondite sort of music: Schoenberg, neoclassic Stravinsky, or Varèse . . . A few of the modern parents in Roger's circle actually rear their children on such music. For them, Lustrand thoughtfully provides a present of the Terry the Timpani variety, the most banal he can find, which inevitably becomes the favorite item in the nursery library."

¶ Bonnard Harvey of Maryland and Astoria, L.I. crossed tone arms with a connoisseur whose specialty was chamber music. To upset the expert, he arrived one night bearing a gaily wrapped *Scheherazade*—one of the lushest of full-orchestra scores—"which he had bought at the corner drugstore for well under a dollar. 'Oh, it may have a few reproduction flaws,' he said, 'but this cheap little music-for-the-masses disk contains a flamboyant *Scheherazade* worthy of your steel.' " The connoisseur was so unsettled that he discussed the lowbrow disk at length, thus shattering his reputation. "A chamber-music man, my foot!" was the consensus. Bonnard, on the other hand, "now is recognized as one of the leading connoisseurs in all greater Astoria."

¶ Wilford G. Crane, a mere "10-watt amplifier bank clerk," once brilliantly undermined a wealthy "hi-fi bourgeois" with a gift of a single 78-r.p.m. disk. " 'It's Dajos Bela and Salon Orchestra, been looking for it for years. The way he plays these Hungarian Dances is beyond comparison. Finally found it on my last trip to Chicago. Some allowances you may have to make, but for 1933, don't you think the sound is spacious and resonant, eh?' Of course, Crane had actually found the disk in the attic . . . and had then rubbed dust and grit into the grooves in the manner of a furniture dealer 'antiquing' or liming oak." The *noveau* hi-fi was suitably impressed, now has "a large collection of bad-sounding rarities."

Diskman Grunfeld writes with nostalgia of the simple days when an obscure composer named Franz Drdla* "was one of the few pieces of out-of-the-way information one had to remember" and "there were never more than two [versions] of anything and in many cases not even one, so the only hazard was being caught off-base discussing nonexistent issues." Today, says Grunfeld, there is so much music on the market that some connoisseurs are forced to specialize in such restricted areas as complete Beethoven Quartet issues. When quizzed about some rare or new release that he knows absolutely nothing about, the good Diskman replies "in a thinly disguised tone of contempt: 'Sorry, I haven't gotten around to that yet. I've been busy comparing the new Barstow Quartet series with the earlier complete Beethovens. Takes a while, y' know.' "



Sedge LeBlang

SOPRANO GOLTZ (AS SALOME)
At 34, an overpowering teen-ager.

* A keyed bugle, ancestor of the tuba.

Pops Tops

The magazine *Down Beat* ("Everything in the World about the World of Music") published its annual readers' popularity poll last week, decided that "this was the year" of Singer Frank Sinatra. In addition to his prizewinning film performance (in *From Here to Eternity*) and bestselling records (*Young at Heart* and the album *Songs for Young Lovers*), he won the *Down Beat* vote as the U.S.'s favorite pop singer (for the first time since 1947) and also as the top male pop record "personality of the year." Other double victories: Bandleader Stan Kenton (top jazz band, election to "Music Hall of Fame") and Pianist Dave Brubeck (top jazz personality, best instrumental combo).

* Moravian violinist and prolific composer (1868-1944), chiefly remembered for his drawing-room favorite, *Serenade in A*.

SPORT

Boom-Boom on Top

In a hockey game with the fifth-place New York Rangers last week, Bernard ("Boom-Boom") Geoffrion, famed young right wing of the league-leading Montreal Canadiens, seemed half asleep most of the time. But in the first period he fed an assist to the Canadiens' Bert Olmstead (one point for Geoffrion) and in the third period he scored a goal himself, a blazing 30-footer (another point). This brought his total points this year to 35 and his goals to 21—high for the league. Boom-Boom's 21st goal meant cash to him. His base pay is about $14,000, substantial for hockey; he got a $1,000 bonus for his 20th goal, and he gets an estimated $100 bonus for each goal after that.

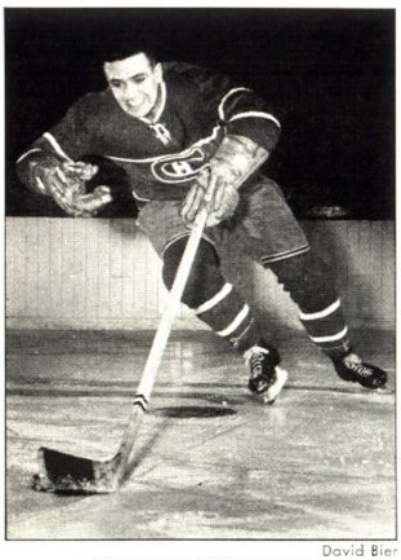
Geoffrion is the hottest thing on ice today, although he has spent his brief big-time career—only three full seasons with Montreal—in the shadow of two great stars: his teammate and idol, Maurice ("the Rocket") Richard, and brilliant Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings. But Richard, who holds the alltime records,* is slowing down a bit and Howe was out of action with a shoulder injury for six games this autumn, and fell behind.

Says the Canadiens' press book of Boom-Boom: "His biggest failing seems to be his inability to play consistently, probably due to his fiery nature and temperament." Last season fiery-natured Geoffrion got into a stick-swinging brawl with the Rangers' Ron Murphy. The Canadiens say Murphy swung first but missed, then Geoffrion naturally retaliated—and broke Murphy's jaw. Geoffrion was fined and forbidden to play the Rangers for the rest of the season.

Lately, Boom-Boom seems to have kept his temper in check. His fans note that he has acquired some of the social graces, such as saying "Pardon me" when he belches and making polite small talk while signing autographs. He smokes big cigars, wears sharp clothes, owns two apartment houses. Geoffrion is also a family man (married to Marlene Morenz, figure-skating daughter of a hockey immortal, the late Howie Morenz).

The Canadiens have not won an N.H.L. championship since 1947, but this year they devoutly expect to beat both the formidable Detroit Red Wings and the skilled but conservative Toronto Maple Leafs in the league standings and in the Stanley Cup (a sort of World Series of hockey). Boom-Boom himself is confident, and when victory is in sight, as he puts it eloquently, "Oh boy, then we hit it up. We eat good, we see a show, we have a big time. It's a great life. I love hockey."

* Last week, against the Chicago Black Hawks, Richard scored the 400th goal of his career, making him the highest in N.H.L. history.



David Bier

CANADIENS' GEOFFRION
More shinned against than shinning?



Associated Press

LANGLOIS IN TROUBLE
The doctor banned a mussel shell.

The Power Shovel

Middleweight Champion Carl ("Bobo") Olson goes about his ring work in the methodical, workmanlike way of a power shovel moving a specified amount of earth. A power shovel lacks drama, but there are always sidewalk superintendents around to watch. Last week 16,543 superintendents, paying $107,660, flocked into San Francisco's Cow Palace—joining millions of free lookers on TV—to watch Bobo defend his title against France's Pierre Langlois.

Boxer Langlois, who was a substitute for Joey Giardello (who had a knee injury), was game but overmatched. In the sixth round, Olson opened a cut over Langlois' left eye. In the eleventh, another Olson punch knocked the dressing off and left the cut looking like a blackish mussel shell, gaping in the middle. After a conference with the ring doctor, the referee awarded the fight to Olson on a technical knockout. Television viewers, who could not plainly see the cut or the blood and wondered why the bout was halted in the middle of a round, felt cheated. But later photographs showed that the Frenchman's eye was in really bad shape.

It was Olson's 18th straight victory. Although no Sugar Ray Robinson (his predecessor as middleweight champ), Olson is at least active, having defended his title three times this year. The week before the Langlois fight, boxing writers awarded Olson the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque as Fighter of the Year.

Scoreboard

¶ U.S. Davis Cup tennis players, in the interzone final with Sweden at Brisbane, Australia, handily won all five matches (four singles, one doubles), earned the right to play Australia for the cup next week. In a remarkable singles match with Sven Davidson, young Ham Richardson beat the able Swede by 6-0, 6-3, 6-3.

¶ As the National League's Most Valuable Player of 1954, baseball writers picked Willie Mays, the World Champion New York Giants' sensational centerfielder. Earlier the American League M.V.P. title went to the second-place Yankees' catcher, Lawrence ("Yogi") Berra.

¶ In an Associated Press poll Manager Leo Durocher of the Giants was picked as "Manager of the Year."

¶ Fordham, once a football powerhouse in the East (its line was called "the Seven Blocks of Granite"), abandoned intercollegiate football after a dismal season in the field (one victory, one tie, seven losses) and at the box office.

CINEMA

Father Goose

(See Cover)

Along a mud track in the Belgian Congo, a district officer peacefully cycled on his rounds. All at once he heard shrieks of terror, and a horde of natives plunged past him, screaming a word he had never heard before. "Mikimus!" they cried in horror, "Mikimus!" Drawing his revolver, the officer went forward on foot to investigate. At the entrance to the village he staggered back, as out of the depths of the equatorial forest, 2,000 miles from civilization, came shambling toward him the nightmare figure of a shaggy, gigantic Mickey Mouse.

It was only the local witch doctor, up to his innocent tricks. His usual voo had lost its do, and in the emergency, he had invoked, by making a few passes with needle and thread, the familiar spirit of that infinitely greater magician who has cast his spell upon the entire world—Walt Disney. Indeed, not since the Age of Fable, not since Mage Merlin and Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire has such power of pixilation been granted as this son of North Chicago carries in his thumb. From the magic hand of Disney has come hippety-hoppeting, tippety-squeaketing, quackety-racketing the most cheerful plague of little animals that has ever been visited on humankind.



"MIKIMUS! MIKIMUS!"
The usual voo had lost its do.

New Mythology. By the hundreds they have swarmed across a hundred thousand movie screens from Aliquippa to Zagazig—mice that talk and grubs that chain-smoke, squirrels wearing overalls, bashful bunnies, sexy goldfish, tongue-tied ducks and hounds on ice skates, dachshunds bow-tied, pigs at pianos, chickens doing *Traviata*—even worms that do the cootch. In the last few years there has been added to all this hilariously unnatural history a beautiful and often tender and serious attempt, in a series of camera essays on plant and animal life, to see the natural world as it really and painfully is. Aesop on the assembly line, mythology in mass production—whatever it may be called, Disneyism has swept the world.

In the last 25 years an estimated one billion people—more than a third of the world's population—have seen at least one of Disney's 657 films, most of which are dubbed in 14 languages. And one taste of a Disney picture makes millions of moviegoers cry for more. Disney takes pleasure—and enormous profit, of course—in gratifying this hunger. Thirty million 10¢ copies of *Walt Disney Comic Books* are bought in 26 countries every month, and 100 million copies of more expensive editions (from 25¢ to $2.95) have been bought since 1935. Songs from Disney pictures sell $250,000 worth of records and sheet music annually. Since 1933 more than $750 million worth of merchandise featuring the Disney characters—740 companies currently make 2,928 items, from Mickey Mouse weathervanes to Pluto paper slotties to Donald Duck toidy seats—has crossed the counters of the world.

New Directions. Measured by his social impact, Walt Disney is one of the most influential men alive. He has pushed the bedtime stories of yesteryear, the myths that all former races of men teethed on, off the nursery shelf, or amalgamated them into a kind of mechanized folklore. It's Walt Disney's *Snow White* now, and Walt Disney's *Cinderella*. The 20th century has brought forth a new Mother Goose, or, rather, a Father Goose. The hand that rocks the cradle is Walt Disney's—and who can say what effect it is having on the world?

Last week, moreover, there were four major pieces of evidence that Walt Disney is dramatically enlarging his sphere of influence. Items:

¶ With a bang that blew Wednesday night to kingdom come for the two major networks, Disney burst into television. Nine weeks ago Disney's first program, an hour-long (Wed. 7:30-8:30, ABC) flight on electronic wings over the panorama of Disneyland's coming attractions, won a phenomenal Nielsen rating of 41, was watched by some 30.8 million people, and, as ABC's President Bob Kintner put it, "cut Godfrey, the best in the business, down to size." In the next two months Disney was never out of the "first ten." ABC believes that "Disney has the biggest family audience in show business today."

¶ In 60 big movie houses all over the U.S. this week, Disney is offering a major effort in "live action," a $4,200,000 production of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, starring Kirk Douglas as the harpooner and James Mason as the sinister Captain Nemo. The picture has its faults, but they are not the kind that will make Disney any box office trouble.

¶ Disney's first full-length nature films, *The Living Desert* (which cost $300,000) and *The Vanishing Prairie* ($400,000), are bulling toward world grosses of $5,000,000 and $4,000,000 respectively. And all over the world, holiday revivals of old Disney favorites are flourishing. In Rio de Janeiro six movie houses are running a seven-day *Festival do Disney*, and the main department stores have based their Christmas decorations on Disney characters. Said one merchant: "Disney will soon be to us what Santa Claus is to the U.S."

¶ Work was rushing ahead last week on Disney's particular hobbyhorse ("The world's biggest toy," one of his friends called it, "for the world's biggest boy"): an $11 million "permanent World's Fair" set on 160 acres in Anaheim, just 30 minutes from the center of Los Angeles. "Disneyland" opening next July, will be able to handle 10,000 cars and 40,000 people a day. The park will be divided into four areas: 1) Fantasyland—a guided tour through the Disney imagination, during which the visitor takes a ride in an airborne pirate galleon, pops through the rabbit hole into Alice's Wonderland, hops on a mining cart for a trip to the diamond mines of the Seven Dwarfs; 2) Adventureland—an outdoor museum of natural wonders, designed to complement the True-Life Adventure Films, which will offer a Tahitian village populated by real live Tahitians (peddling papaya juice), and a trip down a tropical river past nattering monkeys, gnashing crocs and





© Walt Disney Productions

"The Living Desert" (1953); "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (1954)
Nature in the raw is seldom.

yawping plastic hippos; 3) Frontierland —"a glimpse into America's historical past" that will give its young customers all the sensations of starring in a horse opera; and 4) Tomorrowland—a showplace for science, where audiences can peer into a simulated atom furnace or jump aboard a rocket ship and fly to the moon.

"Why, every kid in the country," gasped one East Coast parent, "will be hounding his father for a trip to California."

Cash v. Quality. "Disney hasn't expanded," said a moviemaker last week, "he has exploded." And as the fiscal dust settles, it is clear that in business terms as well as in public estimation Disney has become a major power in the entertainment world. The Disney lot today is the busiest in Hollywood, and one of the most shrewdly managed. Its production is cautiously diversified. "Eighty percent of it, right now, is television," says Disney, "but we'll soon be back in balance." Two major cartoon features—a story about dogs called *Lady and the Tramp*, which is scheduled for July release, and a version of *Sleeping Beauty* —are on the drawing boards, as well as six short cartoons.

But Disney knows from expensive experience that the cartoons, which cost about $500 a foot to produce (twice as much as a live-action feature), take a long time to pay for themselves. He will use them as loss leaders for the Disney merchandise (which in 1954 has brought him some $2,000,000 in profits), for one annual, big-budget, live-action spectacle (Conrad Richter's *Light in the Forest* will be next), and for a series of full-length True-Life Adventures. A new company, set up by Disney during 1954, will distribute these pictures at a 20% saving to the studio. These facts have been duly noted in Wall Street. In the last nine weeks, since *Disneyland* went on the air, Disney stock has gone up from 14⅜ bid to 24 bid. "This year," says Disney with satisfaction, "has been our best."

The success, in short, is plain to see; but the secret of it, like the motive force in a Rube Goldberg invention, is hidden in the depths of an astonishing psychological contraption. For though he seems doomed to make millions, Disney is not a businessman; and though occasionally he is capable of fine folk art, he is not an "artist." Furthermore, though he has probably tickled more risibilities than Charlie Chaplin, he does not really have much sense of humor. Walt Disney is a genuine hand-hewn American original with the social adze-marks sticking out all over; he is a garage-type inventor with a wild guess in his eye and a hard pinch on his penny, a grassroots genius in the native tradition of Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford.

Like most self-educated men, Disney pulled himself up from nowhere by grabbing the tail of a runaway idea and hanging on for dear life. Even now, in middle life (he is 54) he seems to most acquaintances a "cheerful monomaniac." He works at least 14 hours a day, never takes a vacation ("I get enough vacation from having a change of troubles")—though he does have a hobby, a miniature train named Lilly Belle (after his wife), and a half-mile of track to run it on. Lacking a formal education—he quit school in the ninth grade—Walt has few formal habits of thought. He cannot bear to read a book ("I'd rather have people tell me things").* Yet his intellectual weakness only throws him back the more strongly on his principal strength: a deep, intuitive identification with the common

* Once, during the production of *Fantasia*, Walt sat through a screening of the centaur sequence set to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. When it was over he turned to one of his assistants and said earnestly: "Gee! This'll *make* Beethoven."





© Walt Disney Productions

"Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs" (1937); "Three Little Pigs" (1933)
The big bad wolf is always.

impulses of common people. A friend explains that he is really "a sort of visionary handyman, who has built a whole industry out of daydreams. He has that rarest of qualities, the courage of his doodles."

Simpers & Innocence. Like many who came up the hard way, Walt is a hard man to work for. "Walt puts up this mild front," says his brother Roy, "but underneath it there's drive, drive, drive." He runs a one-man studio. "When you work here," an employee punned, "you're all Walt in." The studio atmosphere, says a former executive, is one of "compulsory democracy." The lowliest ink-girl calls Walt by his first name. "If we didn't," says one employee, "we'd get fired." Says another: "If you contradict him, you're out. Even the top creators at the studio have to be careful. Nothing is really funny until it's proclaimed funny."

The Disney magic, says Salvador Dali, who once worked with Walt for three months, is "innocence in action. He has the innocence and unself-consciousness of a child. He still looks at the world with uncontaminated wonder, and with all living things he has a terrific sympathy. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to imagine that mice and squirrels might have feelings just like his."

Up to a point, Walt himself might agree. He admits that he likes children and animals better than grown-up people. "Some of the most fascinating people I have ever met," he once said, "are animals." He has, understandably, a special feeling for mice. No mousetraps are permitted in his home, and once, when he heard one of his animators call Mickey Mouse a four-letter word, he fired the man on the spot.

Through his feeling for animals, says a friend, Walt is related to nature and to the mother warmth of the earth. Out of this earthiness, Walt feels, there sprout whatever seeds of creativity he has. "I'm an earthy guy, all right," he says. Some of Disney's detractors disagree. The cartoon animals bear almost no relation to real animals. Nature in them is not idealized; she is at best played for pratfalls and at worst she is simpered over and over-sanitized. Indeed, the man whom all the world knows as Mother Nature's right-hand man has hardly ever lived outside city limits.

A Mouse in School. Walter Elias Disney was born on Dec. 5, 1901 on the North Side of Chicago, the fourth of five children. His father was a small building contractor who argued Debs Socialism all week and on Sunday played fiddle in St. Paul's Congregational Church. When Walt was about six, the family moved to a farm in Marceline, Mo. There, on the day when an old man down the road gave him a dollar for drawing a picture of a horse, Walt decided that he wanted to be "an artist." A few years later, father Disney bought a newspaper route in Kansas City and the family moved there. Walt and brother Roy got up at 3:30 every morning to deliver papers. The two brothers, who are now partners in Walt Disney Productions, Inc., were very close from the first. In school Walt was chiefly noted for sleeping, for squiggling doodles in the margins of his books, and for the time he brought a mouse to class.

Walt was in his teens and back in Chicago, where his father had bought a jam factory, when he got the camera bug and bought a $70 movie camera on the installment plan. Girls, he recalls, were a nuisance. "I was normal," he says, "but girls bored me. They still do. Their interests are just different." Besides, Walt was busy. After school he worked as a gateman on the Wilson Avenue elevated line, got a Christmas job in the local post office. During summer vacations he worked as a candy butcher on the Katy Railroad.

Actor or Artist? When he was 16 the U.S. entered World War I, and he decided to go to France as an ambulance driver. He managed to get his mother to sign his father's name on a parental permit, then he forged the date of his birth, and was off. Home again, he was no longer interested in the ninth grade. "I tried to decide," he says, "was I going to be an actor or an artist?"

Walt heard of a job in a commercial art shop at the princely salary of $50 a month, and that decided it. Pretty soon he was getting $35 a week from an outfit that produced animated advertisements to run before the feature at local movie houses. In a few months Walt thought he knew enough to start a studio of his own in the family garage. At 19 he had hit the main drag of his career.

In short order Walt turned out four cartoons burlesquing contemporary politics, and sold them to a New York distributor. The distributor went broke before he paid off, and Walt soon did the same. But for six months after that, he tried to keep the business going. Some days he had nothing to do but sit and play with the mice that infested the studio. Walt kept a few in a cage in the office, and some of them became quite tame. One mouse known as Mortimer showed no desire at all to escape, so he was made a trusty, and lived on Walt's desk.

Before long Walt ran out of both money and credit. One day he realized that he had missed at least three meals in a row. He borrowed a camera, photographed some babies, took the $40 he earned and headed for Hollywood. Brother Roy, who had just been released from a TB sanatorium in Arizona, met him there, and they set up shop in the $5-a-month corner of a Hollywood real-estate office. In the next four years the Disney studios produced 24 cartoons in a series called *Alice in Cartoonland* and 52 more about *Oswald the Rabbit*. At first, each cartoon took eight people one month to make, and sold for only $750, "with the result," says Walt, "that there was many a week when Roy and I ate one square meal a day—



AT HOME WITH THE LILLY BELLE (DISNEY AT THE THROTTLE)
Underneath there's drive, drive, drive.

between us." In July 1925 Walt married a girl named Lillian Bounds, who worked in his office; they now have two grown daughters.

Mickey Is Born. After an argument with his financial backer in 1927, Walt was out of business. On a train trip, he thought and thought about a new cartoon character to market. Cats, dogs, cows, horses, pigs, chickens, ducks, apes, elephants and even dinosaurs—they had all been used before. And then, as the train clacked along somewhere between Toluca, Ill. and La Junta, Colo., Walt suddenly remembered Mortimer.

"Mortimer Mouse!" he shouted.

"Not Mortimer," said Mrs. Disney. "How about Mickey?"

When the train rolled into Los Angeles, the first sketch of the historic rodent was tucked safely in Walt's pocket, and the roughs of his first cartoon, *Plane Crazy*, were drawn. *Plane Crazy*, however, was not the first to reach the public. Sound came roaring in just then, and silent pictures silently expired. Walt rushed to New York, recorded sound track for a new Mickey Mouse cartoon called *Steamboat Willie*, and released it in Manhattan. "It's a wow!" cried one critic after another, and the public came piling in. Man was about to be conquered by a mouse (*see box*).

In the next few years Walt made a Mickey Mouse cartoon every month. His staff quickly grew from 20 to 50 to 150 (he now employs almost 1,000 people at his studio). Dozens of dazzling offers were dangled before him, but Walt declined to sell out; he knew he could not be happy except as his own boss. With a foresight remarkable in a man only 28 years old, Walt set about strengthening his organization for a long creative haul. He started the *Silly Symphonies*, even though there was every sign that they would not be very popular, because he felt that he and his staff, already weary of drudging at Mickey Mouse, needed "something to grow on."

And grow they did. Hands grew more skillful and inventions multiplied.* So Pluto fell off a cliff—what next? His ears whirled around like propellers, his front legs spread like wings, and back he roared to safety. In Disney's hands the laws of physics turned to taffy. Shadows walked away from bodies. Men got so angry they split in two. Trains ate cookies. Autos flirted. People stretched like rubber bands.

But it became harder and harder to outwit the public. Disney gags got downright erudite. In one cartoon Donald Duck might walk over the edge of a cliff and fall down. In the next he would walk off the cliff and keep right on walking—on air. In the next he would keep walking, suddenly notice where he was—and then fall. In the next, he would run back to safety without

* "Those madmen over at Disney's" became a Hollywood byword. One Disney animator, for instance, was found lying flat on his back on the sidewalk in a pouring rain. As a policeman dragged him off to the station house, the fellow protested that he had been "studying lightning."

THE MOUSE THAT WALT BUILT—AND THAT BUILT WALT

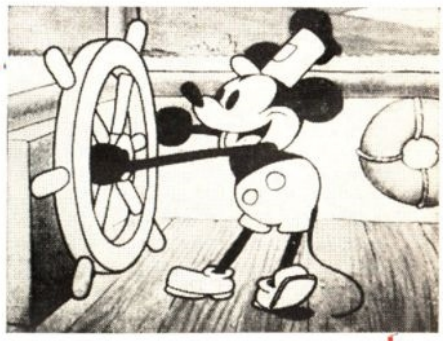
MICKEY MOUSE first hove into public sight at the wheel of a steamboat rushing round a bend of what appeared to be the Mississippi River. As he swung in for a landing, Mickey tootled a tune—oom-pah-pah, with a tweet now and then—on his signal-whistles,which suddenly had faces that scrooged up as they blew. In the next release, our hero for the first foolish time met Minnie, a mousy young lady who looked as much like Mary Pickford as a rodent could. And all at once, for no apparent reason, there was Pegleg Pete, a monstrous mingling of common house cat and Long John Silver. Everything always went blooey, of course. Pegleg charging, music pounding, Minnie squealing—and Mickey rushing madly to the rescue.

What was new in all this, aside from its frenetic ingenuity, and what struck the public most, was the music. It hopped, it jangled, it twitched, it plankety-planked, and from that day forward was known as "Mickey Mouse Music"—an exquisite melding of bad honky-tonk and good rattletrap. And then, of course, there was Mickey.

In those days The Mouse was a skinny little squeaker with matchstick legs, shoebutton eyes and a long, pointy nose. His teeth were sharp and fierce when he laughed, more like a real mouse's than they are today, and he staggered stiffly through the hasty animation. He had the same tiny, squeaky voice, however; usually, Walt himself speaks Mickey's lines.

As the years went on, and Walt prospered, The Mouse got some of the benefits. In 1931 he was given his first pair of shoes. By 1935 he was fatter and sleeker, and his eyes had grown large and almost soulful. In 1938 he felt the pinch of rising costs: he lost his tail, thereby saving the studio a sizable sum of money on each cartoon. Next year, after *Snow White*, he got the tail back, only to lose it again during Walt's dark years in the '40s. But in 1952 Walt made up for everything by giving Mickey eyebrows.

During this time there was also a change in Mickey's disposition. From the cocky little youngster who pulled cats' tails and whanged away with six-shooters, he slowly mellowed, like Walt himself, into a more substantial, middle-aged, suburban-type mouse—a parallel which, taken together with a certain facial resemblance between Walt and The Mouse when both were young,



has convinced Walt's brother that, in fact, "Mickey *is* Walt."

The success of The Mouse was instant and immense. The League of Nations endorsed him. Madame Tussaud put him in her famous wax museum. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* devoted a separate article to the little fellow. He was the Nizam of Hyderabad's favorite movie star. Jan Christian Smuts, Avila Camacho, Mackenzie King declared in his favor. Franklin D. Roosevelt never missed a Mickey cartoon. Mussolini adored him; Hitler hated him. The Russians called him a proletarian symbol; however, the line changed in time, and Mickey is now a "warmonger."*

Mickey has worked business miracles. During the Depression the Lionel Corp., manufacturer of toy trains, was rescued from receivership by the prodigious sale (253,000 items) of a handcar carrying figures of Mickey and Minnie Mouse. The Ingersoll people were pulled out of a bad financial hole by a terrific run on their Mickey Mouse watches—of which more than 8,000,000 have been sold to date. Since 1929 Mickey's name or picture has appeared on 5,000 different lines of merchandise, from milk of magnesia to a $1,200 diamond bracelet to a radiator cap, and has sold more than $250 million worth of goods.

Even after 26 years, the public eye has not wearied of watching Mickey Mouse. Of all the cartoon animals, only Donald Duck and Bugs Bunny are more popular today. In any event, Mickey is likely to be remembered, long after all the others are forgotten, for one decisive moment when he stood at the absolute center of human affairs. On June 6, 1944, the D-day of the Allied invasion of France, the code word for the entire Allied operation was "Mickey Mouse."

* Although the Russians affect to despise Disney, his cartoons are still shown behind the Iron Curtain. Until a few years ago, the Disney organization disclosed, the Russian embassy in Washington would politely ask if they could borrow a Disney print for an embassy showing. The print was then put in a diplomatic pouch, rushed to the airport, flown to Czechoslovakia, copied, flown back to Washington—all in about 72 hours. It was then handed back to Disney, with thanks.

falling, or fall and catch the edge of the cliff with an arm that was suddenly 30 feet long.

A Hit, a Flop. *Three Little Pigs* (1933) and *The Country Cousin* (1936), a technical masterpiece in the new Technicolor, proved that Disney was ready at last for the task he had set himself: to make a full-length cartoon feature. It had long been his heart's desire, but by this time it was a business necessity; cartoon costs had risen so high that it was no longer possible to make a profit with shorts. So he borrowed $1,500,000 and made *Snow White*. Released in 1937, it was one of the biggest hits that Hollywood had produced since *The Birth of a Nation*. It grossed $9,000,000 on its first release (it has since earned $5,000,000 more), produced seven top tunes, won eight (one for each dwarf and one for the picture) of Disney's 22 Academy Awards, sold more than $10 million worth of merchandise. It also made Dopey, the seventh dwarf, the darling of millions,* and Disney himself more than ever the darling of the intellectuals. Harvard and Yale awarded him degrees. People called him "the poet of the new American Humanism," and drew Chaplinesque morals about Mickey as "the symbol of common humanity in its struggle against the forces of evil."

To these siren songs, Walt lent half an ear. Encouraged by Leopold Stokowski and Deems Taylor, he made the biggest boner of his career: *Fantasia*. Its basic idea, to illustrate music with pictures, was depressing enough to anyone who loves either form of art. Its declared intention to bring "culture" to the "masses" turned out to be silly: it had nothing to do with culture, and the "masses" would have nothing to do with it. *Fantasia* has never earned back what it cost. Worse yet, though Walt learned a lesson from *Fantasia*, he learned the wrong one: mistaking for culture what Stokowski and Taylor had offered him, he decided that culture was not for him.

The Strike. The decision did not solve all Walt's problems. The day *Pinocchio* was released, Germany marched into Poland. The foreign market—in which Disney expects to make about half his take—was cut at least in half. The same problem met *Dumbo* and *Bambi*. Meanwhile, Disney had his famous strike. Whatever the rights of the affair—Walt maintained that he was being persecuted by the Communists, the union leaders said he was running a sweatshop—Walt handled it badly and lost the decision gracelessly. The studio was closed down for two weeks. Except for the war, it would probably have closed down for good. For the next four years the U.S. paid Disney's bills while he made educational and propaganda films. On the side, Disney's artists designed insignia for the Armed Forces.



WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS, INC. (1926)*
From $40 and a wild guess, a fiscal explosion.

After the war, Walt definitely decided: "We're through with caviar. From now on it's mashed potatoes and gravy." His first four postwar features—*Make Mine Music, Song of the South, Fun and Fancy Free* and *Melody Time*—looked like mashed potatoes all right, but they didn't bring in much gravy. Disney's next big picture, however, made plenty: *Cinderella* may eventually outgross *Snow White*. And though *Alice in Wonderland* was a flop, *Peter Pan* was another smash hit, which exchanged Barrie sentiment for Hollywood slapstick and almost made the crocodile the hero.

Yet the wolf was still haunting Disney's door. Production costs on cartoons were rising so fast that they gobbled up the profit as it came in. Walt turned to another source of income. With funds blocked in Britain, he made four live-action features between 1950 and 1953: *Treasure Island, Robin Hood, The Sword and the Rose, Rob Roy*. They were all amazingly good in the same way. Each struck exactly the right note of wonder and make-believe. The mood of them all was lightsome, modest. Nobody was trying to make a great picture. The settings, in the British countryside, were lovely—wide swards and sleepy old castles and glens full of light. Best of all, Disney was careful to choose his principals—Richard Todd, Glynis Johns, Joan Rice, Bobby Driscoll—not for their box-office rating or sexual decibel, but rather as friends are chosen, for their good human faces and pleasant ways. As a result, each of the pictures was just what a children's classic is supposed to be: a breath of healthy air blown in from the warm meadows of faraway and long ago.

It was a promising start, and the new *20,000 Leagues*, for all its mechanical clank and ponderousness, is something of a continuation. If Disney goes on at this rate, he will soon have compiled a film library of live-action legends to match his collection of animated fairy stories, and the one should be quite as suitable for periodic redistribution as the other.

Pearls into Marbles. Most exciting of Disney's new developments, however, are the nature films, for with them he has opened up a new world of intense experiences and possibilities. In them, as in few films of recent years, there is the sense that the camera can take an onlooker into the interior of a vital event—indeed, into the pulse of life-process itself. Thus far, Disney seems afraid to trust the strength of his material: he primps it with cute comment and dabs at it with flashy, cosmetical touches of music. But no matter how hard he tries, he cannot quite make Mother Nature look like what he thinks the public wants: a Hollywood glamour girl. "Disney has a perverse way," sighs one observer, "of finding glorious pearls and then using them for marbles."

The fact is, however, that he does find the pearls; and, all things considered, he plays a pretty good game of marbles. He plays it like a healthy boy—knuckles down and fire away!—and trust to luck for a hit or a miss. He has no mind or time for the niggling refinements of taste. There is too much to be seen and done, too many wonderful things in the world that might be made into movies; and away he rushes, with his intellectual pockets full of toads and baby bunnies and thousand-leggers, and plunges eagerly into every new thicket of ideas he comes across. Often enough he emerges, in radiant triumph, bearing the esthetic equivalent of a rusty beer can or an old suspender. They are treasures to Walt, and somehow his wonder and delight in the things he discovers make them treasures to millions who know how dearly come by are such things as wonder and delight. Besides, there is always the chance that, when he comes bursting out of the next bush, face all scratched and lumberjacket full of stickers, he may be clutching in his hand some truly precious thing: perhaps, who knows, as precious as—a mouse?

* In France, one observer tried to account for Dopey's popularity by explaining that he resembled so many French Premiers.

* From left to right: Ham Hamilton, Roy Disney, Hugh Harmon, Walt, Margie Gay (the voice of *Alice in Cartoonland*), Rudy Ising, Ub Iwerks, Walker Harmon.



"HE WILL WIN A BLUE RIBBON!"

WINNING performance calls for strategy and good planning. That is why successful businessmen include Hardware Mutuals workmen's compensation protection in their plans.

Fast action in paying claims helps speed an employe's recovery by relieving him of financial worries. In states where such records are kept, Hardware Mutuals are consistently among the leaders in speed of claim settlements.

In addition, our highly specialized Loss Prevention Service eliminates hazards *before* they cause accidents. This service is available to small plants as well as large. It includes plant safety control, foremanship training and industrial hygiene. *We invite you to test our expert loss prevention service at no obligation.*

Many other benefits are offered through Hardware Mutuals *policy back of the policy*®, including dividend payments to policyowners of more than $130,000,000 since organization. For additional information and service consult with your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. His services may save you many dollars.

Insurance for your AUTOMOBILE...HOME...BUSINESS

Hardware Mutuals

Stevens Point, Wisconsin · Offices Coast to Coast

HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY · HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

If you really love trees and wild life...

then let's get the facts straight on industry and natura

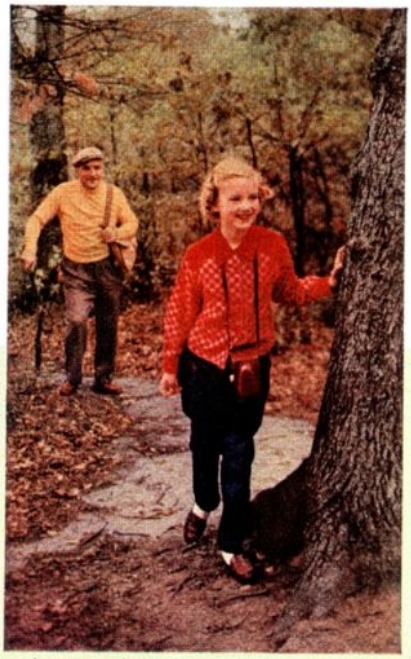


As a conservationist Rayonier condemns wasteful forestry practices, urges economic development and scientific use of public and private woodlands.

We are frankly critical of national policies which permit trees to reach maturity, die, topple over and rot. This is now happening in many areas.

In the Olympic National Park alone, millions of board feet of prime timber are needlessly lost each year—the unwitting result of laws enacted to satisfy ill-advised pressure groups in search of a "worthy cause."

Must these wasteful conditions prevail?



As an enlightened conservationist Rayonier calls for preservation of our unique primeval rain forests and wild life sanctuaries. We support measures for opening them for nearby residents and the world's tourists to enjoy. But today, one 896,000-acre park, for example, is practically impenetrable . . . does no one any good!

This useless tieing-up of park lands has choked the economic growth of many communities; actually penalized citizens from realizing their economic heritage; made no contribution to wild life or people who love the woods.

What is the answer?

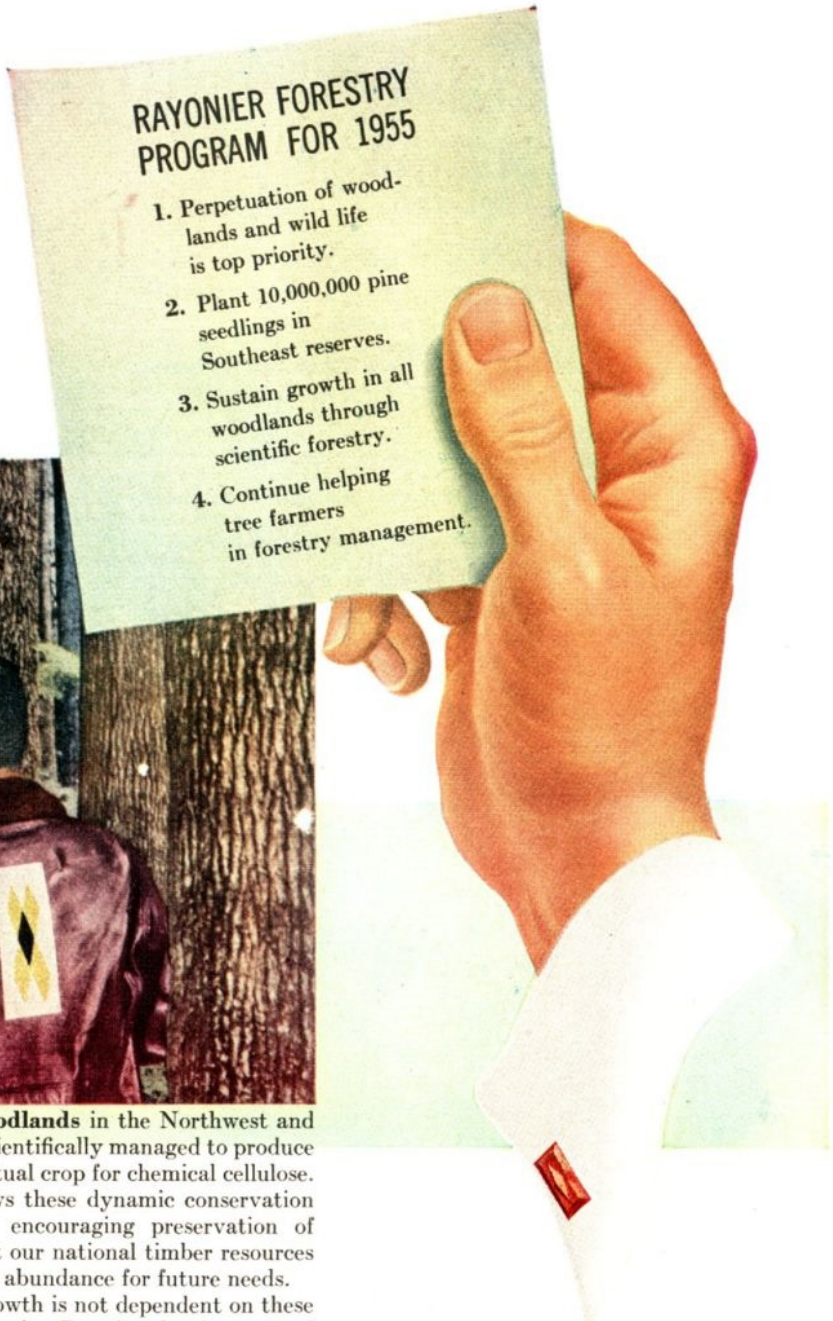




resources:







Rayonier woodlands in the Northwest and Southeast are scientifically managed to produce wood as a perpetual crop for chemical cellulose. Experience shows these dynamic conservation methods, while encouraging preservation of wild life, protect our national timber resources —assure greater abundance for future needs.

Rayonier's growth is not dependent on these public-owned lands. But in the interest of realistic conservation, sound economy and scientific forestry management, we propose that these unused excess timber regions be made available for industry to cultivate and harvest under government supervision. Only then will the U. S. A. be best served by its *replenishable* natural resources.

cellulose chemistry

RAYONIER
INCORPORATED

Executive and General Sales Offices: 161 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

the boy and the Star



He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word —now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works — the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semi-annually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

RADIO & TV

New No. 1

For the past four years, *I Love Lucy* has been No. 1 on just about every rating poll. Last week, in the Trendex ratings for December, *Lucy* sagged to sixth place, and the No. 1 spot went to television's fastest rising comic, Jackie Gleason, who has abandoned most of his longtime characterizations (Reggie Van Gleason, Joe the Bartender, The Loud Mouth) to concentrate on *The Honeymooners* (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS), in which he is the embodiment of bustling inefficiency.



M. C. EDWARDS & EDUCATOR JONES
The sheep pen spoke for itself.

The Week in Review

The best show of the week was Ralph Edwards' usually saccharine *This Is Your Life* (Wed. 10 p.m., NBC). His candidate for TV biography: Dr. Laurence Jones, a 60-year-old Negro educator of great and good-humored dignity. A graduate of the University of Iowa, Jones traveled to the Mississippi backwoods in 1909 and set up a school for Negro children in a district where none had ever existed. A local Negro carpenter gave him a roof by donating some land and fixing up a ramshackle sheep pen on a corner of the property. Today the Piney Woods Country Life School is valued at $500,000, and gives a vocational education to some 500 students a year.

For once, Host Ralph Edwards was more or less content to let the star and his friends speak for themselves. Some of the most memorable guests: Teacher Ziltha Chandler, who went from Manhattan to Piney Woods 12 years ago to deliver a commencement address and was so struck by what she saw that she is still there; a California businessman who explained how a $9,000 bequest left to his family by

SYLVANIA ANNOUNCES
THE NEW SUPER DELUXE
FLUORESCENT LAMP

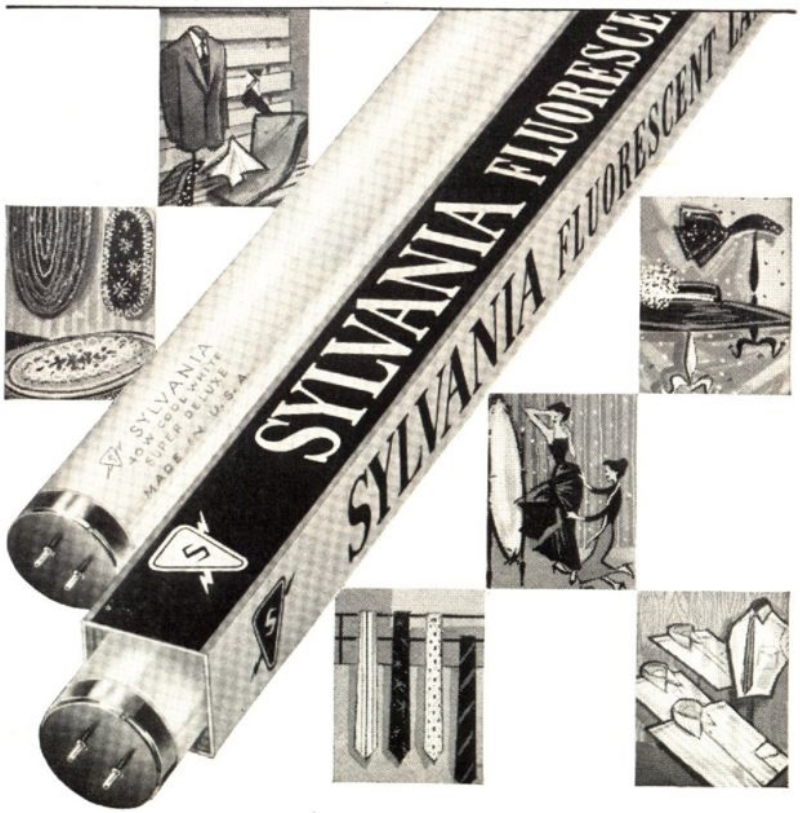
Makes Merchandise Look
More Colorful and Attractive

Sylvania's new Super Deluxe fluorescent lamps are the answer to your problem of showing merchandise at its most colorful best. These new lamps give the best overall rendition of color yet achieved by fluorescent lamps, not only improving the appearance of the merchandise being displayed, but also giving a more flattering appearance to customers and sales people.

This new lighting tool can mean dollars and cents to all sellers of goods to whom attractive appearance of merchandise means more sales.

For full details on this new Super Deluxe fluorescent lamp, write for Booklet Fl-532, Sylvania Electric Products Inc., Dept. 4L-5312, 1100 Main St., Buffalo 9, N. Y.

LIGHTING FOR **COLOR** IS LIGHTING FOR **SALES!**



SYLVANIA

In Canada: Sylvania Electric (Canada) Ltd., University Tower Bldg., St. Catherine Street, Montreal, P. Q.

Lighting · Radio · Electronics · Television

a longtime Negro servant was turned over to Jones; the carpenter (now a Baton Rouge contractor) who turned the sheep pen into Jones's first schoolroom. At the program's end, Edwards explained that the school was crippled by its lack of an endowment and asked his viewers to mail $1 each to Educator Jones at Piney Woods, Miss. At week's end, nearly $150,000 had poured into Piney Woods; and a Texas firm had wired that it was sending free playground equipment.

On ABC, the *Kraft TV Theater* production of *Time of the Drought* violated a long-standing taboo by cheerfully portraying a village freethinker who was at his happiest mocking the beliefs of his neighbors and making life miserable for the new minister. What was more impressive, he stayed consistent throughout and was even given the play's last, defiant line. Ed Begley was brilliant as the cranky iconoclast who stuck to his principles in the face of overwhelming Christian charity and forgiveness on the part of his fellow men, while Joe Maross made a believable young preacher who was both uncertain of and delighted by the results of prayer. The show was wittily produced and directed by George Roy Hill, an ex-pilot who wrote one of the best TV plays of 1953, *My Brother's Keeper* (TIME, March 16, 1953).

At week's end the TV Christmas season got off to a superb start with NBC's color spectacular, *Babes in Toyland*. Comedian Jack E. Leonard finally hit his TV stride as a bumbling villain; there was Wally Cox, Dave Garroway, a brace of excellent clowns and a fine magician, and the TV children as well as Dennis Day were pleasantly inoffensive. With all their help, Victor Herbert's tuneful old musical was translated into one of Max Liebman's best TV shows.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Dec. 22. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Shower of Stars (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *A Christmas Carol,* with Fredric March, Basil Rathbone.

Many Moons (Sat. 6 p.m., ABC). A James Thurber fantasy by Puppeteer Burr (*Kukla, Fran & Ollie*) Tillstrom.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Donald O'Connor sings Christmas carols.

General Electric Theater (Sun. 9 p.m,. CBS). Barry Fitzgerald in *The White Steed.*

RADIO

Fantasy for Christmas (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). A 100-voice choir.

Midnight Mass (Fri. midnight, NBC). From Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Barber of Seville,* with Merrill, Peters, Siepi.

Man's Right to Knowledge (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Robert Oppenheimer speaks on "Prospects in the Arts and Sciences."

MEDICINE

Bosom Foe

A usually mild-mannered, publicity-shunning gynecologist stepped out of character last week and lashed out at the modern U.S. preoccupation with the female bust. Anthropologists and sociologists have already tackled this question as it concerns the male. But Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffler, who teaches at the University of Oregon and practices in Portland, told a Chicago congress on gynecology and obstetrics that it has grave medical effects on the female:

"Anomalies of the breast in childhood . . . call for more attention from the physician in the present age because of accelerated trends contingent upon the Hollywood influences and the insane emphasis by modern advertising and the press upon this semi-respectable sex appendage. The array of bosoms now available to the naked eye is simply appalling, and it has its results early and late.



Simon & Schuster, Inc.
"They're *amazing!*"

"Only last week I was asked to see a girl of ten, scarcely into adolescence, who was wearing miniature falsies and was already the subject of a bosom inferiority complex . . . As physicians we must under no circumstances disregard the psychic—I might even say the psychotic—influence of such matters upon our youngsters. It can be exceedingly serious. Recently in my own practice I had one attempted suicide and several rather serious and total derangements contingent upon real or fancied breast irregularities."

Test-Tube Test Case

There are at least 10,000 test-tube children in the U.S. (some doctors estimate as many as 40,000). They have been born in the last 25 years as the result of artificial insemination, with the doctor using semen supplied by a carefully chosen anonymous donor. Their legitimacy has always been a matter for speculation. A Canadian court has ruled donor babies illegitimate, but in the U.S. the question had remained moot. Last week a tangled divorce and custody case projected it into the headlines.

In Chicago Superior Court Mary Doornbos, 36, demanded full custody of her son David, 5, on the ground that he was not her husband's child but the product of artificial insemination, to which her husband, Machinist George Doornbos, 48, had consented. Further, she asked the court to approve artificial insemination.

Judge Gibson E. Gorman, a law graduate of Chicago's Loyola University, gave Mary Doornbos the custody of her son, but otherwise ruled flatly against her. Artificial donor insemination, he held, is adultery and is contrary to public policy, and the offspring is illegitimate. (He raised no objection to artificial insemination using the husband's semen). Fertility doctors felt that the ruling puts them on the spot. Most of them (except Roman Catholics) have felt that donor insemination was ethically permissible if both husband and wife signed a written request for it. But because they were in a legal no man's land, doctors talked little about their work; many have taken the added precaution of mixing the husband's subfertile semen with the donor's, so that nobody could ever be sure that the husband was not in fact the father.

Said Northwestern University's Dr. Irving F. Stein Sr.: "It's a very unfair ruling. We were shocked to be told that we were doing something immoral. More and more people are asking to have babies this way every day."

Some lawyers questioned whether Judge Gorman's dictum could have any widespread practical effect on the legitimacy of test-tube babies. When a husband accepts and represents a child as his own, its legitimacy is established to the satisfaction of most jurisdictions.

Cancer & Horror

In full color, the screen showed the scalpel slicing through the patient's skin and muscle. Below the ribs was a blackish, slimy-looking blob—a cancerous lung. After a few preliminary steps, the surgeon cut it out. This was the climax of a horror movie sponsored by the American Temperance Society, affiliated with the tobacco-fighting Seventh-Day Adventists. Purpose of the movie, available to churches and civic groups: to dramatize the link between cigarette smoking and lung cancer. Star of the film: New Orleans' famed Surgeon and Anti-Tobacco Crusader Alton Ochsner (appearing anonymously).

Viewers so far have been shaken. During the filming the lead players, the producer and cameramen gave up smoking. But professional cancer fighters, who favor frankness about cancer, but not horror, are worried that the film may do more harm than good, by frightening people away from hospitals.

THE FIRST AND ONLY TUBELESS TIRE WITH *Life Protector* SAFETY

THE PROVED ALL-NYLON Firestone SUPREME

Proved by hundreds of thousands of motorists in millions of miles of service as the world's safest tubeless tire.

This patented Life Protector is a built-in safety feature . . . an integral part of every Firestone Supreme Tire.

Four-Way Protection Against Blowouts

1 "Life Protector" Diaphragm Has Patented Safety Valve

Any tire will blow out if it is suddenly ripped open by a sharp object. In such a case, the Firestone Supreme "Life Protector" Diaphragm, an emergency two-ply inner tire, has a patented Safety Valve which closes instantly, retaining a large volume of air inside the tire and enabling you to come to a safe, straight-line stop, even from high speeds.

2 Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped* Nylon Cord Body

This feature, plus the Safety Liner and tubeless construction provide utmost resistance to damage which would cause a conventional tire to blow out. If such damage should occur, the air leaks out slowly, giving you plenty of time to stop your car safely without loss of control.

3 Puncture Safe

If a nail or other sharp object should penetrate the tire, the layer of rubber inside the tire clings to the object and seals the puncture against loss of air, whether the puncturing object stays in the tire or comes right out.

4 Longer Mileage

Extra tough, extra thick tread not only gives you much longer mileage and utmost protection against skidding, but also helps prevent punctures and blowouts by preventing penetration of sharp objects.



The Firestone Supreme is the only tire on the market which gives you "Life Protector" safety. Protect your life and the lives of all who ride with you by equipping your car with a set of Firestone Supreme tires NOW. Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store will buy the unused mileage in your present tires and you can buy on convenient budget terms, if you desire.

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ANOTHER PROOF THAT YOUR SAFETY IS OUR BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio and television every Monday evening over ABC

Copyright 1954, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

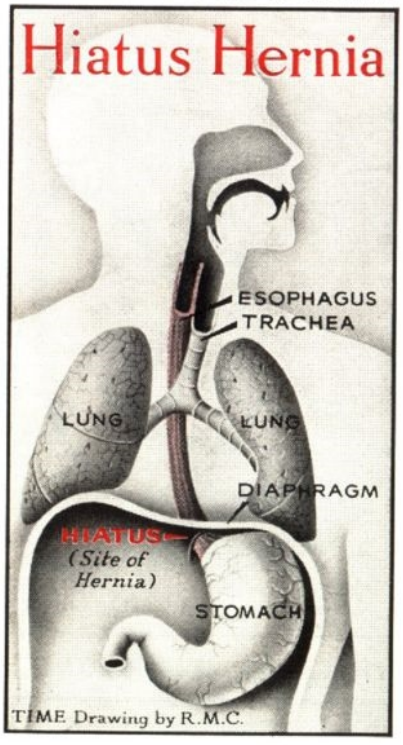
X-raying the Pope

The Pontiff had taken no breakfast when, at 8 a.m., he stepped into a little, white-walled room in his Vatican apartment. Flanking an X-ray table set up for the occasion were four doctors. As the ailing Pope raised his hand in blessing, all knelt for a short prayer. Then, at last, the doctors were able to begin a task that should have been done months, if not years ago: a thorough X ray of their patient's intestinal tract. (Many times during his recurrent illness the Pope could not have stood the process, but some Vaticaners feel that there were plenty of opportunities between the crises when X rays could have been taken.)

The Pope's housekeeper, Sister Pasqualina, handed him a "barium breakfast"—a glass of gritty, ill-tasting barium sulfate which he swallowed slowly with unconcealed dislike. The Pope remained standing as the barium salt (opaque to X rays) moved down his gullet, and the doctors made exposures to show its entrance into his recently inflamed stomach. Then the Pope lay down on the table and the X-ray camera shot more pictures showing the barium's slow course through the stomach and into the upper intestinal tract.

All this took 70 minutes and proved exhausting to the Pope. He was glad to get back to bed while doctors waited for technicians to develop the X rays. The pictures finally made clear, after months of guessing and rumors, just what was the matter with the Pope.

One of the first exposures showed what the doctors had been looking for. At the hiatus, where the esophagus (gullet) passes through the muscular diaphragm from the chest cavity into the abdominal cavity (*see diagram*), the muscle was weak and part of the upper stomach had herniated or bulged through it. How the hernia started, they could not tell (it might have been there in milder form since birth), but there was no doubt that it was the cause of much of the Pope's recent gastritis, hiccuping and vomiting. The hernia held food like a pouch, instead of letting it pass straight into the main part of the stomach. Acid and digesting food in the pouch irritated the esophagus and diaphragm, causing hiccups and vomiting.



To be doubly sure, the doctors insisted on more X rays late in the afternoon, when the barium had traveled to the lower intestine. But they found nothing more—certainly no sign of the malignancy they had feared. Then the question was what to do about the hernia. Operate soon to remove the hernia, advised the Pope's new doctors, Gastroenterologist Antonio Gasbarrini and Surgeon Raffaele Paolucci di Valmaggiore. No, said Chief Papal Physician Riccardo Galeazzi-Lisi, the Pope is too old (nearing 79) and not strong enough, and he would be too upset by the inability to carry on his duties. That was also the view of Switzerland's unorthodox Dr. Paul Niehans (TIME, Sept. 13). So the doctors decided to continue doing all that they could to cut down the acidity of the Pope's stomach, and increase his feedings to build up his strength. By week's end they had him out of bed for a ten-minute walk in the garden, on the chance that exercise would make the protruding piece of stomach snap back through the diaphragm and into place. Unscientific as it sounds, many doctors agree that it would be the best treatment for the Pope, since it would not drain his feeble strength.

Capsules

¶ The best treatment for a faint is to do nothing, but leave the victim lying flat, advised Dr. Alfred Soffer in *Today's Health*. A faint, he explained, is a cure in itself—nature's way of boosting circulation to the heart and brain when blood is being drained to other parts of the body in a complex reaction to fright, shame, drugs or pain.

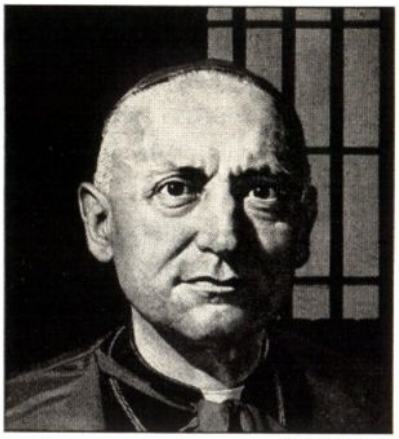
¶ The cherry-like fruit of the acerola (*Malpighia punicifolia*), a common tree in Puerto Rico, is an enormously rich source of vitamin C, the A.M.A. reported. The juice assays up to 80 times as high as orange juice. Puerto Ricans are encouraged to plant the fast-growing acerola in their backyards, and exports of the juice are expected to help revitaminize the island's economy.

¶ Stanley Wisniewski, 24, an X-ray technician at Chicago's Lutheran Deaconess Hospital, slumped to the darkroom floor with a heart attack. Stimulants and artificial respiration failed: his heart had stopped. A passing surgeon whipped out a pocket knife, sliced open Wisniewski's chest (while he still lay on the floor) and massaged the heart with his bare hand. After 2¼ hours, and more conventional treatment as equipment was rounded up, Wisniewski's heart resumed its beat. This week he was doing well.

RELIGION

Rumor from Hungary

Nearly six years ago, Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, was sentenced to life imprisonment on charges of treason, espionage and black-market dealings. The world has not forgotten that it took the Reds 24 days to obtain his "confession" or that his own lawyer thanked the prosecution. Last week a report carried out of Hungary by a French businessman said that Mindszenty was free.



Boris Chaliapin

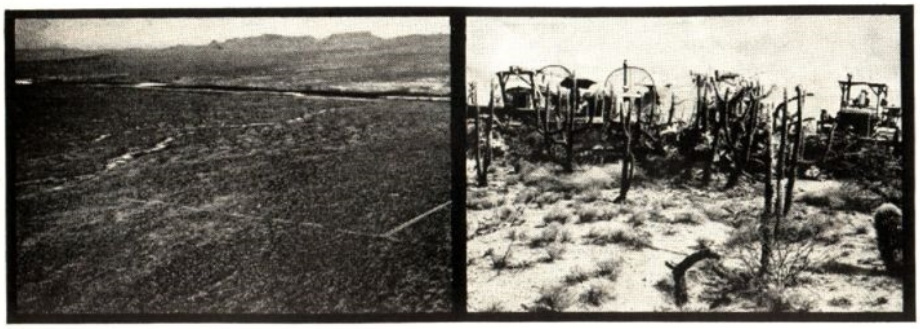
JOSEPH CARDINAL MINDSZENTY
Harder to free than to jail.

By week's end, the report was still unconfirmed, but rumors furnished some details. The Reds were uneasy as Mindszenty's jailers. They moved him from prison to prison, maintaining a dummy "Mindszenty cell" in each of Hungary's five principal jails to keep his whereabouts secret. His mother, now 82, was allowed to visit him about ten times to bring him food. The jailed cardinal furnished a rallying cause for anti-Communist agitation and sabotage in Hungary. Finally the Reds decided it would be better to release him.

Freeing Mindszenty may prove harder than jailing him in the first place. Reportedly, Mindszenty long and stubbornly resisted two conditions which the Communists demanded as the price of his freedom: 1) his resignation as primate; 2) his submission to internment in the village where he was born. Whether the 62-year-old cardinal accepted the terms remained to be seen. A Vatican representative was still not sure at week's end whether Mindszenty was really free but said that "the news may well be true."

$2,200 Protest

No church is eligible for property-tax exemption under California's controversial Levering law unless its board signs a special oath of loyalty to the Government. Last week the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley, Calif. announced that it would pay taxes (more than $2,200 a year) rather than sign and condone what is regarded as a violation of church-state separation.



This was *an open stretch of Southern Arizona desert last year. The cholla cactus was so thick that even the desert creatures could hardly see the sunshine for which Arizona is noted.*

Why did they dig up the cactus?



Now it is *the town of San Manuel, Southeast of Phoenix and Northeast of Tucson (both of which are, themselves, booming in an industrial way). It is an entire copper town—smelter, residential sections, shopping centers and all.*



Arizona is famous for Copper, Cotton, Cattle, Citrus Fruits and Vegetables. It is also noted for its SUNSHINE and resorts. But because good climate is good for workers as well as vacationists, industry is booming in the Copper State, too—just as it is throughout the area served by Southern Pacific.

The dollar value of copper produced in Arizona during 1953 was 239.5% of what it was in 1946, or more than double. This big jump in Arizona's mining output is typical of the whole Golden Empire's growth.

For instance: Per capita income is up 42% in the Golden Empire since the War—and population is increasing *three times as fast* as it is in the rest of the U.S.

And an average of *one new industry a day* (large enough to require spur track facilities) has located along Southern Pacific lines for the past 25 years.

In short, GROWTH is the word for the Golden Empire. And to keep ahead of the increasing transportation needs of the territory we serve, Southern Pacific has invested more than $717,000,000 in new equipment and facilities since World War II—to give the Golden Empire the finest in modern and efficient freight and passenger service.

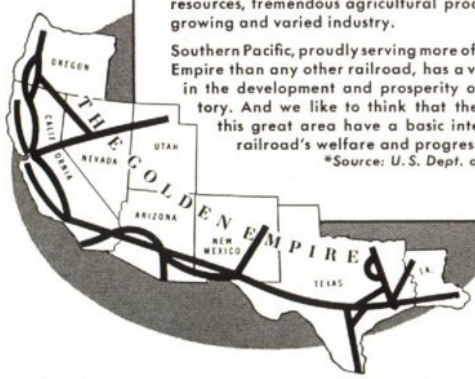
If you're thinking about expanding in our territory, why not take advantage of Southern Pacific's confidential industrial service? Just write W. G. Peoples, Vice-President, System Freight Traffic, 65 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

THE EIGHT STATES OF THE *Golden Empire...*

are the fastest growing section of the United States today. They already have 27,541,000* people in 2,062* cities and towns, spread over 1,002,567* square miles. They have practically limitless natural resources, tremendous agricultural production and growing and varied industry.

Southern Pacific, proudly serving more of the Golden Empire than any other railroad, has a vital interest in the development and prosperity of this territory. And we like to think that the people of this great area have a basic interest in our railroad's welfare and progress.

*Source: U. S. Dept. of Commerce



Southern Pacific

D. J. RUSSELL, PRESIDENT • HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

Is Adultery Forgivable?

Should one infidelity disrupt a marriage? No, says the Archbishop of Canterbury, and last week British newspapers were making shocker headlines out of it.

The papers first picked up the Archbishop's answer in an Anglican pamphlet called *The Church and Marriage*. "It is the law which has made a single act of adultery a ground for divorce, not the church," he said. "The church would wholly approve if the law was no longer content to accept a single act of adultery as a sufficient ground." Other British prelates have gone on record in the same vein lately. Unfaithfulness, said the Archbishop of York, "should never be treated as the one unforgivable sin," and Bishop J.W.C. Wand of London said in a sermon: "It is a pernicious idea that if one partner has been unfaithful, then the home must be destroyed."

Methodist leaders chimed in agreement, but the British press seemed to think otherwise. The idea was "startling" to the *Daily Mail*, which editorialized on its front page: "As Dr. Wand reminds us, forgiveness is a Christian virtue. But so is chastity . . . We are told, in the Seventh Commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' It does not say, 'Thou shall not commit adultery more than once.' Or more than twice . . . Is a single act of infidelity to be applied only to one sudden fall from grace, or also to an infatuation that may go on for weeks and then end forever? . . ."

The sensational *Daily Mirror* polled some of its 4,432,700 readers and found that three out of four husbands and three out of five wives thought a husband's single act of adultery was ground for divorce. When the adultery was committed by a wife, three-fourths of the husbands again voted thumbs down on the marriage, though only a little more than half the wives agreed.

The Trouble with Angels

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them . . . and they were sore afraid . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Luke: 2:9, 13-14

Everybody knows the scene: the startled shepherds on the hillside looking up, awestruck, to a bright cloud in which floats a bevy of willowy women, winged, golden-haired and equipped with elongated trumpets. These, naturally, are angels. Or are they? In the current issue of the Roman Catholic monthly *The Sign*, Benedictine Father Kilian McDonnell vehemently protests against these treacly travesties—the reason, he says, that no one takes angels seriously any more.

Father McDonnell does not object to giving angels human bodies, or even wings. "But we do object to the portrayal of angels as harmless, effeminate creatures bored with a purposeless existence. We object to their portrayal as ethereal glamor queens looking pleasantly ineffectual. Though there are no masculine or feminine angels . . . (there can be distinction of sexes only where there are bodies), yet it is not correct to portray angels as women. God has revealed the angels to us in the masculine: Raphael, Michael, Gabriel. By their nature the angels are next to God. They are powerful beings. The German poet Rilke says, 'Their presence is the first degree of the terrible.'" Furthermore, great artists of the past represented angels as "unmistakably masculine and sometimes even a little muscular . . .

"The devils have fared much better at the hands of the artists than have their heavenly counterparts, the angels. It is seldom that you see a picture of a sickly-looking devil. Never is he feminine . . . Placing the artists' conception of a devil alongside their conception of an angel makes one wonder whether it is at all possible for good to overcome evil."



Bettmann Archive

KAULBACH'S "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL"
Devils are never feminine.

Dedication to Caesar

Youngsters in Germany's East Zone may be confirmed as Christians but, according to a new plan, also are to be confirmed as Communists. The Red government recently announced that boys and girls just graduating from school should undergo "Youth Dedications," at which they will be indoctrinated, converted to atheism and pledged to the service of the state. Last week the Evangelical Church delivered a quick counter-punch. Children participating in such ceremonies, proclaimed a pastoral letter read in East Zone pulpits, will not be eligible for church confirmation: "Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'He that is not with Me is against Me.'"

THE PRESS

Death in Los Angeles

When Clinton D. McKinnon, a successful San Diego publisher and businessman, bought the debt-ridden Los Angeles *Daily News* a year ago, he cheerily admitted that his main objective was to "push the undertaker away from the door." The task was harder than McKinnon realized. In Los Angeles, where five dailies battle for circulation, former Democratic Congressman McKinnon hoped to win readers with the only paper that "reflected the policies of the Democratic Party." But this week the undertaker came in the door.

Unable to pay $90,000 in wages to his 600 employees, McKinnon shut down the 31-year-old *News*. He sold its name and many of its features and circulation lists to Publisher Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* and *Mirror*. The price was only enough for the *News* to pay back wages and back federal taxes. McKinnon had expected to get $500,000 in new money from a group headed by Robert K. Straus, a member of the family that controls R. H. Macy (TIME, Nov. 8). But last week Straus and his group backed out. In Los Angeles, the death of the paper was good news for Chandler's money-losing *Mirror* and Hearst's ailing *Herald & Express*. They are left to battle alone in the city's afternoon field.

Outfoxed?

As publisher and columnist of the Boston *Post*, Financial Juggler and Amateur Journalist John Fox last year predicted a major depression in the U.S. The prediction proved spectacularly wrong for everyone but the *Post*. Since his forecast, his circulation has slumped. A fortnight ago he fired 58 *Post*men for economy. Morale has been further damaged by the fact that many a staffer had invested in Fox's Keta Gas & Oil Corp. In the last year the stock has dropped from 15 to 3½. Even Fox himself shows signs of depression about his first erratic excursion into journalism. Last week he announced he will no longer write his daily financial column (signed "Washington Waters"). But the real depths of his troubles were spread in the record last week at a Federal Communications Commission hearing in Washington.

Fox appeared to argue for a Boston TV license. Competing with him for the license was his bitter newspaper rival, the Boston *Herald-Traveler*. Charged the *Herald-Traveler's* lawyers: "The Post Publishing Co. under Mr. Fox has no credit, its word is useless and its commitments cannot be relied on." The lawyers even suggested that Fox does not own the *Post* because he has not been able to meet the payments on the $4,000,000 he contracted to pay for it two years ago. It was also charged that Fox had an unpaid paper bill with the Great Northern Paper Co. for $800,000, is being sued for $25,000 by a Boston wrecking company, owes three years in back state taxes on the

Post, and had issued checks that bounced.

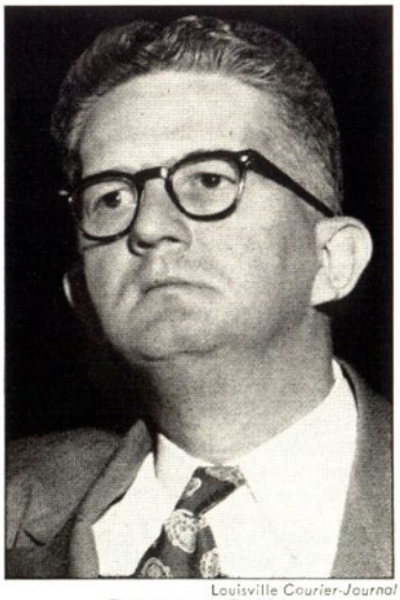
In answer, Fox said that he does own the *Post*, although he is behind in his payments. The Grozier estate, which sold him the paper, can foreclose on him if it wants to, but has started no proceedings to do so. He said he had paid his paper bill. As for his other unpaid bills, Fox explained: "For 25 years I have paid my bills in batches."

Sedition on the Copy Desk

On the news desk of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Carl Braden, 40, was a quiet, efficient copyreader whose work in the office never gave his employers any cause for complaint. But his work outside the office was another matter. Braden, a veteran newsman and former labor reporter for the *Courier-Journal's* afternoon sister, the *Times*, devoted most of his spare time to Communist causes. He gathered signatures for the phony Communist Stockholm "Peace Petition," helped direct strikes for the Red-led Farm Equipment Workers Union, wrote stories that ran in the Communist *Daily Worker*.

Last week Braden's outside interests landed him in jail. In a Louisville criminal court, he was sentenced under Kentucky's sedition law to 15 years in prison and fined $5,000 for "advocating sedition." The case resulted from what the state prosecutor called a "Communist-inspired plot to stir up racial trouble between whites and Negroes."

Shock Treatment. The plot began to unfold last spring when Braden bought a ranch-style house in a quiet, all-white suburban section outside Louisville, then transferred title to Andrew Wade, a Negro electrical contractor. In Louisville, where the hard lines of segregation are disappearing slowly, Braden's Communist-style "shock treatment" brought the expected results. First a flaming cross was burned on a lot adjoining Wade's property, then a volley of shots was fired into the house. Finally a bomb exploded.



Louisville *Courier-Journal*

COPYREADER BRADEN
A shocker in the suburbs.

Before a grand jury investigating the violence, Braden refused to answer any questions about his past political activities. Police who descended on Braden's own house seized more than a hundred Communist pamphlets and books (sample title: "How To Be a Good Communist"). After he was indicted, the *Courier-Journal* did not fire Braden but gave him a "leave of absence" with pay on the "American principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty."

Surprise Witness. While the *Courier-Journal* "deplored" Braden's race-relations tactics, it defended his refusal to answer questions about his political beliefs as "quite correct." Many a reader disagreed. Communism, they pointed out, has long been recognized as a criminal conspiracy, not simply a political belief.

At his trial, Braden denied that he was a Communist. Then last week Alberta Ahearn, 44, a Louisville seamstress who had been an undercover FBI agent, testified that she had not only attended a party-cell meeting in Braden's home, but had paid her party dues to him. With that clinching evidence of Braden's Communist activity and his conviction, the *Courier-Journal* at long last came around to agreeing with its critics, fired Braden.

Softhearted Cynic

Harry McCormick, 56, of the Dallas *Morning News*, is a police reporter who still affects the once-fashionable cynicism of his calling. "I don't want to be anything but a police reporter," says he. "If the thing you're covering can't bleed, you can't write a story about it. Chambers of Commerce and Community Chests don't bleed."

Last week, in Dallas' Athletic Club, some of the city's leading citizens gave a testimonial dinner to show McCormick how wrong he is about himself. Their proof: McCormick's eight-year-long campaign to get better care for children struck by tuberculosis. "Get this straight," explained McCormick defensively. "I ain't no do-gooder. I don't go out to the hospitals and dandle those kids on my knee. But something had to be done about it."

McCormick started doing something after he discovered in his police-beat check on hospitals that tuberculous children under six could not get hospital care anywhere in the state. In anger he pounded out a series of articles that started one of the best-known, singlehanded crusades in Texas newspapering. Since 1946, he has crisscrossed Texas in his MG, buttonholing politicians, speaking before fund-raising rallies, and reporting his progress in the *News*. When a wealthy Texas widow died, McCormick persuaded her executors to use $250,000 of her estate to build a 52-bed hospital for tuberculous children. By last week he had promises from dozens of leading politicians for a $500,000 appropriation by the State legislature for new children's tuberculosis facilities.

McCormick's accomplishments in fund-raising are more than matched by his success at hell-raising crime stories. In more than 30 years as a newsman, he has scored notable beats on everything from an interview with a fugitive who had escaped from the Texas death house to an exclusive last year on an attempt to extort $250,000 from 24 of Dallas' leading Jewish families. Police Reporter McCormick has no intention of slowing down. Says he: "There ain't no such thing as the biggest moment in the newspaper business. The real big one is still around the corner."



Ed Miley

POLICE REPORTER MCCORMICK & ADMIRER
"I ain't no do-gooder."

The Wine of Newsprint

In ten years as France's Ambassador to the U.S., Henri Bonnet has developed a great admiration for the U.S. press. Last week, on the eve of his retirement and return to France, 66-year-old Ambassador Bonnet good-naturedly told members of Washington's National Press Club why.

The U.S. press, as stimulating as "the little glass of white wine," provides a diplomat "with graphic arguments for his conversations at the State Department, based on good, authentic American sources that he does not hesitate to quote categorically—provided, of course, these arguments help support his point of view.

"The press also reveals to the diplomat sometimes hitherto undisclosed plans of the American Government which he naturally thinks, in all friendship, he should have been told about in advance."

Getting along with the U.S. press, Bonnet found, was one of his most important diplomatic objectives: "The greatest skill an ambassador requires is to be able to emerge from a visit at the State Department and reveal something which puts the American press on his side. But this is a very delicate business. Solemn promises of complete discretion have been exchanged only a few minutes before. Propriety demands that they be respected until the evening."

SCIENCE

The Radioactive Dogs

The world's biggest kennel of inbred beagles is "Beagleville," on the campus of the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. It has another distinction: most of its 450 beagles are radioactive. Their job under an Atomic Energy Commission contract is to determine the "burden" of radioactivity that a beagle (or human) body can carry for a lifetime without damage. The dogs are injected with graduated amounts of plutonium, radium, radiothorium or mesothorium. These elements accumulate in the bones and bombard tender cells with damaging alpha particles.

The injected dogs are watched with eagle-eyed care. Their urine and feces are examined with sensitive instruments to determine how fast the radioactive matter is being excreted. Sometimes the cages are airtight, so that the dogs' radioactive breath can be measured too. Radioactive wastes are enclosed in concrete and buried far out on a Utah desert.

The dogs are tenderly bathed once a day in little bathtubs. Then they are dried in an automatic drier that looks like a washing machine. Their blood counts are taken daily, and any signs of distress are noted. If they get radiation sickness, however, no attempt is made to cure them.

Only four of the dogs have died of radiation since Beagleville was founded in 1950. Since the doses are intended to simulate safe or nearly safe exposures, most of the dogs do not get seriously ill. Their blood count is affected at first, but it often recovers. Most survive in reasonably good health—as the doctors hope they will. So far, radioactive dogs have not been used for breeding.

To date, Beagleville has not been attacked by anti-vivisectionists. One reason may be that most of the beagles are healthy and happy. They get good food from a well-equipped dog kitchen, enjoy clean exercise runs heated by steam pipes. A veterinarian and six assistants treat the dogs with antibiotics whenever infection threatens. By the time the man with the needle comes round to give them their radioactive injection, they have much that is pleasant to remember. Says Dr. John Z. Bowers, head of Beagleville: "These pups grow to adulthood under conditions far better than most beagles enjoy. And who can tell how many human lives are saved every time one of them dies?"

Pressure Metals

The structure of the planets, including the earth, can be understood best by studying the behavior of matter under very high pressure. Such is the theory of Astrophysicist William Henderson Ramsey of Britain's University of Manchester. The simplest example is Jupiter, which Ramsey thinks is made largely of hydrogen. Near the surface where pressure is low, the hydrogen is in gaseous form. Deeper down it turns into a nonmetallic solid. It is still too light to account for the density of Jupiter's interior.

When the pressure reaches about 800,000 atmospheres, a strange thing happens to hydrogen. Its molecular structure collapses, and it turns into a metal much heavier than nonmetallic solid hydrogen. No such pressure can be reached in the earth's laboratories, but theoretical studies have proved that metallic hydrogen is a reality. Since the pressure at the center of Jupiter is something like 30 million atmospheres, there is plenty of room for a sphere of metallic hydrogen.

Professor Ramsey believes that Saturn has a similar structure. Uranus and Neptune are mostly ammonia and methane. Recent studies by M.J.M. Bernal and H.S.W. Massey at University College in London have shown that ammonia joins with hydrogen at 250,000 atmospheres to form metallic "ammonium": NH_4. So the interiors of Neptune and Uranus probably contain another metal made out of a gas by pressure.

On the earth, Professor Ramsey believes the same pressure effect comes into play. Since the deep interior of the earth is extremely dense, geologists generally assume that it is made of heavy nickel-iron. Ramsey's theory is that the core is chemically much the same as the crust. Toward the center, the pressure is great enough to crush familiar rocky materials into heavy metals.

Stepped-Up

One of the prizes that has dangled just out of reach of the scientists is a method of amplifying light: *i.e.*, increasing the brilliance of a dim "picture." It can be done in the innards of electron tubes, but only in ways that are unsatisfactory. The ideal is a system that will brighten an optical image—with all its lights and shadows—just as sound is strengthened by a public-address apparatus.

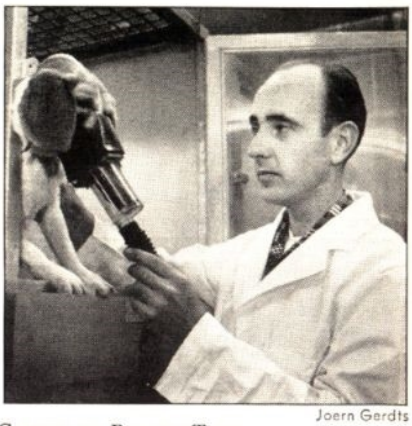
This week Dr. F. E. Williams and D. A. Cusano of General Electric's Research Laboratory demonstrated the first major step toward licking the problem. On a round screen four inches in diameter they projected in ultraviolet light the image of an ordinary photographic slide. It made a yellowish picture (of three G. E. scientists) that was almost too dim to be seen. Then Cusano fed electric current to terminals on the screen. As the voltage gradually increased, the image brightened until it was clearly visible. No contrast or detail of the original was lost. The strength of the light falling on the screen had remained the same; the increase in brightness was due to energy supplied by the electric current.

The trick is done by a zinc sulphide "phosphor" (a substance that glows when light strikes it) sandwiched between two conducting films, one of them transparent. When an electric voltage is applied across the films, the phosphor takes energy from it and uses it to increase by "electroluminescence" the brightness of the light image.

The G.E. scientists warn that the new system is still young, but they suspect that it has great possibilities. One possibility: "picture-on-the-wall" television. A faint image projected by a small TV set would be amplified by electric current supplied to a flat screen. Other possibilities are in photography (taking pictures with very dim light) and in devices for "seeing in the dark."







Joern Gerdts

LIFE AT BEAGLEVILLE: IN DRIER AFTER BATH; GETTING RADIATION CHECK; IN BREATH-TEST
Death is rare and the livin' is easy.

MILESTONES

Married. William Orville Douglas, 56, Fair-Dealing, globe-trotting Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court; and Mrs. Mercedes Hester Davidson, 37, longtime friend, admirer, and researcher for the Justice's last three travel books; both for the second time (her first: onetime Assistant Secretary of the Interior C. Girard Davidson); in Tallulah, La.

Married. Malvin Marr Albright, 57, controversial Chicago sculptor and painter, of richly colored, meticulously detailed still lifes and portrait studies (*Victoria, Girl in Red*), son of aged painter Adam Emory Albright, twin brother of painter Ivan Le Lorraine Albright; and Mrs. Cornelia Fairbanks Ericourt, 42, granddaughter of Charles Warren Fairbanks, vice president of the United States under Theodore Roosevelt (1905-09); he for the first time, she for the third; in Old Saybrook, Conn.

Died. Edwin, David and Geoffrey Grove, young (8,6,4) sons of Edwin W. Grove Jr., patent medicine (Bromo Quinine) heir; in a fire that razed the Grove's Italian-style country home; in Northport, Me., while their mother was in Boston expecting another child.

Died. Frederick C. Miller, 48, president of the Miller Brewing Co. (Miller High Life), director of the Milwaukee Braves and the Green Bay Packers, former spare-time "honorary coach" of the Notre Dame football team; and Frederick C. Miller Jr., 20, Notre Dame student; in a private-plane crash; at Milwaukee's General Mitchell Field. An All-America tackle and team captain at Notre Dame under Knute Rockne and a sportsman ever since, Miller took over the family brewery in 1947, with shrewd advertising (for year-round, quality trade) and an expanded plant and distribution network nearly quadrupled annual sales in six years, putting Miller among the top ten U.S. beer producers.

Died. Lee Morse, 50, blues-singing star of early radio, vocalist for the Blue Grass Boys in the 1920s and '30s, song writer (*Shadows on the Wall*), sister of Glenn Taylor, former left-wing Democratic U.S. Senator from Idaho; in Rochester, N.Y.

Died. Claude Ernest Hooper, 56, one of the best known (with George Gallup and Elmo Roper) of U.S. public pulsetakers, originator (in 1934) of the Hooper ratings for radio and television, one of the most respected audience barometers in the business; in a boating accident; on Utah's Great Salt Lake.

Died. Vice Admiral Thomas L. Gatch, 63, victorious wartime skipper of the battleship *South Dakota* at the battles of Santa Cruz and Guadalcanal in late 1942, postwar Judge Advocate General of the Navy; of a heart ailment; in San Diego. With a green crew, Gatch's ship downed 26 Japanese planes at Santa Cruz, helped turn back a Japanese task force off Savo Island, contributed importantly to the collapse, due to lack of supplies and reinforcements, of the Japanese drive on Guadalcanal's Henderson Field.

Died. Raymond Stallings McLain, 64, first National Guard officer (Oklahoma) to achieve the rank of lieutenant general in the Regular Army, wartime commander of the XIX Corps in the Battle of the Bulge and in the drive across the Elbe, postwar comptroller of the Army and member of the National Security Training Commission, board chairman of Oklahoma City's American First Trust and Title Co.; of leukemia; in Washington.

Died. Robert Woodward Hathaway, 67, American-born Seigneur of Sark, 2-sq.-mile, semifeudal English Channel island; of thrombosis; in Sark. Hathaway acquired his title when he married the Dame de Sark, Mrs. Sibyl Collings Beaumont, in 1929, worked with her to keep the island and its 542 inhabitants just as they had been when Sark was created as a seigneury by Queen Elizabeth in 1565. They perpetuated the island's ban on automobiles, female dogs and homing pigeons, discouraged movies and newspapers, levied tithes of grain, sheep and wool.

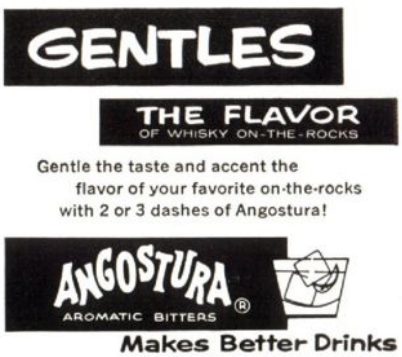
Died. Oscar ("Papa") Celestin, seventyish, oldtime hot trumpeter of New Orleans jazz, best loved in his home town of all the great Negro jazz musicians; of cancer; in New Orleans. At Papa's funeral, more than a thousand friends and admirers turned out while two bands of fellow jazzmen played dirges in the two-mile procession to the church.

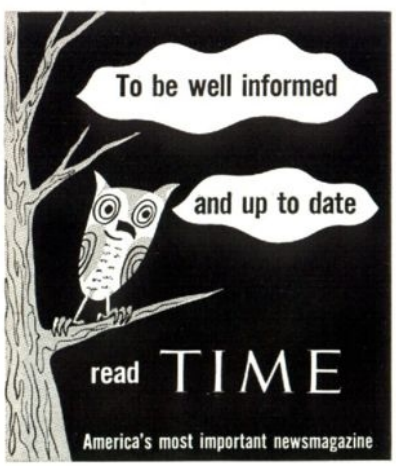
Died. Arthur Garfield Hays, 73, corporation lawyer and lifelong defender of civil liberties; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Byron Schermerhorn Harvey, 78, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Fred Harvey, Inc., mid-and-far-western restaurant and hotel chain; of an intestinal blockage; in Chicago. Born the year his father opened the first Harvey restaurant at the Santa Fe Railroad station in Topeka, Kans., Byron Harvey grew up with the chain, watched it flourish as his father staffed it with the best-looking waitresses he could find. He succeeded to the presidency himself in 1928, in 26 years tripled the volume of business, served 30 million meals a year in Harvey restaurants, hotels and shops.

Died. Eugene du Pont, 81, a director of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and great-grandson of its founder, father of Ethel du Pont Warren, onetime wife of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.; after long illness; in Wilmington, Del.







STATE OF BUSINESS

Comeback for Steel

The big bull market, which showed signs of faltering early last week, bounded back at week's end, and pushed the Dow-Jones industrial average up to another alltime high of 394.94, a solid 4.86 points above the week before. Among the leaders were Douglas Aircraft, up 5⅛ one day, and 9 the next, to 113; Houston Oil and Mid-Continent Petroleum each rose more than 7 points. The market was also given a big boost as steel production climbed to 82.1% of capacity, a 1954 peak. Bethlehem went up 9⅜ points for the week, to 104⅜; U.S. Steel rose 2½, to 70¾.

One reason for the boost in steelmaking was heavy orders from the automakers. The nationwide rush to buy new cars was the biggest in years. General Motors' sales for the first ten days of December were higher than any other ten-day sales in the company's history. To keep up with its customers' demands, Ford set a new production record of 6,058 cars a day, and Chrysler Corp. has already received some 450,000 orders. For all automakers the week's production hit 172,249, highest figure in 19 months.

RAILROADS

Report on the New Haven

After running the New York, New Haven and Hartford R.R. Co. for eight months, Patrick B. ("Pat") McGinnis decided last week to find out how the road's commuters feel about the service. Questionnaires will soon be sent to most of the 34,500 commuters who travel from Connecticut and Westchester County (N.Y.) to New York, making it one of the biggest commuting railroads.

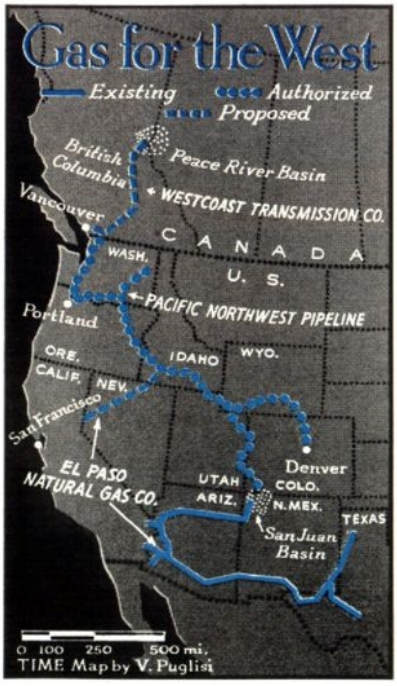
There was little doubt that Pat McGinnis would receive many complaints; his practices had not lived up to many of his promises during the proxy fight last spring with Boston's Frederic C. ("Buck") Dumaine. McGinnis had promised more express trains, longer loading platforms, bigger parking lots for commuters along the road. So far, the only noticeable improvements were two enlarged parking lots.

Despite a continuing, loud rumble of complaint, many commuters, including Fairfield County Commuters Association President Thomas Early, were willing to give McGinnis credit for at least holding the line. He had withdrawn a 25-30% fare increase submitted by Dumaine to the Interstate Commerce Commission on the ground that it could cause more commuters to drive to New York. He had rescinded a Dumaine order to cut 46 trains off the entire system. He was also trying to boost revenues by encouraging drivers to climb aboard the New Haven; crews were stationed at parkways into New York to check on car-driving commuters, and McGinnis plans to rearrange train schedules in hopes of attracting some 3,000. Also, he has lured suburban housewives to New York with half-price fares on a weekly Ladies' Day (Wednesday).

On the financial side, McGinnis reported November earnings of about $1,000,000 *v.* $425,559 in the same month last year. He has cleaned up $4 of arrears on the preferred stock and, in the first quarter of 1955, hopes to pay off $5 due this year. He is also "very hopeful" of announcing a 5% stock dividend in the spring, and another 5% in the autumn.

Whether McGinnis' showing was good or bad, it looked as though he was firmly in the saddle. Dumaine was showing little appetite for renewing the proxy fight. Recently, said McGinnis, Dumaine and his associates have unloaded some 146,000 shares of New Haven (leaving 150,000), thus reducing his chances of a comeback.

McGinnis last week nominated a new slate of directors, including the eleven already on his side, and ten more to supplant the remaining Dumaine men. Said he: "I told Buck I'd offer him five directors if he'd agree that my offer would be effective only if he still held stock next April. Hearing no counter-offer, I simply proceeded."



UTILITIES

The Big Poker Game

Even after Canadian Oilman Frank McMahon lost out in his fight to pipe natural gas from the vast Peace River Basin* of Alberta and British Columbia into the U.S. Northwest (TIME, June 28), he refused to concede defeat. Although the Federal Power Commission awarded the franchise to rival Ray Fish's Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corp. (*see map*), nature had spotted McMahon's untapped gas supplies some 400 miles closer to Seattle than the San Juan Basin along the Colorado-New Mexico border, from which Fish planned to get his gas.



Charles Rotkin—FORTUNE

CANADA'S MCMAHON
The pipeline's tail wagged too.

A chance-taking* ex-driller, McMahon climbed into his private plane (in which he flies 200,000 miles yearly), set out on a tour of U.S. gas capitals to persuade Fish and his associates to let Canada into the deal. Since pipeliners and oilmen continually drift around the North American continent in their private planes, the negotiations drifted, like some gigantic floating poker game, between Houston, Washington, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Finally the oilmen came to terms, and last week the private planes converged on Tulsa (it happened to be the most central spot that day) to sign a $400 million contract, probably the biggest gas deal in history. The terms:

¶ Fish's Pacific Northwest will go ahead early next year with its FPC-approved plan to build a 1,466-mile, $168 million pipeline from the San Juan Basin to Bellingham, Wash., start pumping gas through the line by the summer of 1956. Pacific Northwest will also extend the pipeline 20 miles to the Canadian border, build a major transfer station at Mt. Home, Idaho.

¶ McMahon's Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd. will build a 670-mile, $120 million pipeline from the Peace River Basin to the U.S. border, sell Pacific 300 million

* Proven reserves: 5 trillion cu. ft., enough to blanket all of Texas with a 6-in. layer of gas.

* His first gamble on Broadway was a 17% investment in *Pajama Game*. To date, his $34,000 has been returned several times over; his shares may be worth upwards of $100,000 more.

cu. ft. of gas a day at 22¢ per thousand cu. ft., pipe an additional 50 million cu. ft. a day to Vancouver.

¶ El Paso Natural Gas Co. will build a 370-mile, $35 million pipeline from Pacific Northwest's Mt. Home terminal to the California-Nevada border, there sell California's big power companies 250 million cu. ft. a day.

End of the Line. To swing the deal, McMahon was aided by some potent allies. El Paso Natural Gas wanted Canadian gas brought in to prolong the life of the San Juan Basin. Californians, whose daily gas consumption (1,400,000,000 cu. ft.) is growing 11% yearly, were worried that 2,800,000 new gas customers in the Northwestern U.S. would exhaust San Juan, thus shut off California's major source. Phillips Petroleum Co., which has big gas reserves in San Juan, also has gasfields in Peace River that it wants to open.

In addition, Fish heard from his future customers. Portland Gas & Coke Co. President Charles Gueffroy flatly refused to sign a contract for San Juan gas until he knew the price. Complained Gueffroy: "We are on the expensive tail end of the pipeline."

Nobody Loses. It was a deal that seemed to make everybody happy. The $40 million yearly gross that Pacific Northwest originally expected will go up $20 million. The U.S. Northwest could be assured of 219 million cu. ft. of gas a day, *v.* the 169 million cu. ft. Fish could guarantee from San Juan. California and Denver will get more gas. For Canadians it meant the opening of the biggest and closest market for their gas, new prospecting, a 25% rate cut in Vancouver.

The new gas pact has not been formally approved by FPC, which originally rejected Canadian gas on the ground that no area of the U.S. should be dependent solely on foreign supplies. At the same time FPC left the door wide open for Canada to supplement U.S. supplies. Thus oilmen thought FPC would now be glad to put its blessing on the import of Canadian gas.

TIME CLOCK

DEALER RESTRICTIONS, by which companies prevent distributors from unloading surplus stocks outside their geographic areas, are in for a rough time from the Justice Department. Government lawyers have filed an antitrust suit against Philco for a clause in its contracts that gives the parent company the right to buy up (at cost) and sell back to the distributor any product that he sells outside his area or to an unauthorized dealer. Justice's charge: the clause eliminates competition, boycotts nonfranchised stores.

BANK MERGER between Boston's Second National Bank and the State Street Trust Co. will result in New England's largest state-chartered bank, with assets and deposits of $700 million.

HOME REPAIRS cost U.S. householders a whopping $3 billion for the first five months of 1954, reports the Census Bureau. It figures that 18 million U.S. homeowners, 70% of all who own homes, spent a median $61 in fix-up money. Of the total, half were do-it-yourself fans; the rest gave the work to professionals.

BELGIAN BONDS will go on sale in the U.S. market soon for the first time in 20 years. Belgium, which needs $50 million to improve the Port of Antwerp and inland waterways, will float a $30 million issue through New York's Morgan Stanley & Co. and Smith, Barney & Co., has got the rest in a loan from the World Bank.

LABOR PEACE seems assured for 1955 in California's vital aircraft industry. North American, Douglas and Northrop (Lockheed is still negotiating) have agreed on new contracts with their 80,000 workers, boosting the pay scales by as much as 8¢ an hour.

HOTELMAN CONRAD HILTON, who now has four hotels abuilding outside the U.S. (in Havana, Mexico City, Acapulco and Istanbul), will soon start work on a fifth in Rome. Hilton has just formed a joint company with his Italian backers, will put up a 400-room luxury hotel, with a shopping center, swimming pools, tennis courts and gardens, in the northwestern part of the city. Estimated cost: about $7,000,000.

FORD, which now ranks fifth among the eight big farm-machinery producers, will make a strong bid to become No. 1 by adding more dealers, plant space and products, and by boosting its advertising budget. For 1955, Ford will introduce its first complete line of tractors in 37 years, hopes to jump its share of the farm-machinery market from 19% to 24% within five years.

FIRST NONSTOP DC-6B aircoach flights between Los Angeles and New York were started last week by North American Airlines, biggest (1953 revenue: $10 million) nonscheduled passenger carrier. North American (no kin to American Airlines or North American Aviation, Inc.) has bought two 307-m.p.h. Douglas DC-6Bs, will use them to replace older DC-4s in daily service. Round-trip fare: $160 *v.* $198 for scheduled (American, United, T.W.A.) aircoach service to the West Coast.

MEAT PRODUCTION in 1955 will break another record, topping 1954's 25.5 billion lbs. by 500,000 lbs. Cattle, veal and lamb will all match this year's supply, predicts the American Meat Institute, while pork may jump as much as 5%.

POWER PROJECT on the St. Lawrence, part of a joint U.S.-Canadian plan to develop the seaway, will be financed by one of the biggest bond issues ever. The U.S. share alone, which will go on public sale this week, will come to $330 million. The Aluminum Co. of America has already agreed to buy about one-third of the U.S. output for its upstate New York plants.

GOVERNMENT

End of a Monopoly

The U.S., which got into the synthetic-rubber business during World War II because of the natural-rubber shortages, started to get out last week. Of the 27 Government-owned synthetic rubber plants (cost: $500 million; book value: $160 million), the six biggest, heart of the Government's monopoly, were sold; contracts were ready for signing for 20 other plants. (Only one small copolymer plant, at Institute, W. Va., was not bid on.) The first buyers:

¶ Goodrich-Gulf Chemicals, Inc. and Texas-U. S. Chemical Co., which jointly bought the big (197,000 tons yearly) plant at Port Neches, Texas. Each company also bought a smaller polymer plant at Port Neches. (Cost of the three plants: $94,347,000; book value: $28,999,000.)

¶ Shell Chemical Corp., which bought three Los Angeles plants. (Cost: $51,234,000; book value: $16,019,000.)

The selling job was handled for the Government by Holman D. Pettibone, 65, retired board chairman of the Chicago Title and Trust Co., Leslie R. Rounds, retired vice president of New York's Federal Reserve Bank, and Everett R. Cook, a Memphis cotton merchant. The board first called for bids, then negotiated with the top bidders in an attempt to get a higher price. After seven months of bargaining, the board succeeded in raising original bids "substantially." Exactly how much the Government is getting for its synthetic-rubber plants will not be known until January, when the board reports to Congress, which must finally approve the sales.

Buy Foreign

President Eisenhower last week made it easier for businessmen abroad to compete with U.S. industrialists for contracts with the Government. By executive order, the President changed the way the Government will interpret the Buy American Act.

Formerly, Government agencies were virtually required to grant a contract to a U.S. bidder if his bid was no more than 25% above that of a foreign bidder. Although the Administration has already lowered this percentage informally, on occasion (TIME, Nov. 29), the new regulations officially set a new differential of less than 10%. Under the new order, a domestic bid can be thrown out in favor of a foreign company if 1) the domestic bid is more than 106% of the foreign delivered price (including tariff, freight in the U.S., etc.), or 2) exceeds the

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Bonds. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

$30,000,000

Kingdom of Belgium

External Loan Bonds

$5,000,000 Three Year 3⅜% Bonds due December 1, 1957
$5,000,000 Four Year 3½% Bonds due December 1, 1958
$5,000,000 Five Year 3⅝% Bonds due December 1, 1959
$15,000,000 Ten Year Sinking Fund 4% Bonds due December 1, 1964

Bonds dated December 1, 1954 *Interest payable June 1 and December 1 in New York City*

PRICES

Three Year, Four Year and Five Year Bonds 100% and Accrued Interest
Ten Year Sinking Fund Bonds 99½% and Accrued Interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Bonds in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

MORGAN STANLEY & CO. *SMITH, BARNEY & CO.*
THE FIRST BOSTON CORPORATION *KUHN, LOEB & CO.* *WHITE, WELD & CO.*
BLYTH & CO., INC. *THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION*
GOLDMAN, SACHS & CO. *HARRIMAN RIPLEY & CO. Incorporated* *KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.*
LAZARD FRERES & CO. *MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE*
SALOMON BROS. & HUTZLER *STONE & WEBSTER SECURITIES CORPORATION*
UNION SECURITIES CORPORATION

December 15, 1954.

RELIEF IN
COLDS



FEEL BETTER
WHILE YOU'RE
GETTING BETTER
use the **Alka-Seltzer**®
BRAND
cold comfort treatment

A ALKA-SELTZER for the ache-all-over feverish feeling.
B Be careful. Beware of drafts, get more rest.
C Comfort the irritated throat by gargling with ALKA-SELTZER.



MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Ind.

DISCOVER *The* DRAKE OF PHILADELPHIA
30 STORIES OF HOSPITALITY!
New Drake Ballroom and other rooms recently decorated by Dorothy Draper.

free booklet
for *all* business executives: "How 60 second cameras can help you in your business." Write Polaroid Corp., Dept. PH-1, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Mothersills
The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY 53 AT DRUGGISTS
THE WORLD OVER

today—a Woman's place is in the know



AND TIME HELPS THEM KNOW THE NEWS

delivered-price foreign bid, plus 10% of the price before U.S. tariffs, freight, etc. are added. The effect of the 10% formula will be to give higher tariff products a better break.

To this new freer-trade policy President Eisenhower made one notable exception. All percentage rules can be disregarded if the U.S. supplier with the lowest bid can show that the contract would bring more jobs to an officially certified area of unemployment.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Low-Watt Cooler. To reduce the load on the electrical system of a house, General Electric announced a half-horsepower, low-wattage air conditioner that uses less current than a toaster or flatiron. Price: about $200.

Dream Rug. For small fry afraid to go to sleep in the dark, Manhattan's Firth Carpet Co. has designed a phosphorescent nursery rug (4 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft.) that absorbs daylight and lamplight, glows for hours after the lights go out. Price: about $40.

Automatic Hamburgers. K. M. Jesse, president of the Floating Henryburger System (38 hamburger stands in twelve states), has developed an automatic hamburger cooker. The hamburgers are shaped by hand, then loaded on a conveyor belt that automatically carries them through the cooker, dips them in sauce, turns them out at the rate of 480 an hour. Price: $1,240.

Hearing Glasses. For clients who are vainer about their hearing than their eyesight, Otarion, Inc., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., has designed a hearing aid housed in standard, horn-rimmed glasses. The amplifier fits behind the ear and since no cord or attachment is needed, the glasses can be put on and off like an ordinary pair. Price: $265.

Pool Cleaner. To clean the bottom of a swimming pool without draining it, Poolmaster, Inc., of Burlingame, Calif., has developed a 4½-lb. vacuum cleaner on a 15-ft. handle. The machine uses water pressure from a garden hose to suck the pool dirt into a large detachable orlon bag. Price: $84.95.

Steel Putty. Devcon, a puttylike mixture of powdered steel and plastic which hardens like steel, has been put on sale for home use by Chemical Development Corp., Danvers, Mass. Already used in industry for molds and castings, Devcon can be machined, drilled and threaded when hard, cements together metals and porcelains. Price for a 1-lb. can: $3.

Air Dock. So that passengers will no longer have to cross rain-swept airstrips between airplane and terminal, Whiting Corp. has installed a new, covered loading platform for passengers and luggage at New York International Airport. After the planes land, they are taxied onto trucks on sunken tracks, then towed by an electric winch until flush with the terminal landing and permanent conveyor belt for baggage. Price: about $90,000.

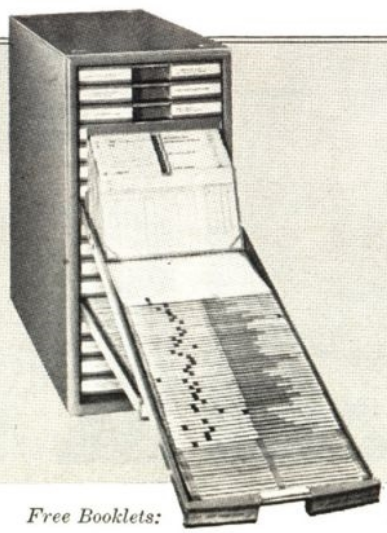
Remington Rand

Mr. Executive: are you concerned with control

- ☐ *Production?*
- ☐ *Personnel?*
- ☐ *Sales?*
- ☐ *Inventory?*

You, too, can profit through the finer yet firmer executive control Kardex Visible gives. Kardex integrates and concentrates related facts for quick reference – it signals major items of information in convenient, bar chart form. You can see... compare... analyze... execute... all in seconds.

Why not apply Kardex Visible Control to your record-keeping problems, whether those listed above or others specific to your business? For any of its cost-saving applications, Kardex provides quick, effective Visible Control, "locked-in" with exclusive Kardlok Forms and Signals. Write Remington Rand Inc., Room 2206, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.





Free Booklets: *Production—X1268; Personnel—CR906; Sales—KD524; Inventory—KD375*

NEW MILLIONAIRES: How to Make a Fortune

ONE persistent bit of modern business folklore is that a man can no longer make a million, that the day of opportunity in the U.S. is past. The best evidence against such a pessimistic view is the number of new millionaires sprouting up from coast to coast every day. On that basis, the U.S. millionaire is more alive in 1954 than he ever was in the golden '20s.

A prime example of the new breed is Los Angeles' Howard F. Ahmanson, 48, who made his fortune in the savings-and-loan business, real estate, oil and fire insurance. Says Millionaire Ahmanson: "When I was a kid of 16, all the greybeards used to say: 'It's too bad, son. There's no opportunity any more for youngsters of your generation.' Well, they were wrong. And today, I've got fifty million bucks to prove it."

The big reason the skeptics are wrong is that they look solely at the statistics on incomes, and the high income-tax rate. During the 1920s, an executive could make $1,000,000 a year in salary and take home $850,000. But now, under taxes that take as much as 87% of such income, he can take home less than $150,000.

FLAW IN THE FIGURES

THE misleading flaw in the figures is that none of the new millionaires count on salaries alone. By whatever energy, invention or imagination they make their big stake, they keep it by taking careful advantage of the capital-gains tax,* under which assets held for six months can be sold as a long-term capital gain and the profit taxed only 25%. A single man who invests his money in an apartment house, for example, then sells it six months later at a $300,000 profit, would have to pay $247,280 to the Federal Government if the profit was taxed as income. By taking his profit as a capital gain, the tax bill drops to $75,000.

Such big rich Texas oilmen as Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson (TIME, May 24) have made their millions by a variation of the capital gain—the depletion allowance. Others have made their millions in a dozen different ways, helped by capital gains. They have built up old companies, formed new ones, invented new products or services and even entire new industries—all with profits (when and if they sell out) subject only to the capital-gains tax. Los Angeles' William Lear, for example, has built his Lear, Inc. into a $50 million company making automatic pilots and other electronic gadgets, has also taken capital gains by selling off inventions.

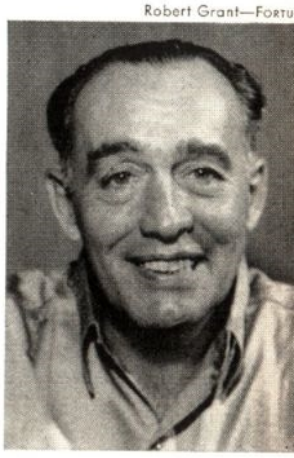
* Which became law in 1921 to get an additional source of U.S. revenue. At first, the rate was 12½%, was later boosted to 25%. As income taxes climbed, the capital-gains tax remained the same (except for a temporary jump to 26%), on the theory that 1) those who risk capital are entitled to a lower rate on profits, 2) high capital-gains taxes would paralyze business by drying up risk capital, and 3) it is unfair to apply annual income-tax rates to profits that it may have taken a lifetime to build up.

Lee Dougherty



BUNKER

Robert Grant—Fortu



PICK

THE ROADS TO RICHES

THE new uranium boom on the Colorado Plateau has spawned another crop of big rich, led by Vernon Pick, who sold his uranium mine to Floyd Odlum's Atlas Corp. for $9,000,000 (75% of which Pick kept under capital gains), and Charles Steen, whose Utex Exploration Co. (90% owned by Steen) has an estimated $150 million worth of uranium underground. Hollywood's high-paid stars, who by tradition blow their wealth on caviar and Cadillacs, have also learned how to join the ranks of the new millionaires. Bing Crosby, for example, was able to buy 20,000 shares in Minute Maid stock for 10¢ a share in return for singing on the company's radio programs (the stock later sold for $15). Since then he has gone on to many other fields, including electronic tape recorders. Such cowboy stars as Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and

Murray Garrett—Graphic House



AHMANSON

Arthur Shay



RUBLOFF

Tommy Weber



EVANS

International



CROSBY

Jay Leviton—Black Star



MOORE

James F. Coyne



SONNABEND

Leo Choplin—FORTUNE



MILNER

Walter Sanders—LIFE



WOLFSON

Hopalong Cassidy have set up their own corporations to license some 300 manufacturers who want to use the actors' names on products. In return the stars get either an equity in the company or straight cash on royalties, which in any event are not taxable as personal income since they go into the star's company, but at the lower corporate rate.

One traditional way to make a million has been to buy an ailing company cheap and put it on its feet. The new way is to buy a prosperous company cheap. Despite the big bull market, the book value of a large number of U.S. companies is greater than what the stock is selling for.

For example, Louis E. Wolfson, who is now waging a proxy war to take over the $999 million Montgomery Ward Co., bought control of Washington's Capital Transit Co. five years ago for $2,100,000. Since then Wolfson has paid out $5,911,200 in dividends from cash in the till. As a result, the stock has soared, bringing Wolfson and his associates a whopping $4,378,320 profit on the stock alone.

Another road to riches has been found by Thomas M. Evans, 44, boss of Pittsburgh's H. K. Porter Co. He paid only 10¢ to 15¢ on the dollar when he bought H. K. Porter in 1937. Porter has since expanded into eleven divisions (wire rope, industrial rubber products, electrical equipment, etc.), as Evans bought up successful small companies, often with sizable cash reserves, then put them to work making more money. Porter stock, which was selling for less than $1 in 1944, last week was selling at $100 a share, as Tom Evans announced a 4-for-1 split. His overall profit on his Porter deals: some $20 million.

SOME OTHER NEW millionaires who have hit the magic mark:

LOS ANGELES' AHMANSON, who started out with $588 from selling insurance and was well on his way to his $50 million fortune by the time he was 30. Ahmanson's big secret is keeping plenty of hard cash on hand to invest in profitable deals. In 1947 Ahmanson plunked down more than $100,000 for the city's Home Savings & Loan Association. Today it boasts assets of $220 million and is the world's biggest loan company. After World War II, Ahmanson bought up the 290-acre Baldwin Hills district in Los Angeles, the last big undeveloped piece of residential property in the city. He paid $5,500 an acre, two years later sold it for $18,000 an acre.

BOSTON REALTOR ABRAHAM M. SONNABEND, 58, admits to a fortune of "a few million" made by buying up properties cheap and improving them for resale. Sonnabend has won control (chairman of the board) of Botany Mills, is president of the Childs restaurant chain, now runs a string of seven hotels, including Manhattan's Plaza and Ritz Tower. In 1950 Sonnabend and his associates bought Cleveland's $100 million Van Sweringen property for a total of $35 million, of which they had to put up only $8,000,000.

MISSISSIPPI'S ROBERT C. MILNER, 37, who borrowed $3,000 to open a Shell Oil distributorship when he was 21, now owns businesses grossing $20 million annually, including an export-import company, real-estate holdings in Jackson, Miss. (including a ten-story office building), Milner Products Co., one of the world's biggest makers of pine oil deodorants. With four auto agencies, he is the South's biggest Chevrolet dealer. Milner's income: about $1,000,000 annually, of which he keeps half, since much of it is in capital gains.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S OWEN RAY MOORE, 53, who owns 60% of the American Security Insurance Co., has $250,000 invested in four auto finance companies. In 1945 Investor Moore was one of a half-dozen businessmen to take over North American's idle Dallas airplane plant, helped organize the Texas Engineering and Manufacturing Co. Temco now grosses $72 million a year as an Air Force subcontractor, with profits of $2,668,210. Says Millionaire Moore, who owns 85,534 shares of stock: "Getting in on the ground floor of anything is the surest way to make big gains. You put in $25,000 and suddenly it's worth a million and a half."

CHICAGO'S ARTHUR RUBLOFF, 52, a Russian immigrant's son who began selling real estate at the age of 17, now controls a real-estate firm that grosses $40 million annually, is one of the ten biggest in the U.S. Like Manhattan's William Zeckendorf, Rubloff is a man for grandiose projects, built Chicago's $15 million Evergreen Park shopping center, planned and redeveloped North Kansas City, Mo., launched Chicago's $200 million project to make a "magnificent mile" near the Loop, the city's most spectacular shopping district.

JACKPOTS FOR EXECUTIVES

AS for the salaried executives who spend their lives working up the ladders of big U.S. companies, an increasing number are learning that they, too, can become wealthy, if not millionaires. The device: stock option plans, which many companies use as an incentive. Under the plans, a company usually gives an employee an option to buy its stock at 5% below market prices. If the stock goes up, the executive can take the profit, pay the capital-gains tax. One out of every three companies (some 400) on the New York Stock Exchange now has a stock option plan for employees; the average gain in a survey of 263 company officers was $83,000 per man by mid-October 1954. When George M. Bunker, for example, took over the bossing of the sick Glenn L. Martin Co. in 1952, he got an option on 70,000 shares at $9.75 a share. Martin stock now sells at $30, and President Bunker already has a paper profit of $1,425,900, as a capital gain.

Considering their own millions, and the dozens of ways for making more, the new U.S. tycoons have little sympathy for those who believe the myth that the day of opportunity is ended. Says Los Angeles' Ahmanson, speaking for all his class: "The chance for a big jackpot is just as good as it ever was —maybe better. The trouble is, too many people like to rationalize themselves into the comfortable conviction that it can't be done, so there's no use trying."

BOOKS

Mixed Fiction

THE LEATHERSTOCKING SAGA, *by James Fenimore Cooper, edited by Allan Nevins* (833 pp.; *Pantheon;* $8.50). In a heroic effort to save one of his favorite authors from the oblivion of an unread classic, Columbia University's versatile Historian Allan Nevins has undertaken to streamline Fenimore Cooper for moderns. A lifelong Cooper fan who played make-believe Deerslayer as an Illinois farmboy, Nevins has taken the five Leatherstocking tales—*The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder, The Pioneers* and *The Prairie*—shorn away the intermi-



Culver

NATTY BUMPPO (CENTER), CHINGACHGOOK & TENDERFEET
Shorn of love and woolly humor.

nable love passages and faded humor, deftly stitched the rest together to fit into one handsome volume. Modern readers may smile at some of Cooper's dialogue, written in the days before Mark Twain cleared the air ("Manifest no distrust," says their escort to two beautiful girls wandering through Indian-infested forests, "or you may invite the danger you appear to apprehend"). Cooper still stands out as master of action—Indian wars, deer hunts, sleigh rides, combat with wild beasts, the spring run of bass—action in which the great American wilderness is always a majestic participant. There is the bold Delaware brave Chingachgook, father of Uncas. Above all, there is Natty Bumppo. Shooting out a turkey's eye at 100 yards and escaping from the Iroquois beside Glimmerglass, showing a pioneer's contempt for newcomers who "strip the airth of its lawful covering," and at last retreating to die proudly on the unvexed prairie, he stalks again as one of the epic heroes of American writing.

ONLY FADE AWAY, *by Bruce Marshall* (303 pp.; *Houghton Mifflin;* $3.50), shows how an Episcopal Scotsman can hopscotch his engaging way through a comic novel as if he were the hero of a minor Greek tragedy. The hero is Strang Nairne Methuen. As a young lieutenant, he is full of wide-eyed piety, but a shapely dish can stir up his belief in "tart for tart's sake." As a brigadier, he wears a monocle, but is intelligent enough to look at the world with both eyes open. His nemesis takes the repulsive form of Claude Hermiston, a bully, a cad and a craven. It is Strang's destiny to be deviled by Hermiston in school, on dates, in the army, and even in his marriage. On the front in 1917, Hermiston tricks Strang into being tried for cowardice, and it takes Strang another war to prove his courage. When he finally does, rifle and bayonet in hand, the irony of Fate—and of military life—turns his act of bravery into his undoing: the generals consider him a bad commander for dashing about the battlefield "like a private." Even after the army has bowler-hatted him, human and humorous Scotsman Strang clings to his belief in the Many-Splendoured Thing—his phrase for honor, decency and civilization. British Author Marshall (*The White Rabbit, Father Malachy's Miracle*) keeps his story moving almost too fast. But he has a great ear for the speech of Scottish chorus girls, schoolboys, sergeants and generals. He also has a winking eye for such social ironies as the marriage of an Episcopalian to a Roman Catholic in Scotland ("As Methuen had not made his submission to Rome, the ceremony was bare, although . . . the Bishop Auxiliary allowed a bit of extra-liturgical cheeterybung on the organ"). One of Author Marshall's most hilarious scenes: the shy young hero, out on a date, is prevented from doing what he desperately has to do because the unwitting girl defeats all his pretexts to get away for a moment, unable to imagine why the boy seems to be positively jiggling with impatience.

SWAMI AND FRIENDS AND THE BACHELOR OF ARTS, *by R. K. Narayan* (345 pp.; *Michigan State College Press;* $3.95). These two novels, published under one cover, get inside India by getting inside Indians. Both focus on sleepy little Malgudi, an imaginary town in southern India, and are as placid as one of the town's half-deserted streets. *Swami* deals with middle-class Malgudi small fry, a variety of moppets with an unmistakable curry flavor, but very much like their noisy, exasperating, attractive American counterparts. Swami himself is barely higher than a doorknob, no braver than he need be, and no smarter than his friends. In a series of sketches he is led through a season of boyhood, reaching a peak of uncontained ecstasy when school ends and, by way of celebration, he spontaneously pours a bottle of ink over his head. *The Bachelor of Arts* moves up in the Malgudi school system to college, where Chandran, a local intellectual, flouts custom and proves himself a brilliantly inept cynic. But after Chandran gets his degree he realizes that he is not unique, after all: "You lived in the college, thinking you were the first and the last of your kind the college would ever see, and you ended as a group photo." Soon, like so many college rebels before him, he settles into the pattern of orthodoxy his parents lay out for him. Indian Novelist Narayan observes the comedy of life with gentle irony and gives the reader the pleasant illusion that he is visiting in Malgudi, a place not unlike home.

Almighty Liberal

GLADSTONE (482 pp.)—*Philip Magnus —Dutton* ($6.75).

"This half-crazy and . . . ridiculous old man." "That half-mad firebrand who would soon ruin everything, and be a Dictator." Thus, on two occasions, did Queen Victoria fulminate against her pet hate, Liberal William Ewart Gladstone. In ferocious agreement with the Queen were the House of Lords, the City magnates and all good Tories—down to the anonymous songster who bellowed from the music-hall boards that Gladstone

. . . when his life ebbs out,
Will ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state
On a red-hot plate
Between Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

Gladstone suffered bitterly from the displeasure of a sovereign whom he served loyally as Prime Minister no fewer than four times. But he was never overwhelmed, either by the Queen or her supporters, for one simple reason: he believed



"Crazylegs" visits the 7th grade classroom of Miss Mary Fogarty (far right) at Wausau's Lincoln School. Mr. Hirsch, star of the movie "Crazylegs All-American" will soon appear in Hall Bartlett's production "Unchained."

"CRAZYLEGS" HIRSCH'S

Wausau Story

ELROY HIRSCH, All-American football great, visits his home town and tells this story

I CAN'T answer the old question of whether an athlete is born or made. But I do know that where you're raised counts for a lot, and I'm mighty glad that my home town was Wausau. I know that having lived in Wausau and gone to school there helped me get the most out of myself.

Recently I went back to Wausau and visited some of the people who had an important influence on me. Like Win Brockmeyer, football coach at Wausau High. Win has the great record of 123 victories and 9 losses. He's had a lot of offers to go into college coaching, but he stays in Wausau.

I visited my grade-school teacher, too, Miss Mary Fogarty, at Lincoln School. Her first question had nothing to do with football. It was, "Elroy, are you still a good boy?" That shows the kind of person she is and accounts for the really good influence she was on so many of us Wausau kids.

When I think of whatever success I've had, I go back to people like these. They're fine people. I'm not what you call a businessman, but I think I know why so many say that the Wausau kind of people are good people to do business with.



Coach Brockmeyer (top, right)...123 victories and 9 losses...a great record!

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with."

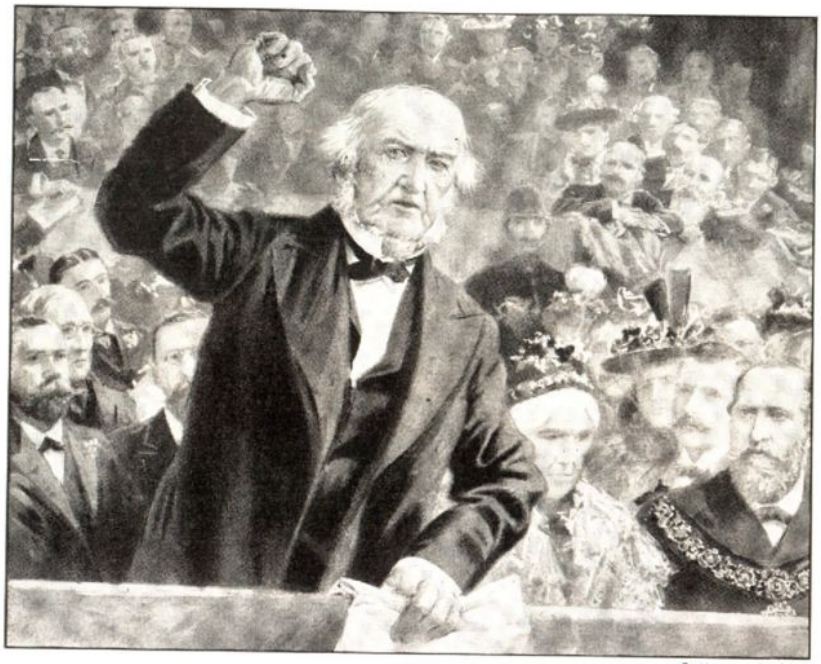
Wausau, in the Chippewa tongue, means "faraway." The ski trains from Chicago get there in 9 hours. By plane it's three hours with the stop at Madison. Yet, Wausau is the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies.

Employers Mutuals *started* 43 years ago when a group of lumbermen joined to pay claims of injured sawmill workers. We *stayed* in Wausau because something good had grown up there. A good way of doing business. A company "personality" that people liked and we didn't want to lose.

We're a large company today. We write all types of fire and casualty insurance and are one of the very largest in **workmen's compensation.** Whatever insurance you might need, you will find this company has two outstanding reputations that can be of great benefit. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an exceptional field force, trained the Wausau way, with whom you deal *directly.*

There's a "little bit of Wausau" in 89 cities throughout the country—the cities where we have offices. In every one you'll find good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



Bettmann Archive

GLADSTONE (SPEAKING ON THE TURKISH CRISIS)
God is careful with His vote.

with all his heart that everything he did—and much of what was done to him—was in obedience to the express commands of the Almighty. If his Liberal Party scored over Disraeli's Tories, Gladstone did not congratulate his supporters. "To God be the praise," he declared. And there was even an occasion on which God's dexterous intervention in a squabble with Turkey enabled Gladstone to leave 10 Downing Street just in time to "catch the 2:45" back to his country home and Mrs. Gladstone.

Most Hated & Adored. When Gladstone's enemies asked, as they frequently did, why God was always a Liberal, never a Tory, Gladstone patiently explained that God was choosy about whom He backed, and often refused to reveal Himself to dumb or backward persons. But perhaps God voted Liberal as often as He did because He realized that no politician, of any age, in any country, had struggled so vigorously as Gladstone to practice what He preached.

Gladstone was the son of a rich Liverpool merchant. To an erratic, explosive brain, he joined (said his doctor) a body "built in the most beautiful proportion . . . head, legs, arms and trunk, all without a flaw, like some ancient Greek statue." Gladstone's first intention was to become a parson; he never quite forgave himself for being so weak as to become a Prime Minister. Religion was not his faith; it was his spouse, and he loved it so passionately that when he felt exhausted he would say quite naturally "not that he wanted to go to bed, but that he wanted 'to go straight to church.' "

When Gladstone first took his seat in the House of Commons (1833), the Victorian era was moving in, pushing back into history the last remnants of irreverent, aristocratic Whiggery, pushing forward the businessman. In faith, in morals, in background, in purse, the young Gladstone seemed every inch a new Victorian. How, then, did he become the most hated as well as the most adored English statesman of his century?

The Selfish Rich. It happened, says Author Philip Magnus, in what is undoubtedly the best biography of Gladstone ever written, because Gladstone was the first British statesman to act upon the belief that God especially loved the common man. Gladstone felt that the rich were inclined to be "selfish," and this feeling was confirmed by various proofs:

¶ Wealthy people had a habit of hanging on to their money instead of giving away a "substantial portion" of it every year (as Gladstone always did).

¶ "Corrupted by the insolence of wealth and privilege," the upper classes had become incapable of sublime feelings. Not one of them, for example, shared Gladstone's ambition "to die in church . . . but not at a time to disturb worshipers."

¶ The rich had no sense of mission. London was swarming with prostitutes, but few stockbrokers, let alone peers, followed Gladstone's example and spent night after night going out after streetwalkers, bringing them home, feeding them, giving them holidays at the seashore and finding jobs for them. Gladstone went on doing so all through his first three tenures of the Premiership, and was fretful when his colleagues urged him to invite influential politicians to dinner instead.

Shunned by his selfish peers, and ridiculed (at a safe distance) by his fellow intellectuals, Gladstone tried to find a stratum of society that was more susceptible to Christian doctrine. Through study of Homer, Gladstone persuaded "himself that the spirit of justice in its purest form had its habitation in the hearts and minds of the untutored masses; and he argued with simple faith that the masses were less exposed than the classes to motives of self-interest."

No one had ever brought the British masses a more flattering message—or delivered it with such spellbinding fervor (a speech of five hours was well within his range). Gladstone's popularity with "the people" of England fell little short of idolatry; even those of his colleagues who most disliked him could not reject the leadership of a man who could cause a crowd of Londoners to tear down 1,400 yards of railings in order to come within sound of his voice.

A Matter of Stature. But the "Grand Old Man" would not have been so humanly popular had he not had his full share of inconsistencies and puzzling characteristics. He was boyish, he was tactless; he gave even his best friends the impression that he was terribly prone to self-deception, scatterbrained and undependable. Gladstone fought like a demon to give Atheist Charles Bradlaugh the seat in the House from which he was barred by the religious nature of the Oath of Allegiance (Bradlaugh finally made it at a later session).

Relentlessly sober himself, Gladstone surprised respectable Victorians by insisting that "occasional drunkenness . . . deserved to be treated with indulgence"; and if he rarely listened to smoking-room anecdotes, it was not because he disapproved of them but because any story about sex was "virtually incomprehensible" to him.

Gladstone was 80 years old when his stupendous vigor at last began to fail him. When the House of Lords threw out his Irish Home Rule Bill, he hoped to save the day by raising his old cry of "Peers *v.* People" and rousing the masses to defeat the Lords. But he resigned soon afterward over another issue. He died with relatively little new legislation of his making: his broadening of the electorate to include the working class was his major contribution. But he was the sort of person whose moral stature was "of vastly greater significance than what he did"—one who "by his radiant example . . . did more than any statesman since the Reformation to give effect in politics to [the Christian] ideal" and "to realize on earth the spirit of the Christian ethic."

Memories & Martyrs

QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING, *by Dylan Thomas* (240 pp.; *New Directions;* $3.50), will scarcely affect posterity's view of Poet Thomas, for it is no more than a fragmentary prose footnote to his poetic genius. Composed largely of BBC talks on poetry and childhood reminiscences, the book suggests less how Dylan Thomas made a poem than how he made a living. But even as he fell back on lecturing for money to radio listeners and the matronly bands of U.S. "culture-vultures," as he

called them, Poet Thomas whirled his economic crutch like a pinwheel. These pieces testify to his roving eye, roguish humor and beery vision of the human condition. He can draw a third-person self-portrait as accurately as a brilliant cartoonist or observant cop: "He's five foot six and a half. Thick blubber lips; snub nose; curly mouse-brown hair; one front tooth broken . . . speaks rather fancy; truculent; plausible; a bit of a shower-off; plus fours and no breakfast, you know . . . a bombastic adolescent provincial bohemian with a thick-knotted artist's tie made out of his sister's scarf—she never knew where it had gone . . . a gabbing, ambitious, mock-tough, pretentious young man; and mole-y, too." Or he can roll all the world's seaside picnics into an impressionistic memory of one boyhood frolic: "August Bank Holiday—a tune on an ice-cream cornet. A slap of sea and a tickle of sand . . . A wince and whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water. A tuck of dresses. A rolling of trousers . . . A sunburn of girls and a lark of boys. A silent hullabaloo of balloons." Appearing near the first anniversary of Dylan Thomas' death, this litany for fellow poets, lost youth and loved objects shows again how much the English language will miss its larking balloonman.

JESUIT RELATIONS, *edited by Edna Kenton* (527 pp.; *Vanguard;* $6). In its original form, this work was a big and worthy promotion project. The *Jesuit Relations* are accounts written by French Jesuit missionaries of their lives in the American wilderness from 1632 to 1673. They were published year by year to raise money and recruits, and with related documents they later appeared in 73 volumes. Now the best of the *Relations* are published in one book. Life for the missionaries was a long, slow martyrdom. At best, they lived in crowded, smoke-filled Indian shelters, where they slept on the frozen, rock-hard ground and often had only tree bark to eat. At worst, they were captured, like Father Isaac Jogues, by the Iroquois. The Indians tore out his fingernails and bit the ends of his forefingers, "grinding and crushing them as if between two stones." He then had to run the gauntlet stark naked, as 200 savages clubbed him into insensibility. They tied him flat on the ground for several days and nights, during which children tossed hot cinders on his naked chest. "In truth, these torments are great," he later wrote, but "God is infinite." The Jesuits did their best to "change these Wolves and Tigers into Lambs," and in the process provided some of the best reporting in existence on the Indians and the countryside of the period. But the Jesuits were waging a losing fight. In 1764 the Jesuit order was dissolved in France and in French territories, which made the missionaries' position in the New World untenable. By 1789 they had relinquished their last Canadian possessions. The *Relations* of their arresting adventures succeed, nevertheless, in setting down a triumph of humanity within the failure of a mission.



CONTROL YOUR COSTS
...with PROFIT ENGINEERING

Your maintenance or new construction costs can be drastically reduced by RAMSET PROFIT ENGINEERS. For example:

FIGURE FACT #1: **Johns-Manville** anchored acoustical ceilings with RAMSET; saved $2400 on *one* job.

FIGURE FACT #2: **Glenn L. Martin** saves $15,000 per year by daily use of this $120 tool.

FIGURE FACT #3: **United Laboratories** avoided 3-day plant shutdown; installed new floor in ½ day.

FIGURE FACT #4: **Drake Hotel** repairs and remodels with RAMSET; saves $8500 per year.

FIGURE FACT #5: **Los Angeles Aqueduct** beat deadline on resurfacing concrete; saved $2380.

FIGURE FACT #6: **North American Aviation** anchored walls to steel beams in one-fourth normal time.

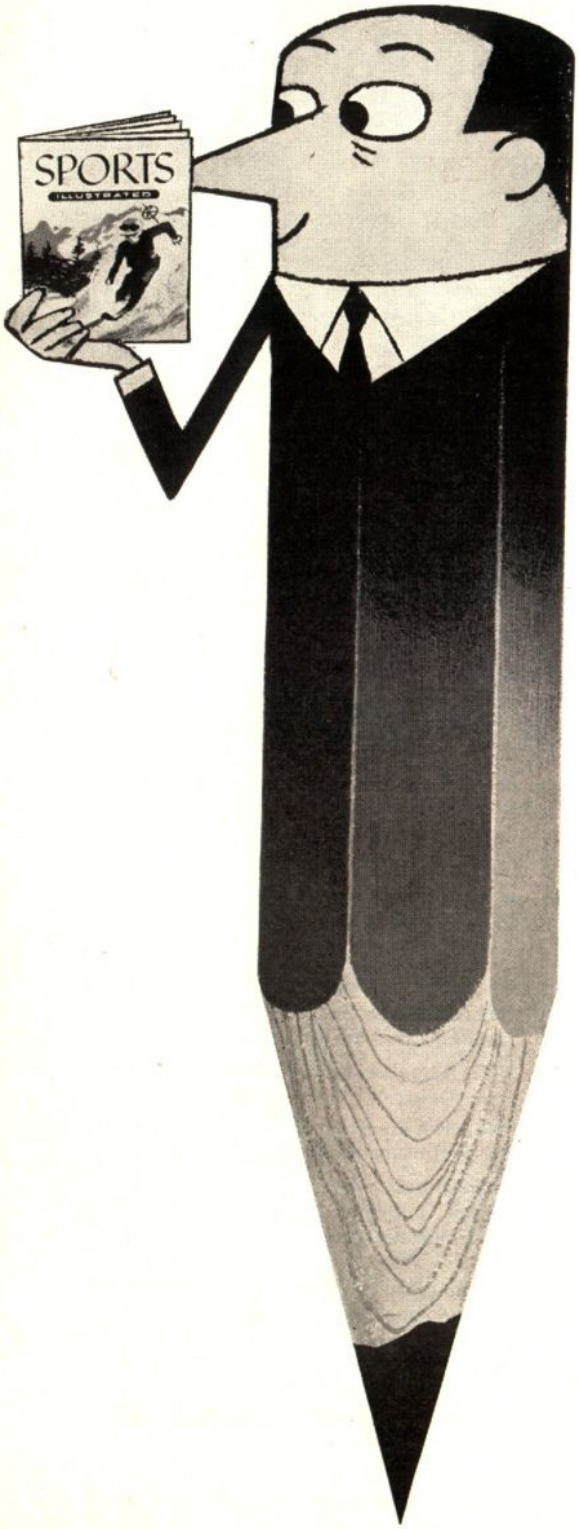
For 8 years, RAMSET FASTENING SYSTEM has been making similar savings for thousands of industries, builders, contractors. It's the *original* powder-actuated method which uses a simple $120 tool requiring no external power.

In industrial plants, commercial buildings—where almost anything must be fastened to steel or concrete, RAMSET SYSTEM brings amazing savings in cost and time. Write for manual, *Modern Fastening Methods,* and for free analysis of *your* work by a RAMSET PROFIT ENGINEER.

Ramset Fastening System

Ramset Fasteners, Inc.
Ramset Division • Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation
12139 Berea Road • Cleveland 11, Ohio

What makes a reader a writer?



WHY IS THE "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" MAIL of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arriving in such volume? First, because sports themselves rouse strong feelings: participation; partisanship; nostalgia; strict attention to records, marks, performance.

And second, when sports are reported with the drama and detail of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the reaction is bound to be loud, long, and enthusiastic.

Here are just a handful of reasons (with examples) of what transforms a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader into a writer:

Because he agrees with you

SIRS:

"Otto Graham's article has done the football world a service. It has brought to the attention of all concerned an unhealthy situation that definitely exists. He has been playing championship football long enough to know the difference between clean, hard playing and the unnecessary contact which he described. As a player, I appreciate his remarks."

KYLE ROTE, New York Giants

Because he doesn't agree with you

SIRS:

"A scallion to you for Vic Kalman's last interpretation of the soon-coming Team Tournament at Handicap. Have to differ with Vic on his interpretations.

"First, 90% of the bowling public are handicap bowlers. Actually less than 10% are proficient enough to be able to actually compete with the Don Carters and Joe Norrisses. It will just be a matter of a year or two until the B.P.A.A. will be held on a sectional basis, thus saving thousands of dollars in travel and expense money for the bowlers. Would this be bad for bowling? I believe you will find that twenty million bowlers will not think so."

FRANK B. LACY, Pres.,
Albany Bowl, Albany, Calif.

Because he just feels like it

SIRS:

"My wife gave me SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for a birthday present this year, and I have been in love with her ever since."

M. J. BROWN, Waterloo, Iowa

Because he has sharp eyes

SIRS:

"The article by John Bentley, 'See How They Run'. . . was very readable and interesting. The only error I noted was the sixth picture on page 55 in which the XK120 sports car was called KX120."

P. H. SHAVNEY, JR., Foreign Car Center, Philadelphia

Or she's just naturally curious

SIRS:

"Just finished reading Phinizy's piece on the balloon ascension and thought it a very neat job. But one feature puzzled me. He didn't mention how he managed to bring his camera through the to-do. Isn't a photographer supposed to crash shielding his camera with his carcass?"

BLANCHE DAY, Philadelphia

Because he's grateful

SIRS:

"In appreciation of the magnificent job of boosting in the Nov. 15 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, we are enclosing honorary membership cards for you and Photographer Cooke with the highest compliments of the Michigan Chapter of the Slippery Rock boosters. You did an excellent job in capturing the spirit and traditions of the Rock, the spirit and traditions that prompted us to form our chapter in the wild Midwest."

DALE A. RIKER, Flint, Mich.

Because "he was there"

SIRS:

". . . Just who thinks up such wild stories about 'bloodied Bob Maxwell being hit too hard and too often by Pennsylvania' in the 1905 game?

"It so happens that I played opposite Maxwell in this game. If he were alive today, I know he would be the last person in the world to subscribe to this exaggerated statement . . ."

FRANK H. HOBSON, Collegeville, Pa.

Or she has a personal reason

SIRS:

"Please accept our heartiest congratulations and profound thanks for your splendid publication. Having three teen-age, sports-minded sons, I am more than ever conscious of the current need for such a well-rounded, high-level magazine."

MRS. THOMAS J. COOK, Coral Gables, Fla.

Or the poetic urge

SIRS:

"Taking up the challenge offered in Soundtrack, I herewith offer my contribution:

NEW BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON

This is the worst of all climaxes:
'Mac to Temple to Klu.'
A trio of Reds and surer than taxes
Are Mac and Temple and Klu.

Mechanically stealing those drives with saves;
Hitting homers, too.
They stymied the drive of those wonderful Braves;
Mac and Temple and Klu.

"Well, at any rate, I've been wanting a good excuse to write and tell you what an outstanding contribution SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has been making to the world of sports. Orchids on your complete coverage, your fearless stands (article on boxing was simply ! ! ! !) and your beautiful layout. Always proud to see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in my mailbox. Keep it up!"

JOHN MOOD, Dallas

Or because something real good happened

SIRS:

"In your magazine, on the inside front cover, several issues ago, I noticed a suit by Michaels, Stern. I took the cover of the magazine to Metzger Brothers, Inc., clothing stores, Mobile, and told them I wanted them to get me that suit. I purchased the suit today."

W. A. LUBEL, Gulf Coast Realty Co., Mobile, Ala.

* * *

RESPONSIVENESS like this is one more reason (along with quality circulation; weekly urgency; low page cost; merchandising impact, among others) why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the one magazine small advertisers can afford and big advertisers can't afford to overlook.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

W. W. Holman, Advertising Director, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



USHER'S
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

Until 1814 lairds in the Highlands of Scotland had stills for their own use. In 1814, however, stills of less than 500 gallon capacity were prohibited and the distillation of whisky became a commercial proposition which has earned fortunes and peerages for distillers.

In 1853 Andrew Usher introduced an all-important innovation: the blending of Scotch Whisky. This practice was then generally adopted in the trade. It is with this heritage that Usher's has stood in the lead of fine Scotch Whisky for over 100 years.

ESTD. 1779

Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., New York, N. Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

MISCELLANY

A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions of the human spirit during 1954:

JANUARY

Modern Living. In Vienna, after touring Europe for a year inside a big glass bottle, Stunt Man Rudolf Schmied climbed out, told reporters that he had lost 60 lbs., but "there is little difference between life inside and outside the bottle."



FEBRUARY

Member of the Wedding. In Boston, seeking annulment of her marriage to William Jordan, Mrs. Margaret H. Jordan testified that she dozed off during their wedding banquet, awoke to find that bridegroom and guests had departed, did not see Jordan again until five years later.

MARCH

Just Us Historians. In Akron, police raided a 9-by-12-ft. room, inside found two chairs, a bed, a table, a dresser, three pairs of dice, twelve decks of cards, one bottle of gin and 23 men who explained that they had gathered "to discuss current events."

APRIL

Another Year, Perhaps? In Atlanta, the women's chamber of commerce decided to postpone Noise Abatement Week when it learned that its anti-littering committee had already scheduled a parade, with ten brass bands, 125 marching units, a garbage truck and eight National Guard jets for low air cover.

MAY

'Twixt the Cup & the Lip. In Gütersloh, Germany, police arrested Friedelina Kleine-Beek after she followed her husband to a local tavern, watched through the window as he raised a glass of beer to his lips, then carefully aimed a rifle and fired, shattering the glass, but leaving her husband unscathed.

JUNE

Life of the Party. In Chicago, Bank Robber Samuel Hochstetler confided to FBI agents that in six weeks he had spent $5,000 of the $31,000 loot for dancing lessons, had already mastered the fox trot, the waltz, the rumba, the mambo, the tango and the samba.

JULY

Civil Liberties. In Baltimore, after police had arrested 100 people in a raid on a strip joint, Magistrate William Laukaitis threw the case out of court, announced: "The fact that a male applauds a female for taking off her clothes does not constitute disorderly conduct."

AUGUST

Upstaged. In New London, Conn., Walter Mamonis explained to doctors that after he had caught a shark in Long Island Sound, beached it, hung it on a hoist and struck a traditional fisherman's pose beside it, the shark bit his hand.



SEPTEMBER

Constitutional. In Lewisburg, Ohio, John F. Lock won a 52-year battle to get his rural mailbox moved 1,056 ft. nearer his home after he proved that he had already walked 6,250 miles to pick up his mail.

OCTOBER

Helping Hand. In Los Angeles, Singer Shiela Buelow, 22, won a divorce from husband Richard after testifying that he claimed his dating of other women was done to help her singing career, told her that "to become great in your profession you must be made to suffer, like all fine artists have to do."



NOVEMBER

Short Change. In Camden, N.J., U.S. Internal Revenue Service Auditor Elmer T. Ponto, 34, devised a simplified income-tax table which has already saved the Government $95,199 and is expected to save $250,000 annually, was rewarded with a $675 cash prize, less $121.50 tax, which added enough to his year's income to throw him into a higher tax bracket.

DECEMBER

Reserve. In Oxford, England, James Adams, lying in bed in a hotel reading, glanced up when the door opened, watched without comment as John Grady, wearing only a shirt, raced across the room and disappeared through the open window to his death, later explained at the inquest: "I just stayed in bed until the police came. It was nothing to do with me."



Safety on the job is not accidental!

ACCIDENT PREVENTION is serious business to the people of Union Carbide. They work with extremes of temperature and pressure in many fields, yet last year their over-all record was 73 per cent better than for U. S. industry as a whole.

1,500,000 MAN-HOURS and no lost time accidents ... 2,500,000 man-hours with no disabling accidents... 24 years, covering a total of 5,668,533 accident-free labor hours. These are but a few examples of safety records at various Union Carbide plants.

IN RECOGNITION of these achievements, Union Carbide was granted the 1953 Award of Honor of the National Safety Council.

But safety goes beyond the plant with the people of Union Carbide. In many areas, they have enrolled in home safety programs. Through these, whole families learn how to avoid accidents—in the home, on the street, at school, and at play.

IN 1954, Union Carbide plants received 133 awards from the National Safety Council. These awards, given in recognition of plant and home safety programs, included six Awards of Honor and nineteen Awards of Merit.

THE PEOPLE OF UCC are proud of these awards. But their greatest satisfaction comes from the knowledge that they are helping to increase safety—both on and off the job.

FREE: *Learn how* ALLOYS, CARBONS, GASES, CHEMICALS, *and* PLASTICS *improve many things that you use. Ask for "Products and Processes" booklet N.*

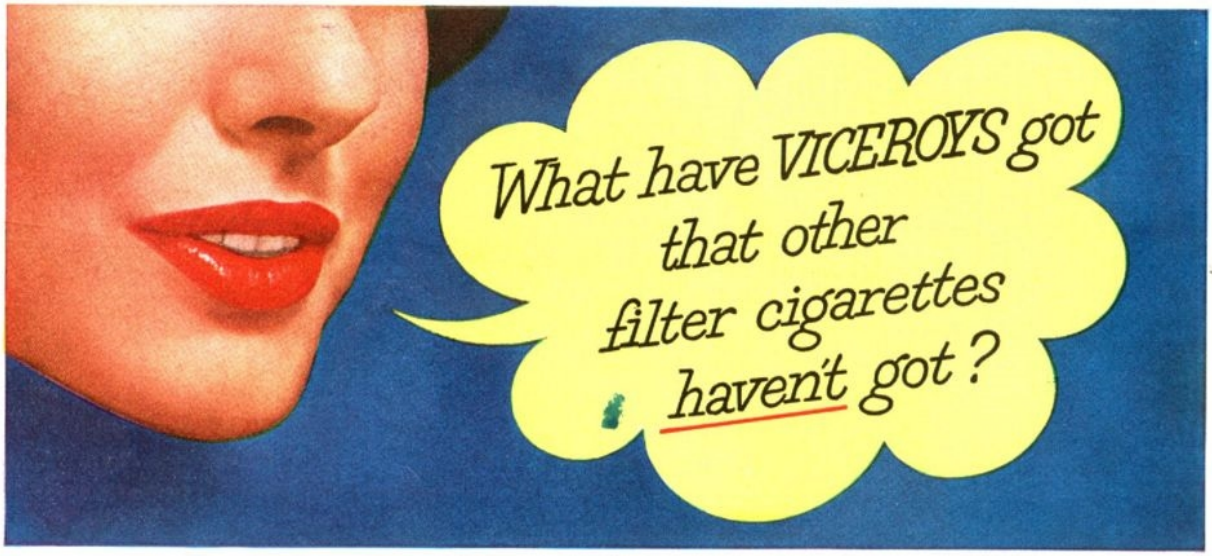
UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION

30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals HAYNES STELLITE Alloys PYROFAX Gas LINDE Oxygen
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries Dynel Textile Fibers PRESTONE Anti-Freeze UNION Carbide NATIONAL Carbons
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics PREST-O-LITE Acetylene ACHESON Electrodes





ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE THAN CIGARETTES WITHOUT FILTERS



20,000 individual filters . . . and Viceroys taste so rich . . . draw so freely!

New King-Size Filter Tip

VICEROY

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING FILTER TIP CIGARETTE